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GROVER CLEVELAND: A PRINCETON MEMORY

BY ANDREW F. WEST

THOSE who live in Princeton have found it a slow process to adjust themselves to the fact that Mr. Cleveland is gone from our sight and now dwells with us only in memory. His presence for over eleven years had become one of the fixed traditions of the place, an accepted possession, something that again linked Princeton with the permanence of national history—something unobtrusive, yet pervading, known indeed to be transient, like all mortal concerns, and yet taken as though it would abide indefinitely. When the college year ended in June, he was still here, though ill at his home. His death came in the summer vacation, the stillest time in Princeton life. The university opened in the autumn—and he is missing. And now the place that lives in traditions as well as in hopes is not quite the same. New throngs of students are in the streets, new faces in the university faculty, new buildings are rising, the autumn studies and sports start anew, summer has drifted away, the trees are turning; and somehow there is more than this of change, something autumnal, in the feelings of Princeton. Something stable and steady is beginning to recede from us. And before the veil of distance, with all its deepening and softening hues, intervenes to shade the vividness of near remembrance, there is time now to take a quick glance at things still standing in the foreground—the latter years of Mr. Cleveland's life, the time when Princeton was his home.

It is twelve years since President Cleveland first saw Princeton. On October 21, 1896, he came with Mrs. Cleveland to attend the Sesquicentennial Celebration, when the title of "Princeton University" was to be assumed. The story of that occasion—is it not written in full in the "Memorial Book"? It was the birthday of the new Princeton,—new in being the outgrowth and flowering of the old,—another, yet the same. It was also a time of national trial—the time when President Cleveland stood exposed to the full storm of detraction, not unaffected, but unmoved. And it was at this time that

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Princeton, throwing all politics to the winds, chose to honor herself by offering him the highest tribute in her power. It was pardonable that her sons should think their home, the academic shrine of the Revolution, was the right place for such a welcome. Here was Nassau Hall, known of old, the school of Witherspoon,—the only college president to sign the Declaration of Independence,—the college home of Madison, the resort of Washington and Adams and Jefferson and Lafayette, the refuge of the patriot Congress, the hall where makers of the National Constitution were trained, itself standing on a battle-ground of American freedom. So, on the evening of his arrival, President Cleveland was escorted to the entrance of Nassau Hall by the City Troop of Philadelphia, whose forebears had fought under Washington at Princeton, and there he reviewed the gaily tumultuous procession of students and alumni, who passed in cheering columns, class by class, and made it plain enough that Republican or Democrat made no difference that night when Princeton gathered at the center of her memories and spoke in unison her first word of welcome.

The next day, October 22, one hundred and fifty years after the first charter, Princeton took her university title amid impressive ceremonies in the presence of delegates from all her sister universities of America and from venerable homes of learning in the Old World. At the close came President Cleveland's address, delivered in words of quiet gravity to an assembly that listened in a tense silence of expectation. It was an old theme, the one theme of his life—the gold standard of plain honesty. "Not more surely," he said, "do the rules of honesty and good faith fix the standard of individual character in a community than do these same rules determine the character and standing of a nation." And in this spirit he continued, perhaps touching the historical and religious feeling of Princeton to the deepest in these words: "I believe it is not a superstitious sentiment that leads to the conviction that God has watched over our national life from its beginning." How simple and unadorned were these

> Words as old
> As the virgin gold,

and how overwhelming was the welcome they received! A Scotch professor, then present, had expressed the cautious apprehension that he might go away without getting a chance to hear the cheering and singing of Princeton. He heard them then; for never has any man encountered in Princeton such a wild storm of welcome as President Cleveland faced that day. Perhaps it made up for the hostile storm outside.

He returned to Washington the same afternoon, and there was no expectation of seeing him in Princeton again. So it was with the delight of surprise that news was received some weeks later that the President thought of making his home here. And for this there were reasons besides the Sesquicentennial. He wanted to live in the country, not in the city or suburbs. He longed for quiet retirement away from strife and publicity, and said he thought he had "earned a vacation." He was also attached to his native State, and had likewise no little regard for the place where his father had once pursued his studies in divinity. Moreover, he hoped to get "an old-fashioned square house," as he said, with some good trees and four or five acres of land. Happily, just such a place was to be had. And so it came about that he purchased "Westland," on Bayard Lane. On his sixtieth birthday, March 18, 1897, he made his second visit, and came to live in his new home.

It was a day of pouring rain, the first of a three-days' storm, something different from the October splendors in which he first viewed Princeton. But as one independent of fair weather or foul, he settled himself contentedly to enjoy his first good rest after the strain of hard service. Into this retirement occupation soon followed him. A huge stack of daily mail gave him more than enough to fill his mornings. He worked at it assiduously, examining all of it, and answering the letters in his own hand. It was only slowly and after much reluctance that he brought himself to consent to the occasional help of a secretary, usually a student of the university. Even so, the disposition of the miscellany still took most of his mornings. Then there were other calls on his time, apart from domestic and social engagements. Visitors and delegations soon got in the way of coming, and then coming again to urge his

REVIEW OF THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT NASSAU HALL, OCTOBER 21, 1896

From an illustration in the "Memorial Book of the Sesquicentennial Celebration of the Founding of the College of New Jersey and of the Ceremonies inaugurating Princeton University."

presence at public functions or to seek his counsel on other matters. He was pleased to be sought and remembered, and gave them his time freely, though he fretted at the insistent invasion of the leisure he felt he had earned. Only sparingly and after resistance did he consent to a few of these requests, not choosing the occasions of greater prominence, nor refusing them for that reason, but selecting only those where he believed he could do some tangible good by going. His afternoons were largely given to writing and reading, except when he was taking a drive or a stroll or going to some college game. In the evening, after the paper was read, he was fond of a game of cribbage or billiards or the visits of his friends. To dine out and to attend lectures and concerts were not things he specially cared for, but he enjoyed them heartily whenever he could persuade himself to go. They were not things so much averse to his liking as to his habit, and his habit was based on his liking for home, where he loved most to be, and to be all the time, except when the desire for outdoors took hold of him and he looked over his guns and rods, preparing for a fishing or hunting trip.

In conversation he was "a good listener," patiently attentive to every one who talked to him. He was himself a spare talker, disliking volubility. At times, however, he would lay aside reserve and speak most interestingly, as though musing with himself, talking in quiet monologue on the topic then before him. It was then, as at no other time, the characteristic working of his mind revealed itself; for in his writings it is usually the attained results of his thinking that appear, and not the forming process. At first there was a gradual approach to the question from one side, and then, perhaps after a little pause, unexpectedly from another. He was exploring, looking around, feeling his way, searching for the general dimensions. He literally "went around" the subject, carefully and cautiously, and on all sides. And if some part necessary to its completeness was lacking, he made note of it, and took it into account all the way to the end of his discourse. When he had made his tour around the subject, as could be noticed by a penetrating word here or a phrase of discovery there, his work was almost done, and with one step he went straight to the center of the complex question. And then he was done, and the talk was ended. Sir William Hamilton, the philosopher, once said to Dr. McCosh that the greatest art in reasoning was shown in the construction of the major premise. "This done rightly," he said, "the conclusion will draw itself." So it was in these talks of Mr. Cleveland, whether he was in his study or standing by his billiard-table or walking leisurely along the country-side.

A second thing that came out in his conversations was that in his thinking he was no respecter of persons, and yet a respecter of every person. Some writer has called him "the incarnation of law." True as this is, it is too abstract, for he was something more tangible. He was the embodiment of justice. From one point of view it made no difference at all to him who was helped or hurt or what was the vastness or littleness of the interests affected. It made all the difference to him that, whether a nation or its humblest inhabitant was affected, whether one dollar or millions were at stake, every question should be thought out deliberately and settled solely on the one principle that every man should be actually accorded the equal and exact justice he was entitled to receive. Old, trite, and homely truth,—and to him the one same invariable "single standard" for every human being, high or low, not only in personal dealings, but in the world of society, business, and politics also. It is this which explains the rigor of his earnestness when he investigated little matters, for to him they were as great in principle as the big matters. The question of the setting of a hedge or of verifying the items of some minor university account thus received from him the same exactitude, though not the same amount of care he gave to the affairs of the insurance companies. His intellectual power and integrity resided in two traits, first, in the ability to go unerringly to the center of a complex question, stripping it of all side issues, and, secondly, in the fixed habit of applying his conclusions without deviation, no matter who or what was helped or hurt.

To say this is not to say Mr. Cleveland was not human and humane in his mode of thinking, for he was intensely so. His more intimate talks revealed a mind that

From a photograph taken in May, 1903. Copyright, 1903, by the New York Herald Company

MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS SON RICHARD

always worked with the concrete, and only by implication with the abstract. He was not metaphysically minded or mathematically minded or legally minded. Nor was he commercially minded. But he was historically minded. If he wanted to know things, he preferred to know them in that way. For a text-book in physics containing only the analysis of developed modern results he once expressed strong aversion, saying he did not understand it and did not want to understand it. But when he read a lecture showing step by step the growth of a certain doctrine in physics in the hands of a series of human discoverers, he said: "That interests me. I can never understand the meaning of any theory until I know how it happened." In the same way he found no justification of ethics as an abstract exercise unless it could be applied straight, without any twisting, to the foundations of law, politics, and business.

It was natural he should care for such questions, and care all the more when he thought of the students of the university. *Studia abeunt in mores*—studies are to make men—was a proverb he liked. So "the students and the homes they come from" were not only his earliest interest in the university, but continued to be his greatest interest, for on them he rested his real dependence for the future. Here again he was approaching a complex question, and this time he found its center almost at the start. But his concern extended to the whole university, with which he gradually entered into the closest relation. His first formal connection began in 1899, when the "Lectureship on Public Affairs" was founded in his honor by Mr. Henry Stafford Little. In successive winters, until 1904, he lectured in Alexander Hall before crowded audiences on themes taken from his own experience as President, speaking on the "Independence of the Executive," "The Government in the Chicago Strike," and "The Venezuelan Question." These appeared in print in 1904, in the volume entitled "Presidential Problems."

On September 19, 1901, he spoke at the service in memory of President McKinley. With all his reserve, this time he did not hide his feelings as he spoke of the murdered President, his own immediate suc-

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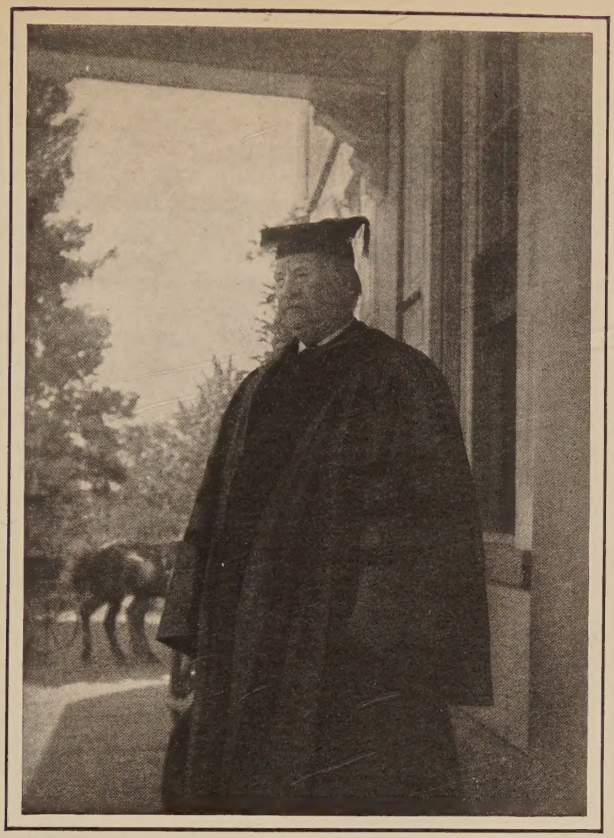
"WESTLAND," THE CLEVELAND HOME AT PRINCETON



MR. CLEVELAND IN ACADEMIC DRESS

cessor, who had "passed from public sight amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation." Then how natural that he should turn at once in thought to the students, speaking to them with much deliberateness and gentleness, and urging them, by President McKinley's example, to keep bright in their lives "the light of those qualities of heart" that were better than the best qualities of mind. "The man who is universally mourned to-day," he remarked, "achieved the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man; and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education; but with all you will hear of his grand career and of his services to his country and his fellow-citizens, you will not hear that either the high place he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will, instead, constantly hear, as accounting for his great success, that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral, and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of these things too weak for manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man, who became distinguished, great, and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart, which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning." When did American students hear plainer sense spoken to them, and when were "the things that men live by" made to appear more real and worthy?

Within a month, on October 15, 1901, he became a trustee of the university. His modesty in consenting to this new duty was not only unaffected, but almost depressing. He took the view that as one who was not a college graduate he was not expert in such matters. Perhaps he was consoled a little by the jocose assertions of some of his fellow-trustees that they were not experts either, even if they

were graduates. He took the task, however, as he had taken other things, because he thought he "ought to turn in and help" the university he had come to love as his own. So he set out to inform himself of his duties. He had read and gathered a good deal already, and now he started in dead earnest to acquaint himself with the operation and trend of Princeton's affairs. In an unobtrusive but influential way he began to take part in meetings of committees and of the board, listening much and saying little. Aside from this, he gave time to making personal inquiries, inspecting parts of the university, reading its history, and examining more recent acts and papers. Though averse to taking a leading part, when times of crisis came, his opinion was found to have decisive weight.

His most important address on an academic question was made on October 25, 1902, at the inauguration of President Wilson. It was a general review in compact form of the historic obligations of Princeton, a definition of her mission, and a statement of her attitude toward the prevailing confusion regarding standards of college education. It is a short document, and one that needs to be read entire to get its full and balanced meaning. It is a plea for assured unity in things fundamental, with the utmost freedom in all else. "We of Princeton," he said, "are still willing to declare our belief that we are better able to determine than those who come to us for education what is their most advantageous course of instruction. We are not yet convinced that the time required for our ordinary term of study is too long, or that it unnecessarily and unprofitably retards the useful service expected of a genuinely educated man." And again: "If false educational notions should prevail, Princeton will bide her time till they are spent." Let these few sentences suffice, though there are many notable sayings in this remarkable address, his academic confession of faith.

Yet his conservatism in academic matters was far from being reactionary. Provided the old principles were kept, he was ready, more than ready, for new methods and improvements. The betterment of existing conditions, the doing well outside what was professed inside, provision for valuable and attractive instruction, the conveying surely, generously and hospitably to every student the full benefit of his college course, the relief of the struggling, the encouragement of the timid, stimulation to self-help, putting professors on decent living salaries, the housing and food and health of the students, the honor-system in examinations, the strictest care in spending revenues, the utmost aversion to any expansion involving the risk of speculative venture, the folly of intellectual vanity, the magic of the personal influence in teaching—these were the themes on which he talked, and which marked his attitude from the start.

While his concern for the university as a whole grew steadily, his most marked interest gradually centered in the proposed Graduate College. In October, 1904, he gave up his position in other committees, and became chairman of the Standing Committee on the Graduate School, and so continued to the end. It was not merely the problem of graduate studies in the general sense that attracted him. It was the new mode proposed for dealing with it and the peculiar opportunity for Princeton to complete and ensure the life of her own system for generations to come by training in residence a selected body of men of the best ability and character for intellectual and moral leadership. "I believe it—every word of it," was the vigorous answer he gave that first showed how deeply he had taken it to heart. Once convinced, he never ceased to advocate the plan which, as he wrote a fellow-trustee, was "laying the foundation of Princeton's largest element of future greatness." Nor was it merely its value to his own university he had in mind, but it was, as he wrote in 1907, "its tremendous assurance of educational usefulness and its sure promise of a vast contribution to our national grandeur." And again: "I have never been enlisted in a cause which has given me more satisfaction or a better feeling of usefulness." So he took active part in the modest beginnings that were possible to make, and contributed to the establishment of "Merwick," the Graduate House, as a preliminary experiment in this direction. His after-dinner talk to the students there, when the house was opened, was devoted to the one thought that on what they were and achieved

would finally depend the real success of the attempt. "You must do it," was his closing word. Thus again it is the students who figure in his mind as the center of things academic.

To the undergraduates he was of perpetual interest. Again and again they marched to his home, cheering till he came out on the porch to say a few words. A more for base-ball than for foot-ball, partly because it was easier to see the separate plays and players, and partly because it was his favorite game, anyway. For the catcher especially he showed concern, as being the one player who had to stand incessant battering in his busy and critical position, with no one behind to support him. The students were always on the

From a photograph taken at "Westland," in June, 1906

MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS TWO SONS

victory in athletic or intercollegiate debating, the entrance on Sophomore year, or the farewell after graduation, inevitably brought them *en masse* at evening to his door. It is a pity these talks have vanished on the night air without a reported record. Yet the informality and agreeable absence of reportorial preparation made these impromptu addresses all the more engaging in their pleasant freedom. He was fond of going to the games, caring lookout when Mr. Cleveland arrived at the field, and at such times it would be hard to say whether he or they enjoyed each other the more. On Commencement Day, loth as he was to accept it, he was always given the place of honor, first with President Patton and then with President Wilson, at the head of the academic procession. To get him to wear his academic gown on this occasion at first required an effort of no inconsiderable vigor. After

he had made up his mind to it, he was proud of wearing it, and was always the first one to suggest getting it out.

It was only his aversion to going about and making speeches that prevented his being heard at every alumni association. He yielded so far, however, as to address the alumni in St. Louis at the time of his visit to attend the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1903. As he entered the room, they rose and received him with volleys of cheers, and he took them all as one man when he opened his remarks by saying: "I felt it was about time for me to get away from the President of the United States and have an hour with you."

With the professors he formed many enjoyable acquaintances and some close friendships. His conception of their office was a high one. That to be a professor a man must be a scholar was to him too plain for words; but that a competent scholar was therefore fit to be a professor he stoutly denied. Here again he fell back on the quality of the man as decisive. He also held clear and set opinions as to the intellectual work of a professor. No one could believe more firmly than he in the dignity of real knowledge and in the duty of research and discovery on the part of all who were qualified for such high adventure; yet it seemed to him that trained cleverness or even brilliancy of mind was not enough to give assurance of a true scholar. Then, too, he looked on the act of teaching as something quite as great as research, as commonly more beneficent and as perhaps intrinsically more noble. It was of the effect on the students he was thinking—those whom the whole apparatus of education was meant to serve. Thus did he view the professor from his settled center of observation—the student. His pet aversion in such matters was intellectual vanity, and a favorite example with him of the almost humble modesty that became a great thinker was the late Professor Young, the astronomer.

Of his view of the office of trustee little need be said beyond his own words: "It is a serious thing to be a trustee of Prince-

From a photograph, copyright, 1908, by McManus

THE FACULTY ROOM, NASSAU HALL

In this hall, where the Continental Congress sat at one period of the Revolution, Mr. Cleveland delivered his address of November 2, 1906.

A COMMENCEMENT DAY PROCESSION, TURNING BY NASSAU HALL

Mr. Cleveland is at the head, on the side nearest Nassau Hall, walking with President Wilson; while Professor Libbey, the commencement marshal, is on the right of President Wilson.

ton University." It was to him a hard work-day fact, not a place of repose. "Every man must pull his full weight in the boat," a saying of his fellow-trustee, Mr. Pyne, was one he liked to quote. It is merely saying again what the world knows of him elsewhere, that to be a trustee of a corporation meant that straight business principles, and none other, must be followed. In a university it also meant that all its business should be managed "in strict subordination to the business of education." That a university should be either commercially minded or politically managed was to him something abhorrent.

Of his engagements and publications outside of Princeton this is not the place to speak at length. His pen was a busy one, and he felt the need of using its earning power. One result was the series of articles on political, social, philanthropic, and business questions that have appeared in journals and magazines these last ten years. His well-known enjoyments as fisherman and hunter happily found a record in part in the papers finally collected and printed in his book called, "Fishing and Shooting Sketches," all penned in Princeton. Nowhere is his kindly humor better seen than in these pages. How busy he was in writing addresses may be inferred from the following partial list of occasions on which he spoke: On Founder's Day at the Carnegie Institution in Pittsburg, at the opening of the New Chamber of Commerce in New York, at the inauguration of President Finley in the College of the City of New York, at the Old Home Week in Norwich, at the Centennial of the New York Medical Society in Albany, at the opening of the Exposition in St. Louis, at the unveiling of the memorial to Secretary Morton in Nebraska; besides the speech in New York in the Presidential campaign of 1904, the memorial address on Carl Schurz in New York, and the address on Washington's Birthday in Chicago, all but one of this list penned in Princeton.

On November 2, 1906, he spoke at the opening of the newly arranged faculty-room in Nassau Hall. It was his last official word here, spoken fittingly in the hall where long ago the Continental Congress and the first four Presidents of the Republic had preceded him. It is so well worth quoting entire that taking pieces out of it would spoil it. Yet at a venture the opening words may serve to show, if not its scope, at least its spirit. "I almost fear to speak," he began, "lest I may by some ill-selected word or ill-considered thought, disturb the spell created by the associations of this place and the words already

spoken. I am profoundly impressed by the thought that the spirit which built our nation and which in Revolutionary days was here more than a mere visitant, has not altogether departed, and that the consecration of this room by the apostles of liberty and free government has not faded away." Spoken there and by such a man, the words brought back to fancy, if not to vision, the earlier day when the Continental Congress, full of old courtesies in the midst of perils, deliberated in that hall. And in some it wakened echoes of the song of the Seniors on the steps of Nassau Hall in still June evenings:

> Hark! shades of mightier sons than we
> To Alma Mater sing.

It was not long before his seventieth birthday came, on March 18, 1907. A few friends of his took the day to put a bronze tablet in the room where he was born, at Caldwell, some forty miles away. He himself had gone away on a fishing trip—to fish, indeed, and also to avoid demonstrations and festivities which seemed disturbingly imminent. In a few days, however, he returned. So the students started from the Old Cannon, and went in long procession to his house, to present the loving-cup they meant should be his own. It was early in a bright afternoon, fitfully bright and soon waning, when they came, and Mr. Cleveland spoke to them for his last time, making it very plain that here was a testimonial he loved to receive not most for its fair workmanship, but for the fullness of their affection with which it overflowed. His closing words were these:

> I feel young at seventy because I have here breathed the atmosphere of vigorous youth and of hopeful aspiring young manhood. You have created this atmosphere, and through the providence of God it has been given me to breathe, in these latter days, its healing, stimulating influence.
>
> My thanks, though limitless, can merely pay the price of the freshness of the air I breathe at seventy. Nor can I ever feel myself acquitted of the delightful debt this day incurred. I can only promise that during all the time awaiting me I will make partial payments by an increasing love for you and for all undergraduates of Princeton, and by an increasing devotion to the badge of Princeton wherever I may find it.

Yet once more he was to address the sons of Princeton, this time the alumni. His "old class," as he styled the class of 1897, who took their bachelor's degrees on the Commencement Day when he received his degree of doctor of laws, were back for their decennial, and of course a "Pilgrimage to Westland" was down on their gorgeously printed program. Arrayed in Dutch costume, in festive remembrance of William of Orange and Nassau, whose name and colors belong to Princeton, they marched to visit their distinguished friend, present to him a diploma of their own, and ask him to speak to them again. After the speech and much handshaking, they filed away cheering—to "trek" back to "Nassau Straat," according to program, and gather at their headquarters, "Den Haag," for further proceedings in their "Peace Conference." They were indeed his "old class," and as they moved away, he did not turn to enter the house till the lessening sound of their marching ceased.

There is much more to say about him and his friends, old and new, old and young, but little to write. Some of them were children, and of their company he was always fond. The little Bird Club, that flourished for some years, taking "bird walks" every week, looked on him as their patron. They went so far as to elect him solemnly to honorary membership and to read to him in shy innocence their affectionate address of welcome to "the Honorable G. Cleveland." And, dreadful to say, there was behind all this the unspoken hope that he would give them the next duck he shot to be mounted for their collection. And they got it.

A word about his reading. He did a great deal of it, but mainly in connection with what he was writing. The style of the writers of the "Federalist," in which he read abundantly, gave him both delight and dejection. How did they ever do it? The English Bible and the classics satisfied him as the explanation. By his reading and the use of his acquired leisure in writing he gradually cleared and simplified his own earlier and more labored style, as may be seen in almost any of his later addresses. Of light reading he did little. He simply had not the time. What he did of this had to be casual and infrequent, until the last two or three years

From a stereograph, copyright, 1907, by Underwood and Underwood

MR. CLEVELAND ADDRESSING THE STUDENTS ASSEMBLED IN FRONT OF HIS HOME, MARCH 26, 1907, AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE LOVING-CUP BY PROFESSOR JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, '82, ON BEHALF OF THE UNDERGRADUATES

of his life, when he read every novel in reach, mostly in bed, at night or when ill. Perhaps he relished as much as any other reading for an unoccupied hour the bright sketches of Jacobs, dealing with the "old salts" on the Thames below London. He read poetry only occasionally, quoted it sparingly in his writings and rarely in conversation. He could repeat every verse of all the old hymns in use in the hymnals of his boyhood, and he had not lost his boyhood love for the "Lays of Ancient Rome," never tiring of the fine couplet from "Horatius at the Bridge":

Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State.

It might perhaps be supposed that a man who liked Macaulay's verse would find little congenial in Matthew Arnold. Yet there is one poem of Arnold, the "Palladium," a poem not perfect in technic, yet of high nobility, that found in him a deep response. Here is part of it:

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Stood the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood,
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought and saw it not—but there it stood!

Men will renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow;—red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our lives a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

From a photograph by McManus

THE LOVING-CUP PRESENTED BY THE STUDENTS OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY TO MR. CLEVELAND, MARCH 26, 1907, IN HONOR OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, WHICH WAS MARCH 18

Some have thought Mr. Cleveland a man without imagination. His Princeton life does not confirm this. The fact that the main business of his life was practical statesmanship, and the further fact of his own unlikeness to the dreamer or zealot or artist, may be the ground for the criticism. But he had hidden depths and imaginings of his own. Call it by whatever name, he showed at times something of the instinct of a seer. If we concede high imagination to the man of science, brooding on the deep till some truth of nature emerges to his sight, then it was a like brooding on the troubled flood of human society and government that enabled him to see and utter truths all had felt, no doubt, and yet none but he had expressed so surely. It is true he did not care for the word "ideals," and did not keep his own on parade, but well in the background. Yet he said again and again that a man or a community or a business firm or a university or, most of all, a free people without standards of right beyond what they saw or did, without allegiance to something unseen above them all, would soon sink below their own level.

There was a touch of another imagination in him that sometimes appeared when he was out of doors. A scene of sylvan beauty in the springtime, especially when the apple-blossoms were coming into flower amid the greenery, and the songbirds were back again, moved him to deep silence. "I can't find a word for it," he said quietly on just such a day, after a flood of sunshine had burst through a light April shower. "What makes it so beautiful? There is no word good enough.

'Ravishing' comes nearest, I think. Where does it come from? Do you know what I mean? It is too good for us. Do you understand me? It is something we don't deserve." Well, if one of our acknowledged esthetes had said this to anybody, we should not soon hear the end of it. Then another incident. One bright, still day in September he was fishing on a clear lake circled by hills covered with the green forest, and only here and there were the leaves touched with crimson and gold. It was too much for him, and he stopped fishing. Then he gazed long and tranquilly at it all, as if spellbound. There was a look of joy in his face like that Fenimore Cooper gives in his novel to the old huntsman walking through the sunlit woods in calm communion with something beyond and back of what eyes could see. Long afterward he spoke of it, and with hesitation. He had felt it all.

Of course he was too completely dominated by plain hard sense to tolerate sentimentality for an instant or to be content with anything he could not test in action; yet he came to live more and more in the region of the higher affections. And he pondered much, though he said very little, regarding his religious belief. Yet it was always there, deep within him, as they know well who knew him best. It was simple, elemental, childlike. He had chosen to believe in God, and so he had chosen to believe also in Christ. The mystery remained a mystery, not a thing for analysis and debate; and he received it as he received the springtime and the sunlight or the intimacies of friendship and home.

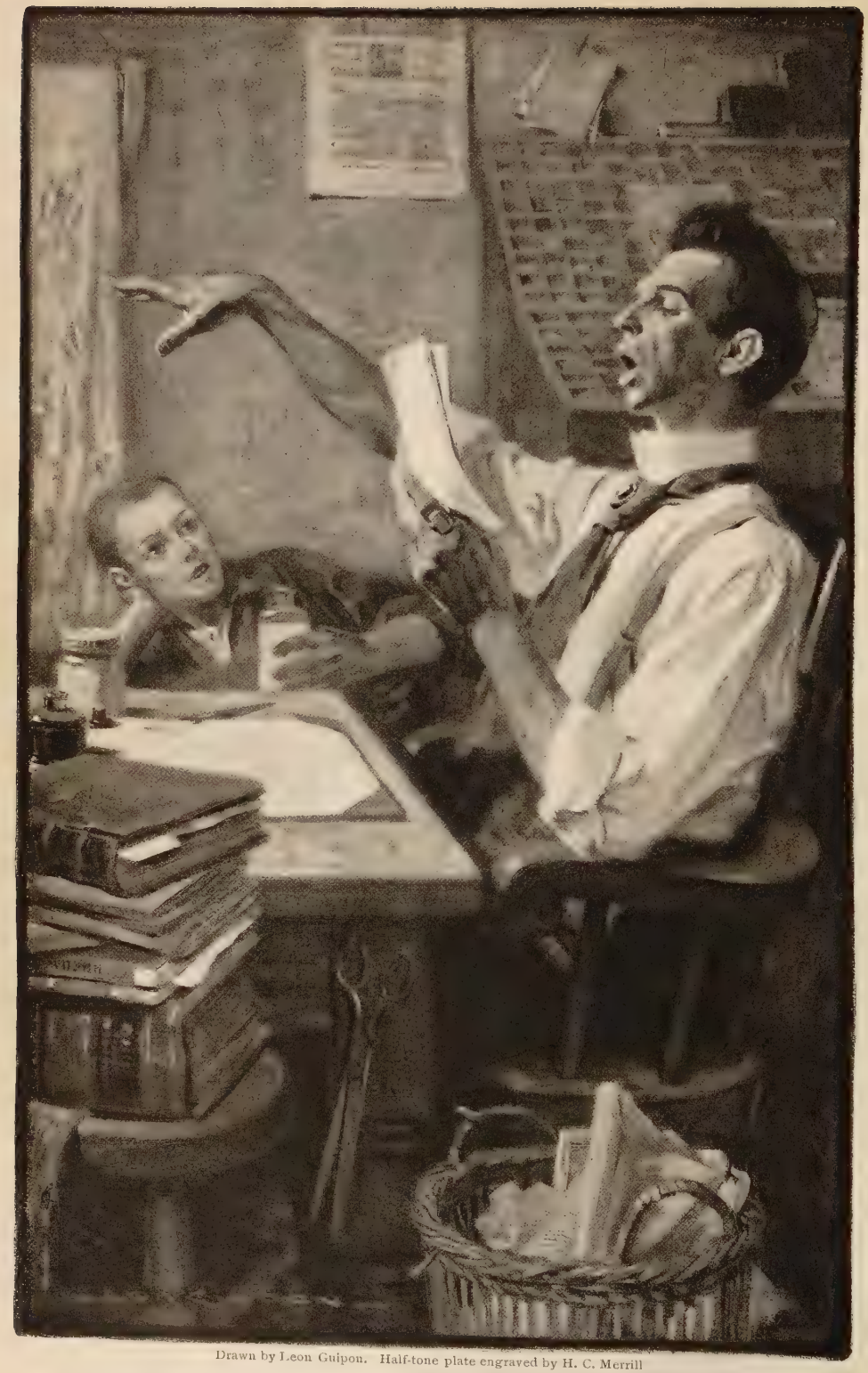
The rest of our chronicle is brief. He attended to his duties, great and small, to the end, so far as his strength allowed. His last presence in the university was on March 2, 1908, when he presided at a meeting of the Committee on the Graduate School. He went to Lakewood on March 16. On April 8 he gave the afternoon to conference on affairs of the Graduate College. It was his last participation in the business of Princeton. His illness, at first checked, was coming on anew. Apparently better, he came back on May 31, and seemed to gain by the return to his home. After the middle of June the heat became intense, and on the morning of the 24th he died. Two days later, amid the grief of a nation, Princeton received all of him that was mortal into her keeping, and received also something more precious to keep in her treasure-hall of memory.

OFF THE IRISH COAST

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

GULLS on the wind,
Crying! crying!
Are you the ghosts
Of Erin's dead?
Of the forlorn
Whose days went sighing
Ever for Beauty
That ever fled?

Ever for Light
That never kindled?
Ever for Song
No lips have sung?
Ever for Joy
That ever dwindled?
Ever for Love that stung?



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THE GREAT BIRD OF AMERICAN LIBERTY,' HE READ IMPRESSIVELY"

MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

V

THERE were two methods of communication in Cove City, both of which were equally effective. One was the telephone, which from a single, isolated case had developed into an epidemic, and the other, which enjoyed the dignity of precedence and established custom, was to tell Jimmy Fallows.

Both of these currents of information soon overflowed with the news that Mr. D. Webster Opp had given up a good position in the city, and expected to establish himself in business in his native town. The nature of this business was agitating the community at large in only a degree less than it was agitating Mr. Opp himself.

One afternoon Jimmy Fallows stood with his back to his front gate, suspended by his armpits from the pickets, and conducted business after his usual fashion. As a general retires to a hilltop to organize his forces and issue orders to his subordinates, so Jimmy hung upon his front fence and conducted the affairs of the town. He knew what time each farmer came in, where the "Helping Hands" were going to sew, where the doctor was, and where the services would be held next Sunday. He was coroner, wharfmaster, undertaker, and notary, and the only thing in the heavens above or the earth below concerning which he did not attempt to give information was the arrival of the next steamboat.

As he stood whittling a stick and cheerfully humming a tune of other days, he descried a small, alert figure coming up the road. The pace was so much brisker than the ordinary slow gait of the Cove that he recognized the person at once as Mr. Opp. Whereupon he lifted his voice and hailed a boy who was just vanishing down the street in the opposite direction:

"Nick!" he called. "Aw, Nick Fenny! Tell Mat Lucas that Mr. Opp 's uptown."

Connection being thus made at one end of the line, he turned to effect it at the other. "Howdy, Brother Opp. Kinder dusty on the river, ain't it?"

"Well, we *are* experiencing considerable of warm weather at this juncture," said Mr. Opp, affably.

"Mat Lucas has been hanging round here all day," said Jimmy. "He wants you to buy out a half-interest in his dry-goods store. What do you think about it?"

"Well," said Mr. Opp, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, "I am considering of a great variety of different things. I been in the dry-goods business twice, and I can't say but what it ain't a pretty business. Of course," he added with a twinge, "my specialty are shoes."

"Yes," said Jimmy; "but the folks here all gets their shoes at the drug store. Mr. Toddlinger 's been carrying a line of shoes along with his pills and plasters ever sence he went into business."

Mr. Opp looked up at the large sign overhead. "If you and Mr. Tucker was n't both in the hotel business, I might be thinking of considering that."

This proposition tickled Jimmy immensely. Chuckles of amusement agitated his rotund figure.

"Why don't you buy us both out?" he asked. "We could sell out for nothing and make money."

"Why, there 's three boarders sitting over at Our Hotel now," said Mr. Opp,

who rather fancied himself in the rôle of a genial host.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Old man Tucker 's had 'em hanging out on the line all morning. I don't guess they got strength enough to walk around much after the meals he give 'em."

"Of course," said Mr. Opp, wholly absorbed in his own affairs, "this is just temporarily for the time being, as it were. In a year or so, when my financial condition is sorter more established in a way, I intend to put through that oil-wells proposition. The fact that I am aiming at arriving to is what would you think the Cove was at present most in need of?"

"Elbow-grease," said Jimmy, promptly. "The only two things that we ain't got that a city has, is elbow-grease and a newspaper."

For a moment there was a silence, heavy with significance. Mr. Fallows's gaze penetrated the earth, while Mr. Opp's scanned the heavens; then they suddenly looked at each other, and the great idea was born.

An editor! Mr. Opp's whole being thrilled responsive to the call. The thought of dwelling above the sordid bartering of commercial life, of being in a position to exercise those mental powers with which he felt himself so generously endowed, almost swept him off his feet. He had been a reporter once; for two golden weeks he had handed in police-court reports that fairly scintillated with verbal gems plucked at random from the dictionary. But the city editor had indicated as kindly as possible that his services were no longer required, vaguely suggesting that it was necessary to reduce the force; and Mr. Opp had assured him that he understood perfectly, and that he was ready to return at any future time. That apprenticeship, brief though it was, served as a foundation upon which Mr. Opp erected a tower of dazzling possibilities.

"What 's the matter with you takin' Mr. Gusty's old printin'-shop and startin' up business for yourself?" asked Jimmy.

"Do you reckon she 'd sell it?" asked Mr. Opp, anxiously.

"Sell it?" said Jimmy. "Why, she 's 'most ready to give it away to keep from having to pay Pete Aker's rent for the shop. Say—Mr. Gall—up," he called up the street to a man who was turning the corner, "is Mrs. Gusty at home?"

The man, thus accosted, turned and came toward them.

"Who is Mr. Gallop?" asked Mr. Opp.

"He 's the new telephone girl," said Jimmy, with relish; "ain't been here but a month, and he 's doing the largest and most profitable trade in tending to other folks's business you ever seen. Soft! Why, he must 'a' been raised on a pillow—He always puts me in mind of a highly educated pig: it sorter surprises and tickles you to see him walkin' round on his hind legs and talking like other people. Other day one of the boys, just to devil him, ast him to drive his team out home. I liked to 'a' died when I seen him tryin' to turn the corner, pullin' 'Gee' and hollerin' 'Haw' with every breath. Old mules got their legs in a hard knot trying to do both at once, and the boys says when Gallop got out in the country he felt so bad about it he got down and 'pologized to the mules. How 'bout, that, Gallop—did you?" he concluded as the subject of the conversation arrived upon the scene.

The new-comer, a plump, fair young man, who held one hand clasped affectionately in the other, blushed indignantly, but said nothing.

"This here is Mr. Opp," went on Jimmy; "he wants to see Mrs. Gusty. Do you know whether he will ketch her at home or not?"

Mr. Gallop was by this time paying the tribute of many an admiring glance to every detail of Mr. Opp's costume, and Mr. Opp, realizing this, assumed an air of cosmopolitan nonchalance, and toyed indifferently with his large watch-fob.

When Mr. Gallop's admiration and attention had become focused upon Mr. Opp's ring, he suddenly turned on the faucet of his conversation, and allowed such a stream of general information to pour forth that Mr. Opp quite forgot to look imposing.

"Mrs. Gusty telephoned early this morning to Mrs. Dorsey that she would come over and help her make preserves. Mrs. Dorsey got a big load of peaches from her father across the river. He 's been down with the asthma, and had to

call up the doctor twice in the night. And the doctor could n't get the right medicine in town, and had me call up the city. They are going to send it down on the *Big Sandy,* but she 's stuck in the locks, and goodness knows when she 'll get here. She 's—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Opp, politely but firmly, "I 've got to see Mrs. Gusty on very important business. Have you any idea whatsoever of when she will return back home?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gallop, eager to oblige. "She 's about home by this time. Miss Lou Diker is making her a dress, and she telephoned she 'd be by to try it on 'bout four o'clock. I 'll go up there with you, if you want me to."

"Why don't you drive him?" suggested Jimmy. "You can borrow a pair of mules acrost the street."

"Mr. Opp," said Mr. Gallop, feelingly, as they walked up Main Street, "I would n't treat a' insect like he treats me."

"Oh, you must n't mind Jimmy," said Mr. Opp, kindly; "he always sort of enjoys a little joke as he goes along. Why, I would n't be at all surprised if he even made a joke on me sometime. How long have you been in Cove City?"

"Just a month," said Mr. Gallop. "It must look awful little to you, after all the big cities you been used to."

Mr. Opp lengthened his stride. "Yes," he said largely; "quite small, quite little, in fact. No place for a business man; but for a professional man, a man that requires leisure to sort of cultivate his brain and that means to be a influence in the community, it 's a good place, a remarkably good place."

A hint, however vague, dropped into the mind of Mr. Gallop, caused instant fermentation. From long experience he had become an adept at extracting information from all who crossed his path. A preliminary interest, a breath or two of flattery by way of anesthetic, and his victim's secret was out before he knew it.

"Reckon you are going up to talk insurance to Mrs. Gusty," he ventured tentatively.

"No; oh, no," said Mr. Opp. "I formerly was in the insurance business, some time back. Very little prospects in it for a man of my nature. I have to have a chance to sorter spread out, you know—to use my own particular ideas about working things out."

"What is your especial line?" asked Mr. Gallop, deferentially.

"Shoe—" Mr. Opp began involuntarily, then checked himself—"journalism," he said, and the word seemed for the moment completely to fill space.

At Mrs. Gusty's gate Mr. Gallop stopped.

"I guess I ought to go back now," he said regretfully; "the telephone and telegraph office is right there in my room, and I never leave them day or night except just this one hour in the afternoon. It 's awful trying. The farmers begin calling each other up at three o'clock in the morning. Say, I wish you 'd step in sometime. I 'd just love to have you. But you are so busy and got so many friends, you won't have much time for me, I guess."

Mr. Opp thought otherwise. He said that no matter how pressed he was by various important duties, he was never too busy to see a friend. And he said it with the air of one who confers a favor, and Mr. Gallop received it as one who receives a favor, and they shook hands warmly and parted.

VI

Mr. Opp, absorbed in the great scheme which was taking definite form in his mind, did not discover until he reached the steps that some one was lying in a hammock on the porch.

It was a dark-haired girl in a pink dress, with a pink bow in her hair and small bows on the toes of her high-heeled slippers—the very kind of person, in fact, that Mr. Opp was most desirous of avoiding.

Fortunately she was asleep, and Mr. Opp, after listening in vain at the door for sounds of Mrs. Gusty within, tiptoed cautiously to the other end of the porch and took his seat on a straight-backed settee.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that Mr. Opp was a stranger to the fascinations of femininity. He had been inoculated at a tender age, and it had taken so completely, so tragically, that he had crept back to life with one illusion sadly shattered, and the conviction firm within

him that henceforth he was immune. His attitude toward the subject remained, however, interested, but cautious—such as a good little boy might entertain toward a loaded pistol.

As he sat very straight and very still on the green settee, he tried to compose his mind for the coming interview with Mrs. Gusty. Directly across the road was Aker's old carpenter-shop, a small, square, one-story edifice, shabby, and holding out scant promise of journalistic possibilities. Mr. Opp, however, seldom saw things as they were; he saw them as they were going to be. Before five minutes had elapsed he had the shop painted white, with trimmings of red, new panes in the windows, ground glass below and clear above, an imposing sign over the door, and the roadway blocked with eager subscribers. He would have to have an assistant, of course, some one to attend to the general details; but he would have charge of everything himself. He would edit a paper, comprehensive in its scope, and liberal in its views. Science, art, religion, society, and politics would all be duly chronicled. Politics! Why, his paper would be an organ—an organ of the Democratic Party!

At the thought of being an organ, Mr. Opp's bosom swelled with such pride that his settee creaked, and he glanced apprehensively toward the other end of the porch.

The young lady was still asleep, with her head resting on her bare arm, and one foot hanging limply below her ruffled petticoat.

Suddenly Mr. Opp leaned forward and viewed her slipper with interest. He had recognized the make! It was xxx-aa. He had carried a sample exactly like it, and had been wont to call enthusiastic attention to the curve of the instep and the set of the heel. He now realized that the effect depended entirely on the bow, and he seriously considered writing to the firm and suggesting the improvement.

In the midst of his reflections the young lady stirred and then sat up. Her hair was tumbled, and her eyes indicated that she had been indulging in recent tears. Resting her chin on her palms, she gazed gloomily down the road.

Mr. Opp, at the other end of the porch, also gazed gloomily down the road. The fact that he must make his presence known was annihilated by the yet more urgent fact that he could think of nothing to say. A bumblebee wheeled in narrowing circles above his head and finally lighted upon his coat-sleeve; but Mr. Opp remained immovable. He was searching his vocabulary for a word which would gently crack the silence without shattering it to bits.

The bumblebee saved the situation. Detecting some rare viand in a crack of the porch midway between the settee and the hammock, and evidently being a bibulous bee, it set up such a buzz of excitement that Mr. Opp looked at it, and the young lady looked at it, and their eyes met.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Opp, rather breathlessly; "you was asleep, and I come to see Mrs. Gusty, and—er—the fact is—I 'm Mr. Opp."

At this announcement the young lady put her hand to her head, and by a dexterous movement rearranged the brown halo of her hair, and twisted the pink bow into its proper, aggressive position.

"Mother 'll—be back soon,"—she spoke without embarrassment, yet with the hesitation of one who is not in the habit of speaking for herself,—"I—I—did n't know I was going to sleep."

"No," said Mr. Opp; then added politely, "neither did I." Silence again looming on the horizon, he plunged on: "I think I used to be in the habit of seeing you when you was—er—younger, did n't I?"

"Up at the store." She smiled faintly. "You bought me a bag of pop-corn once with a prize in it. It was a breastpin; I 've got it yet."

Mr. Opp scowled slightly as he tried to extract an imaginary splinter from his thumb. "Do you—er—attend school?" he asked, taking refuge in a paternal attitude.

"I 'm finished," she said listlessly. "I 've been going to the Young Ladies' Seminary at Coreyville."

"Did n't you taken to it?" asked Mr. Opp, wishing fervently that Mrs. Gusty would return.

"Oh, yes," said his companion, earnestly. "I love it; I was a special. I took music and botany and painting. I was in four concerts last year and played in the

double duets at the commencements." During the pause which followed, Mr. Opp considered various names for his newspaper. "Mother is n't going to let me go back," the soft, drawling voice continued; "she says when a girl is nineteen she ought to settle down. She wants me to get married."

Mr. Opp laid "The Cove Chronicle" and "The Weekly Bugle" aside for further consideration, and inquired politely if there was any special person whom Mrs. Gusty desired for a son-in-law.

"Oh, no," said the girl, indifferently; "she has n't thought of anybody. But I don't want to get married—yet. I want to go back to the seminary and be a music teacher. I hate it here, every bit of it. It 's so stupid—and lonesome, and—"

A break in her voice caused Mr. Opp to postpone a decision of the day on which his paper was to be published, and to give her his undivided attention. Distress, even in beauty, was not to be withstood, and the fact that she was unusually pretty had been annoying Mr. Opp ever since she had spoken to him. As she turned her head away and wiped her eyes, he rose impulsively and moved toward her:

"Say, look a-here now, you ain't crying, are you?" he asked.

She shook her head in indignant denial.

"Well—er—you don't seem exactly happy, as you might say," suggested Mr. Opp, boldly.

"I 'm not," she confessed, biting her lip. "I ought n't to talk to you about it, but there is n't anybody here that would understand. They think I 'm stuck up when I talk about books and music and—and other kind of people. They just keep on doing the same stupid things till they get old and die. Only mother won't even let me do stupid things; she says I bother her when I try to help around the house."

"Can't you sew or make mottoes or something?" asked Mr. Opp, very vague as to feminine accomplishments.

"What 's the use?" asked the girl. "Mother does everything for me. She always says she 'd rather do it than teach me how."

"Don't you take to reading?" asked Mr. Opp.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I used to read all the time down at school; but there never is anything to read up here."

The editor-elect peopled the country with similar cases, and he immediately saw himself as a public benefactor supplying starved subscribers with a bountiful repast of weekly news.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the girl, interrupting his reflections. "I don't know what can be keeping mother."

Mr. Opp looked about for a chair, but there was none. Then he glanced at his companion, and saw that she was holding aside her pink skirt and evidently offering him a seat beside her in the hammock. He advanced a step, retreated, then weakly capitulated. Sitting very rigid, nursing his hat on his knees, and inserting his forefinger between his neck and his collar as if to breathe better, he remarked that it was getting warmer all the time.

"This is n't anything to what it will be later," said the girl; "it keeps on getting hotter and dustier all the time. I don't believe there 's such a stupid, poky, little old place anywhere else in the world. You ought to be mighty glad you don't live here."

Mr. Opp cleared his throat with some dignity. "I expect to remain here permanent now. I—well—the truth is, I have decided to operate a newspaper here."

"No!" cried the girl, incredulously. "Not in the Cove!"

"In the Cove," repeated Mr. Opp, firmly. "There 's great need here for a live, enterprising newspaper. It 's a virgin field, you might say. There never was a place that needed a public voice more. My paper is going to be a voice that hears all sides of a question; it 's going to appeal to the aged and the young and all them that lies between."

"It will be mighty grand for us!" said his companion, with interest. "When is it going to start?"

Definite plans being decidedly nebulous, Mr. Opp wisely confined himself to generalities. He touched casually on his remarkable fitness for the work, his wide experience, his worldly knowledge. He hinted that in time he expected to venture into even deeper literary waters—poetry, and a novel, perhaps. As he talked, he realized that for the second time that day he was looked upon with approval.

Being accepted at his own estimate proved a new and exhilarating sensation.

It was pleasant on the wide porch, with the honeysuckle shutting out the sun, and the long, yellow blossoms filling the air with fragrance. It was pleasant to hear the contented chuckle of the hens and the sleepy hum of the bees, and the sound of his own voice; but most of all it was pleasant, albeit disconcerting, to glance sidewise occasionally and find a pair of credulous brown eyes raised to his in frank admiration. What if the swing of the hammock was making him dizzy and one foot had gone to sleep? These were minor considerations unworthy of mention.

"And just to think," the girl was saying, "that you may be right across the road! I won't mind staying at home so much if you 'll let me come over and see you make the newspaper."

"You might like to assist sometime," said Mr. Orr, magnanimously, at the same time cautiously removing a fluttering pink ribbon from his knee. "I could let you try your hand on a wedding or a 'bituary, or something along that line."

"Oh, really?" she cried, her eyes brightening. "I 'd just love to. I can write compositions real nice, and you could help me a little."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Opp; "I could learn you to do the first draft, and I could put on the extra touches."

So engrossed did they become in these plans that they did not hear the click of the gate, or see the small, aggressive lady who came up the walk. She moved with the confident air of one who is in the habit of being obeyed. Her skirt gave the appearance of no more daring to hang wrong than her bonnet-strings would have presumed to move from the exact spot where she had tied them under her left ear. Her small, bright eyes, slightly crossed, apparently saw two ways at once, for on her brief journey from the gate to the porch, she decapitated two withered geraniums on the right, and picked up a stray paper and some dead leaves on the left.

"Guin-never!" she called sharply, not seeing the couple on the porch, "who 's been tracking mud in on my clean steps?"

The girl rose hastily and came forward. "Mother," she said, "here 's Mr. Opp."

Mrs. Gusty glanced up from one to the other, evidently undecided how to meet the situation. But the hesitancy was not for long; Mr. Opp's watch-fob, glittering in the sunlight, symbolized such prosperity that she hastily extended a cordial hand of welcome.

"You don't mean to tell me Guin-never has been keeping you out here on the porch instead of taking you in the parlor? And has n't she given you a thing to drink? Well, just wait till I get my things off and I 'll fix a pitcher of lemonade."

"Let me do it, Mother," said Guinevere, eagerly; "I often do it at school."

"I 'd hate to drink what you make," said Mrs. Gusty, waving her aside. "You show Mr. Opp in the parlor. No; I 'll open the shutters: you 'd get your hands dirty." She bustled about with that tyrannical capability that reduces every one near it to a state of helpless dependence.

The parlor was cool and dark, and Mr. Opp felt around for a chair while the refractory shutter was being opened. When at last a shaft of light was admitted, it fell full upon a sable frame which hung above the horse-hair sofa, and inclosed a glorified certificate of the births, marriages, and deaths in the house of Gusty. Around these written data was a border realistically depicting the seven ages of man and culminating in a legend of gold which read

From the Cradle to the Grave.

While Mr. Opp was standing before this work of art, apparently deeply interested, he was, in reality, peeping through a crack in the shutter. The sunlight was still filtering through the honeysuckle vines, making dancing, white patches on the porch, the bees were humming about the blossoms, and Miss Guinevere Gusty was still sitting in the hammock, her chin in her palms, gazing down the road.

When Mrs. Gusty returned, she bore a glass pitcher of lemonade, a plate of crisp gingersnaps, and a tumbler of crushed ice, all of which rested upon a tray which was covered with her strawberry centerpiece, a mark of distinction which, unfortunately, was lost upon her guest.

Mr. Opp, being a man of business,

plunged at once into his subject, presenting the matter so eloquently and using so much more persuasion than was necessary that he overshot the mark. Mrs. Gusty was not without business sagacity herself, and when Mr. Opp met a possible objection before it had ever occurred to her, she promptly made use of the suggestion.

"Of course," said Mr. Opp, as a final inducement, "I 'd be glad to run in some of Mr. Gusty's poetical pieces from time to time."

This direct appeal to her sentiment so touched Mrs. Gusty that she suggested they go over to the shop at once and look it over.

For a moment after the door of his future sanctum was thrown open Mr. Opp was disconcerted. The small, dark room, cluttered with all manner of trash, the broken window-panes, the dust, and the cobwebs, presented a prospect that was far from encouraging; but after an examination of the presses, his courage revived.

After a great deal of talk on Mr. Opp's part, and some shrewd bargaining on Mrs. Gusty's, the stupendous transaction was brought to a close, to the eminent satisfaction of both parties.

It was late that night before Mr. Opp retired. He sat in the open window of his bedroom and looked out upon the river. The cool night air and the quiet light of the stars calmed the turmoil in his brain. Gradually the colossal schemes and the towering ambitions gave way to an emotion to which the editor-elect was by no means a stranger. It was a little white-faced Fear that lurked always in a corner of his heart, and could be kept down only by brave words and aggressive deeds.

He sat with his trembling knees hunched, and his arms awkwardly clasped about them, an absurd atom in the great cosmic order; yet the soul that looked out of his squinting, wistful eyes held all the potentialities of life, and embodied the eternal sadness and the eternal inspiration of human endeavor.

VII

It is no small undertaking to embark in an untried ship, upon unknown waters, in the teeth of opposing gales. But Mr. Opp sailed the sea of life as a valiant mariner should, self-reliant, independent, asking advice of nobody. He steered by the guidance of his own peculiar moral compass, regardless of the rough waters through which it led him.

Having invested the major portion of his savings in the present venture, it was necessary to begin operations at once; but events conspired to prevent him. Miss Kippy made many demands upon his time both by day and night; she had transferred her affection and dependence from her father to him, and he found himself sorely encumbered by this new responsibility. Moreover, the attitude of the town toward the innovation of a newspaper was one of frank skepticism, and it proved a delicate and arduous task to create the proper public sentiment. In addition to these troubles, Mr. Opp had a yet graver matter to hinder him: with all his valor and energy he was suffering qualms of uncertainty as to the proper method of starting a weekly journal.

To be sure, he had achieved a name for the paper—a name so eminently satisfactory that he had already had it emblazoned upon a ream of office paper. "The Opp Eagle" had sprung full-syllabled from his teeming brain, and had been accepted over a hundred competitors.

But naming the fledgling was an easy matter compared with getting it out of the nest; and it was not until the instalment of his competent staff that Mr. Opp accomplished the task.

This important transaction took place one morning as he sat in his new office and struggled with his first editorial. The bare room, with the press in the center, served as news-room, press-room, publication office, and editorial sanctum. Mr. Opp sat at a new deal table, with one pen behind his ear, and another in his hand, and gazed for inspiration at the brown wrapping-paper with which he had neatly covered the walls. His mental gymnastics were interrupted by the appearance at the door of Miss Jim Fenton and her brother Nick.

Miss Jim was an anomaly in the community, being by theory a spinster, and by practice a double grass-widow. Capable and self-supporting, she attracted the ne'er-do-wells as a magnet attracts needles, but having been twice induced to

forego her freedom and accept the bonds of wedlock, she had twice escaped and reverted to her original type and name. Miss Jim was evidently a victim of one of Nature's most economical moods; she was spare and angular, with a long, wrinkled face surmounted by a scant fluff of pale, frizzled hair. Her mouth slanted upward at one corner, giving her an expression unjustly attributed to coquetry, when in reality it was due to an innocent and pardonable pride in an all-gold eyetooth.

But it was her clothes that brought misunderstanding, misfortune, and even matrimony upon Miss Jim. They were sent her by the boxful by a cousin in the city, and the fact was unmistakable that they were clothes with a past. The dresses held an atmosphere of evaporated frivolity; flirtations lingered in every frill, and memories of old larks lurked in every furbelow. The hats had a jaunty list to port, and the colored slippers still held a dance within their soles. One old bird of Paradise on Miss Jim's favorite bonnet had a chronic wink for the wickedness he had witnessed.

It was this wink that attracted Mr. Opp as he looked up from his arduous labors. For a disconcerting moment he was uncertain whether it belonged to Miss Jim or to the bird.

"Howdy, Mr. Opp," said the lady in brisk, businesslike tones. "I was taking a crayon portrait home to Mrs. Gusty, and I just stopped in to see if I could n't persuade you to take my brother to help you on the newspaper. You remember Nick, don't you?"

Mr. Opp glanced up. A skeleton of a boy, with a shaven head, was peering eagerly past him into the office, his keen, ferret-like eyes devouring every detail of the printing-presses.

"He knows the business," went on Miss Jim, anxiously pulling at the fingers of her gloves. "He 's been in it over a year at Coreyville. He wants to go back; but I ain't willing till he gets stronger. He ain't been up but two weeks."

Mr. Opp turned impressively in his revolving chair, the one luxury which he had deemed indispensable, and doubtfully surveyed the applicant. The mere suggestion of his leaning upon this broken reed seemed ridiculous; yet the boy's thin, sallow face, and Miss Jim's imploring eyes, caused him to hesitate.

"Well, you see," he said, with thumbs together and his lips pursed, after the manner of the various employers before whom he had stood in the past, "we are just making a preliminary start, and we have n't engaged our staff yet. I am a business man and a careful one. I don't feel justified in going to no extra expense until 'The Opp Eagle' is, in a way, on its feet."

"Oh, that 's all right," said the boy; "I 'll work a month for nothing. Lots of fellows do that on the big papers."

Miss Jim plucked warningly at his sleeve, and Mr. Opp, seeing that Nick's enthusiasm had led him beyond his depth, went gallantly to the rescue.

"Not at all," he said hastily; "that ain't my policy. I think I might contrive to pay you a small, reasonable sum down, and increase it in ratio as the paper become more prosperous. Don't you think you better sit down?"

"No, sir; I 'm all right," said the boy, impatiently. "I can do 'most anything about a paper, setting type, printing, reporting, collecting, most anything you put me at."

Such timely knowledge, in whatever guise it came, seemed Heaven-sent. Mr. Opp gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"If you feel that you can't do any better than accepting the small sum that just at present I 'll have to offer you, why, I think we can come to some arrangement."

"That 's mighty nice in you," said Miss Jim, jerking her head forward in order to correct an undue backward gravitation of her bonnet. "If ever you want a crayon portrait, made from life or enlarged from a photograph, I 'll make you a special price on it. I 'm just taking this here one home to Mrs. Gusty; she had it done for Guin-never's birthday."

Miss Jim removed the wrappings and disclosed a portrait of Miss Guinevere Gusty, very large as to eyes and very small as to mouth. She handed it to Mr. Opp, and called attention to its fine qualities.

"Just look at the lace on that dress! Mrs. Fallows picked a whole pattern off on her needles from one of my portraits. And did you notice the eyelashes; you can actually count 'em! She had four buttons

on her dress, but I did n't get in but three; but I ain't going to mention it to Mrs. Gusty. Don't you think it 's pretty?"

Mr. Opp, who had been smiling absently at the portrait, started guiltily. "Yes," he said confusedly; "yes, ma'am, I think she is." Then he felt a curious tingling about his ears and realized, to his consternation, that he was blushing.

"She 's too droopin' a type for me," said Miss Jim, removing an ostrich tip from her angle of vision; then she continued in a side whisper: "Say, would you mind making Nick take this bottle of milk at twelve o'clock, and resting a little? He ain't as strong as he lets on, and he has sort of sinking spells 'long about noon."

Receiving the bottle thus surreptitiously offered, and assisting the lady to gather up her bundles, Mr. Opp bowed her out, and turned to face the embarrassing necessity of giving instructions to his new employee. He was relieved to find, however, that the young gentleman in question possessed initiative; for Nick had promptly removed his coat, and fallen to work, putting things to rights with an energy and ability that caused Mr. Opp to offer up a prayer of heartfelt gratitude.

All the morning they worked silently, Mr. Opp toiling over his editorial, with constant references to a small dictionary which he concealed in the drawer of the table, and Nick giving the presses a thorough and much-needed overhauling.

At the noon-hour they shared their lunch, and Mr. Opp, firm in the authority invested in him by Miss Jim, demanded that Nick should drink his milk, and recline at length upon the office bench for twenty minutes. It was with great difficulty that Nick was persuaded to submit to this transferred coddling; but he evidently realized that insubordination at the start of his career would be fatal, and, moreover, his limbs ached and his hands trembled.

It was in the intimacy of this, their first, staff meal, that they discussed the policy of the paper.

"Of course," said Mr. Opp, "we have got a vast undertaking in front of us. For the next few months we won't scarcely have time to draw a natural breath. I am going to put every faculty I own on to making 'The Opp Eagle' a fine paper. I expect to get here at seven o'clock A.M., and continue to pursue my work as far into the midnight hours as may need be. Nothing in the way of pleasure or anything else is going to pervert my attention. Of course you understand that my mind will be taken up with the larger issues of things, and I 'll have to risk a dependence on you to attend to the smaller details."

"All right," said Nick, gratefully; "you won't be sorry you trusted me, Mr. Opp. I 'll do my level best. When will we get out the first issue?"

"Well—er—the truth is," said Mr. Opp, "I have n't, as you might say, accumulated sufficient of material as yet. You see, I have a great many irons in the fire, and besides opening up this office, I am the president of a company that 's just bought up twenty acres of ground around here. The biggest oil proposition—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted Nick; "but don't you think we could get started in two weeks, with the ads and the contributors' letters from other counties, and a story or two I could run in, and your editorial page?"

"I 've got two advertisements," said Mr. Opp; "but I don't intend to rest content until every man in the Cove has got a card in. Now, about these contributors from other counties?"

"I can manage that," said Nick. "I 'll write to some girl or fellow I know in the different towns, and ask them to give me a weekly letter. They sign themselves 'Gypsy' or 'Fairy' or 'Big Injun' or something like that, and tell what 's doing in their neighborhood. We 'll have to fix the letters up some, but they help fill in like everything."

Mr. Opp's spirits rose at this capable coöperation.

"You—er—like the name?" he asked.

"'The Opp Eagle'?" said Nick. "Bully!"

Such unqualified approval went to Mr. Opp's head, and he rashly broke through the dignity that should hedge about an editor.

"I don't mind reading you some of my editorial," he said urbanely; "it 's the result of considerable labor."

He opened the drawer and took out some loosely written pages, though he knew each paragraph by heart. Squaring

himself in his revolving-chair, and clearing his throat, he addressed himself ostensibly to the cadaverous youth stretched at length before him, but in imagination to all the southern counties of the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky.

His various business experiences had stored such an assorted lot of information in his brain that it was not unlike a country store in the diversity of its contents. His style, like his apparel, was more ornate and pretentious than what lay beneath it. There were many words which he knew by sight, but with which he had no speaking acquaintance. But Mr. Opp had ideals, and this was the first opportunity he had ever had to put them before his fellow-men.

"The great bird of American Liberty," he read impressively, "has soared and flown over the country and lighted at last in your midst. 'The Opp Eagle' appears for the first time to-day. It is no money scheme in which we are indulging; we aim first and foremost to fulfil a much-needed want in the community. 'The Opp Eagle' will tell the people what you want to know better and at less expense than any other method. It will aim at bringing the priceless gems of knowledge within the reach of everybody. For what is bread to the body if you do not also clothe the mind spiritually and mentally?

"We will boom this, our native, city. If possible, I hope to get the streets cleaned up and a railroad, and mayhap in time lamp-posts. This region has ever been known for its great and fine natural resources, but we have been astounded, you might say astonished, in recent visits to see its naked and crude immensities, which far exceeds our most sanguine expectations. So confident are we that a few of our most highly respectable citizens have, at the instigation of the Editor of 'The Opp Eagle,' bought up the land lying between Turtle Creek and the river, and as soon as a little more capital has been accumulated, intend to open up a oil proposition that will astonish the eyes of the natives!

"In all candor, we truly believe this favored region of ours to have no equal in underground wealth nowhere upon this terrestrial earth, albeit we are not of globe-trotter stock nor tribe. We will endeavor to induce the home people to copy after the wise example of a few of our leading citizens and buy up oil rights before the kings of Bonanzas from the Metropolitan cities discover our treasure and wrench it from our grasp. 'The Opp Eagle' will, moreover, stand for temperance and reform. We will hurl grape and cannister into the camps of the saloonatics until they flee the wrath to come. Will also publish a particular statement of all social entertainments, including weddings, parties, church socials, and funerals. In conclusion, would say that we catch this first opportunity to thank you in collective manner herein for the welcome you have ordained 'The Opp Eagle.'"

Mr. Opp came to a close and waited for applause; nor was he disappointed.

"Gee! I wish I could write like that!" said Nick, rising on his elbow. "I can do the printing all right, and hustle around for the news; but I never know how to put on the trimmings."

Mr. Opp laid a hand upon his shoulder; he was fast developing a fondness for the youth.

"It 's a gift," he said sympathetically, "that I am afraid, my boy, nobody can't learn you."

"Can I come in?" said a voice from outside, and Mr. Gallop peeped around the open door.

"Walk in," cried Mr. Opp, while Nick sprang to his feet. "We are just by way of finishing up the work at hand, and have a few minutes of spare leisure."

"I just wanted to know if you 'd help us get up a town band," said Mr. Gallop. "I told the boys you 'd be too busy, but they made me come. I asked Mr. Fallows if you was musical; but I would n't repeat what he said."

"Oh, Jimmy is just naturally humoristic," said Mr. Opp. "Go along and tell me what he remarked."

"Well," said Mr. Gallop, indignantly, "he said you was a expert on the windpipe! Mr. Tucker, I believe it was, thought you used to play the accordion."

"No," said Mr. Opp; "it was the cornet. I was considerable of a performer at one time."

"Well, we want you for the leader of our band," said Mr. Gallop. "We are going to have blue uniforms and give regular concerts up on Main Street."

Nick Fenny began searching for a pencil.

"You know," went on Mr. Gallop, rapidly, "the last show boat that was here had a calliope, and there 's another one coming next week. All I have to do is to hear a tune twice, then I can play it. Miss Guin-never Gusty is going up to Coreyville next week, and she says she 'll get us some new pieces. She 's going to select a plush self-rocker for the congregation to give the new preacher. They 're keeping it awful secret, but I heard 'em mention it over the telephone. The preacher's baby has been mighty sick, and so has his mother, up at the Ridge; but she 's got well again. Well, I must go along now. Ain't it warm?"

Before Mr. Opp had ceased showing Mr. Gallop out, his attention was arrested by the strange conduct of his staff. That indefatigable youth was writing furiously on the new wall-paper, covering the clean brown surface with large, scrawling characters.

Mr. Opp's indignation was checked at its source by the radiant face which Nick turned upon him.

"I 've got another column!" he cried; "listen here:

"'A new and handsome Show Boat will tie up at the Cove the early part of next week. A fine calliope will be on board.'

"'Miss Guinevere Gusty will visit friends in Coreyville soon.'

"'The new preacher will be greatly surprised soon by the gift of a fine plush rocking-chair from the ladies of the congregation.'

"'The infant baby of the new preacher has been sick, but is better some.'

"'Jimmy Fallows came near getting an undertaking job at the Ridge last week, but the lady got well.'

"And that ain't all," he continued excitedly; "I 'm going out now to get all the particulars about that band, and we 'll have a long story about it."

Mr. Opp, left alone in his office, made an unsuccessful effort to resume work. The fluttering of the "Eagle's" wings preparatory to taking flight was not the only thing that interfered with his power of concentration. He did not at all like the way he felt. Peculiar symptoms had developed in the last week, and the quinine which he had taken daily had failed to relieve him. He could not say that he was sick,—in fact, he had never been in better health,—but there was a strange feeling of restlessness, a vague disturbance of his innermost being, that annoyed and puzzled him. Even as he tried to solve the problem, an irresistible impulse brought him to his feet and carried him to the door. Miss Guinevere Gusty was coming out of her gate in a soft, white muslin, and a chip hat laden with pink roses.

"Anything I can do for you up street?" she called across pleasantly to Mr. Opp.

"Why, thank you—no, the fact is—well, you see, I find it necessary for me to go up myself." Mr. Opp heard himself saying these words with great surprise, and when he found himself actually walking out of the office, leaving a large amount of unfinished work, his indignation knew no bounds.

"The sun is awful hot. Ain't you goin' to wear a hat?" drawled Miss Guinevere.

Mr. Opp put his hand to his head in some embarrassment, and then assured her that he very often went without it.

They sauntered slowly down the dusty road. On one side the trees hedged them in, but on the other stretched wide fields of tasseled corn over which shimmered waves of summer heat. White butterflies fluttered constantly across their path, and overhead, hidden somewhere in the branches, the birds kept up a constant song. The August sun, still high in the heavens, shone fiercely down on the open road, on the ragweed by the wayside, on the black-eyed Susans nodding at the light; but it fell most mercilessly of all upon the bald spot on the head of the unconscious Mr. Opp, who was moving, as in an hypnotic state, into the land of romance.

(To be continued)

THE REVENGE OF BIG JOE

BY LYMAN EASTMAN

THE sputtering lamp shook and the scampering of the rats on the top shelf was momentarily hushed as the man at the desk slammed the ledger to. He hooked the shutter, and the stick which served to hold the window up during waking hours, and down during the hours of sleep, took up its nightly vigil. Then reeked together pent-up odors of oil and onions, tobacco and turpentine, varnish and vinegar, and the dozens of other fragrant commodities that perfume a country store, and the sport of the rodents went merrily on.

Out in the white night Brandon breathed deeply the soft lake breeze and its jasmine-scented coolness. The surface of the lake was rippling just enough to build a bright but rather unsteady ladder straight from the end of the wharf where he stood, up toward the round moon. Beside him the white shore sand shone like the snowdrifts which he had left, and the giant cypress trees beckoned gruesomely to this far southern home, their gray limbs shining like bleached bones here and there through the deep funereal drapery of the Spanish moss. A great owl, near-by, inquired with dreadful solemnity, "Who-who-o-o-o are you-ou-ou-ou?" and a meddling little tree-toad, so near that it had been reading his thoughts, broke in with "Go-back, go-back-back, go-back." He smiled grimly at the fancy and turned his attention to the shouting of men which came echoing over the water. Soon he recognized the deep bass of Big Joe Watkins, the cattleman from down Caloosahatchee way.

Big Joe had loaded up his ox-wagons at Brandon's store and started them back home that morning. Two months' supplies had been laid in and paid for with the big gold doubloons the Cuban traders had exchanged for his cattle. Then, with a party of kindred spirits, he crossed to the county seat, over the lake, for his usual spree. Joe and his many kindred formed the most profitable portion of Brandon's patronage. They came seldom and required but little attention, but they left a large hole in Brandon's stock and corresponding distension of the money bag.

Big Joe's voice told of drunken anger, as the boats drew near, and the shrill, cracked voice that replied to his profane bellowings was that of "Old Capps," a harmless old salt who had drifted to this out-of-the-way place and made an easy living at fishing, fiddling, telling yarns, and drinking at other men's expense. He, too, had gotten outside of too much alcoholic concoction of uncertain pedigree and did not realize that he had passed the limit of jesting indulgence commonly permitted him. Intent upon his own brilliant profanity, he was heedless that he had said the forbidden word and that Big Joe, from the other boat, was no longer swearing in patronizing affection but in downright, fighting earnest. Capps's skiff companions were endeavoring, with vigorous language, to silence him, while Joe's boatmate was very delicately remonstrating—for Big Joe's "record" was well known.

As the boats ran up on the sand simultaneously, the big cattleman stepped directly to a great driftwood, live-oak limb, partly buried in the sand, and it would have been a feat for any other two men there to have lifted it. But the great fellow tore it from the earth, swung it over his shoulder and advancing to meet the still chattering Capps, brought its whole weight down upon the harmless old head. The limb fell heavily to the sand, Capps went down with it, there was a gurgling in his throat and he stiffened out beside the gigantic weapon,—and, at his head, a

dark spot was growing on the snowy sand. There was a moment of deathly hush. Even the big man, whose hand was no stranger to this work of sending his fellows to their last accounting, stood aghast at what he had done. The men in the boats had not yet risen from their seats.

"You contemptible coward." The low, measured words came from the erect form of the merchant.

"What? What? By ——," but the oath was never uttered, for again came the reiterated words, low but terribly penetrating and ringing with a contempt that no words, only that tone, could express.

"You miserable, contemptible coward!"

The hand of Big Joe went the well-known path to his hip pocket and the "gun" was there. Those in the boats turned their heads from witnessing the second tragedy and awaited the report of the death-dealing "forty-four."

With no sign of turning, the square face of Brandon stood out in the bright moonlight vividly, so vividly that the vision of it stayed in the mind of the man who looked upon it for many a day and haunted him through many a night. The level look of those steel-gray eyes was so perfectly steady that it held to its steadiness the glare of Big Joe's eyes, and the wonted movement of his pistol hand.

It was not fear that held him, for Joe Watkins knew no fear, nor had he ever shrunk from the shedding of human blood. That look threatened him no harm, but it held him.

Then Brandon quietly turned to the bleeding form on the sand and put his ear to the fluttering chest as though there was no other concern requiring his attention, while Watkins turned away just as quietly and went to the tree where his horse had been tethered during the day. His companion gathered up his belongings for him and saddled the horse. Then he rode away without a word.

With such care as could be provided, Capps lived to walk about for a few months, a driveling idiot, before he died. Brandon sent repeated messages to the sheriff, but that dignitary could not interfere in every drunken brawl or set in motion the complex machinery of government because some old sot had gotten a scalp wound; or, he might have added, for any other reason, if Big Joe Watkins was to be brought to justice and the honorable sheriff must do the bringing.

The afternoon following the affair on the shore, a lank farmer who lived a few miles down the Caloosahatchee road hitched his "critter" to a near-by sapling, sauntered into the store and remarked, "Evenin'. Hit 's a-lookin' right smart like hit mought take a notion to up an' rain." By the time this specimen of the genus "cracker" had "cal'lated we mought be gwine to have a right tollable season before it cl'ars off" and observed "the crab-grass is so turrible in my co'n patch, I reckon I 'm plumb boun' to git up sune in the mornin' and bust out the middles," he had added another cubic inch to the wad in his cheek, and perched himself on the counter.

"Cousin Joe Watkins, he stopped to my house this mornin'."

"Did he?"

"Ya-as, I found him on the gallery about sun-up and he slep' thar clean till dinner. Then he woke up sober an' a cussin' you like fire. I cal'lated you an' him been a-havin' some words."

"No."

"Do-o-o tell! Wa-al naow! He 'lowed you told him what no man never done before, and nex' time he lay eyes on you he 'll see what color o' Yankee blood can talk that-a-way to him. Them 's the words he said."

"I guess he was n't quite sobered when he said that. He 'll get over it." Brandon's utter lack of trepidation or even interest in Big Joe's threats as they were confidentially imparted to him, amazed his friendly informant.

"It hain't my way to mix up in other folks' business an' I hain't a-goin' to naow," he concluded, "but bein' as how you 've treated me plumb white an' I don't keer about seein' ye killed, I 'm a-tellin' ye, if yore in these hyar parts the nex' time Big Joe gits on a rampage, yore a dead man or either a durn quick shot."

This was but the first of many warnings. Old friends and relatives of the big bully, and new friends of the merchant, all joined in the endeavor to avert the tragedy which Big Joe had sworn to enact at the first sight of the only man who had dared to call him "coward."

The charge of cowardice was so absolutely inappropriate to his too well-known

recklessness and daring, that others ascribed the utterance of that epithet to ignorance or feeble-mindedness; and the same charitable construction was put upon the merchant's smiling assurance that he was not an expert marksman, and had n't the slightest intention of moving out of the country.

Had Joe himself attempted to define a coward, before that night on the lake shore, he would have described an individual in every respect his own antithesis. But as he rode homeward, wondering why he had not vindicated his reputation for bravery on the spot, his sobering brain kept echoing the accusation. "I hain't afeared o' nothin' and I hain't never been," he found himself saying aloud, but the very assertion seemed an audible defense against an insistent, inaudible accusation. Afraid, he had never been, but "contemptible coward," with that tone—what was it that made it hurt? He felt vaguely that the truth alone hurts, and he felt the hurt but could not see the truth.

The days and weeks went by and that tone still rang in his ears, those words yet echoed through his brain, and the vision of those steady eyes and the square jaw kept appearing. Still he drove them away with oaths and promises of sweet revenge. Had he been capable of an introspective analysis, he would have known that no one's opinion of him but his own could have caused him such unrest. He would have realized that he had come to see himself from a new point of view and that he was angry because of what he saw. But Big Joe was no psychologist and all the time he thought it was his wrath against Brandon that was increasing. The more his conception of true courage differed from his former ideals, the madder he thought he was getting. It is human to seek relief from subjective disquiet in an objective manner. The death of Brandon would be a small matter to him, to be sure; but, had he only known it, it was no more in the nature of a remedy for his trouble than a dose of calomel would have been. Still, it accorded with his diagnosis. His undue moroseness and occasional outbreaks gave ample reason for the warnings carried to Brandon and the general expectation of a fatality.

The merchant had ridden around to the county seat and, after transacting his business, was heading for his horse to make the return trip. As he passed the door of the village bank, he was arrested by "Hist, Brandon, come here." Brandon came.

"Don't you know that Joe Watkins is in town looking for you?"

"No. Did he say what he wanted to see me about?"

"Did he? Well I reckon he did. Said he 'd kill you on sight."

"Oh, drunk again, is he? Well, I 'll not bother with him then. If he inquires again tell him I 've gone on home."

"Well, you 're a cool one. Lay for him, eh? That 's right. Get the drop on him and don't wait to argue, for when he 's good and drunk he talks wild but he shoots straight. Good fellow, too, when he 's right. Better overhaul your gun before you go out. He 's over there in the saloon and may see you get your horse."

"I have no gun."

"No gun. What are you driving at?"

"No, truly."

"Then you 're a blasted idiot. But wait, I 'll lend you a pair of 38's."

"No, they might cause trouble." And despite the urgency of his friend, Brandon rode away unarmed and with neither hurry nor hesitancy. When a quarter of a mile from his store he turned down from the main road to look in on the little home which he was having built by the lake shore.

Big Joe learned of his departure and, supposing that his quarry had taken to flight, drank deeply, cut short his stay and rode furiously after him, his wrath increasing every moment. Yielding himself to the influence of rank liquor on a primitive nature, his pistol shots echoed through the forests and his whooping reverberated a mile ahead of him down the long tunnel of trees overarching the "hammock" roadway. When the big black horse and crazed rider came into full view of the store, the doors and shutters were closed.

"Come out o' thar, Bill Brandon, or I 'll pull you out. Who 's a 'mis'able coward' ? Hidin', air ye? I 'll turn your hull shanty over and wring your neck like a chicken's," he bellowed as bullets from his revolver buried themselves in the hard pine door.

A tall man sat quietly on the store platform, holding by the bridle a nervous looking saddle-mare. Buddy Bryant was a neighbor of Watkins.

"Joe," he said as soon as the other had paused for breath, "you know me and you know I would n't lie to you. Brandon ain't in here. We heard you comin' and his clerk locked the door and took to the woods. Brandon went to town and I 'd 'a' thought you 'd 'a' seen him thar."

"He 's a-runnin' from me and he 's in thar. Let me git at him. I 'll shoot him full o' holes and cut his heart out of him." Spurring the great black horse unmercifully, he had gotten its forefeet far over on the platform and, leaning over its head, he was hammering the door with the butt of his revolver and uttering the most frightful threats and oaths.

It was through no dramatic foresight that a rusty tangle of hay wire was lying on the ground before the door or that one of the omnipresent razorbacks was picking up scraps just around the corner at this critical juncture. But it happened that Brandon, taking a short cut along the lake shore from his building, had heard the noise of his would-be slayer and, springing from his horse, came running around the store. In so doing he startled the aforesaid razorback which turned the corner a few paces ahead of him and plunged abruptly between the feet of the nervous mare, already trembling with the excitement of the shooting and yelling, and the plunging of the horse behind her. The arrival of the hog exceeded the limit of her endurance and she began to let fly with her heels. The snorting swine, thus suddenly introduced on the stage of action, did as his kind always do, rushed wildly into everything there was to be rushed into. It got itself between the big black's hind legs just as the mare's heels planted themselves in his flank. The beast, already infuriated by his rider, whirled away from the platform and came heavily down with one forefoot in the snarl of wire.

A life-long experience in the saddle was all that saved Big Joe from going to the ground. He had no time to recover his seat in the saddle. The pistol flew from his hand. With one heel over the saddle and one hand gripping the mane, he clung on as best he could while the big horse thundered down the road. There were two quarts more of distilled wrath in the saddle-bags, besides cartridges and other things. The pounding and crashing and splashing of these things on its side, and the insistent clinging and climbing of the wire on its foreleg, together with the position of the rider and the digging of his spur in its back, as he endeavored to climb back into the saddle, would have crazed a much less spirited horse.

Neither the whisky inside nor that outside was of assistance to Joe and no one knows how far they had proceeded down the homeward road before the rider regained his seat and the mastery of his horse. But this is quite sure, that the first clear idea that came into Big Joe's bewildered mind was that this ignominious retreat had begun with the sudden vision of a square jaw and a pair of steady gray eyes looking unutterable contempt and coming toward him on a run. He had n't expected his man to appear in just that way, but that he, Big Joe Watkins, the man that knew no fear, should have responded to the appearance of the very man he was looking for, in such fashion as this, seemed beyond the power of men or devils to explain. The contributions of the razorback, the mare, and the tangle of wire to his discomfiture, were entirely unknown to him. All he could piece together was *that face,* then an eternally long time of desperate clinging, terrific shaking and utter inability to hold his horse, sit in the saddle, or even to know where he was going.

As has been said, Big Joe did not know the sensation of fear, so he concluded that this strange experience must be it. After some hours of riding in puzzled speechlessness, he reached this decision and, ripping out a terrible oath, pronounced the verdict, *"Scared to death."*

This man of tremendous primitive passions was always honest with himself and with others. A lie signifies lack of courage to meet consequences. He was truthful because he felt equal to any consequences and coveted chances to face them. The gray eyes had again given him a new view of himself and for weeks he labored to see what sort of man he was.

Among other things, he concluded that

there was no element of bravery and no real preservation of honor in knocking in the head an old man, even if he had said "things that no man could take and be a man." He concluded that getting drunk before meeting an enemy is dog mean, because when a man is drunk he is not himself, and sending some one else on such an errand, instead of going himself, is low down.

Coward or no coward, he must square things with that steady-eyed merchant. Still, on two things he was determined. He would go sober and he would give the other man an even chance to shoot. He was sure that he was not afraid of Brandon, yet the desire to shed Brandon's blood no longer seemed the great desideratum of his soul. He would at least talk with him, and the determination to face the risk of being shot down before he could draw, somehow had an inner approval which he could not analyze but which none the less seemed to satisfy his new notion of courage.

So, one morning, he walked boldly into the store. Brandon saw that he was sober. "Good morning, Mr. Watkins. Glad to see you," he called out cheerily as though one of the customary trading visits was expected and nothing unusual had occurred.

"Mr. Brandon," began Joe steadily, "one night, out yonder, you called me a 'contemptible coward.' Nobody never used such words to me before and I 've come hyar to——" He was looking into frank, friendly eyes that bore no trace of contempt, but rather a growing admiration; and suddenly the puzzles that troubled his soul were solved and he finished, to his own surprise, with, "—to say you were right and I thank you."

The impulsive spirit of the man drove his right hand a familiar path again, but this time it was forward instead of backward.

YOUTH

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I AM the unquiet sister with the old, wild beautiful eyes,
Who went forth from my home to seek;
I am the immortal child who yearned for the moon and the star-sown skies;
I am the dreaming girl who burned
For the touch of a god on her cheek.

I am the unquiet sister with the young, ancient beautiful eyes
Whose feet with morning were shod.
I have traveled the long, long road where the caravan smoke and the golden dust up-flies;
I am the dreaming girl who awoke
And discovered a vanishing god.

I am the unquiet sister with the gray, roving beautiful eyes
Who plucked at the world in its bloom.
Oh, to be as I was at first, transparent, eager, unwise!
For the clear little brook I thirst
Where I drank when the day was young,
And the door of my girlhood's room.

I am the unquiet sister with the old, wild beautiful eyes.
I have seen so many things—
Hope detained in a sightless tower and graves for questionings,
Love that endured for an hour and the eyes of wounded things.
I would like to go back once more, creep back, dark-foot in the rain,
And timidly knock at the door I left. I can never go back again.

CIRCUS ANIMALS REHEARSING

By PAUL BRANSOM

PAUL CRANSOM

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PAUL BRANSOM

PAUL BRANSOM

PAUL-BRANSOM

E-B-

ODE TO AMERICAN ARTISTS WHO GO ABROAD FOR INSPIRATION

BY BAYARD BOYESEN

NOT you, O spirits of an older lyre
Singing with hearts made audible
Loud in the clean-lipped sea,
Or choral on the field, do I require
This day: my rougher needs compel
That I should call on thee,
O Spirit of Struggle, visible
In monster buildings whose blown smoke
Stifles the rare night. Hear me and invoke
For me your spell.

Lend me your voice torrential and your eyes'
Insistence, city magical
As night tuned deep,
And sad with long carousal on the sighs
Heaved from the world. Your realm I call
Where never lays sweet sleep
Numb fingers on the taut eyeball
Of pang or thrill, where Struggle and Aspiration,
Cloven of men, huge warders of our nation,
Flaunt. All else—all,

Low in the hollow regions of our fate,
Vanishes; but the last stream shall dry
Beneath a melting star
Before adversity may satiate
The gathering soul of man. I cry—
O words, wing wide and far—
To you, vain brothers, who deny
The stained and stricken beauty of this realm!
Hark to my voice, and let it overwhelm
You, and comply!
For I, too, wandered thrall in memory's trance,
And clutched the flying skirts of dream,
Or pressed a haggard face
Against the jeweled windows of romance;
And like the lonely stars which seem
To live, swung out for space,
In virgin silence to redeem
The wayward moon, I lived. And I have sought
To drive into the roofless house of thought,
To drive and hold my dream.

But, O my brothers, whom old beauty fills,
Had you but stood and watched with me
When evening unrolled
Her purple shadows from the Jersey hills,
Ye had not crossed an alien sea.
Haste and return; behold!
Commerce in giant ecstasy
Unwombs her monster buildings on the night,
And with the glare of their unusual light
Startles this song from me.

Descend yon Alpine, heavy mountains scrolled
With nature's cataclysmic quest,
Or from the ice-sheathed crags
Of Iceland come, or slip the softer hold
Of France. Here beauty, dispossessed
Of fable, in her rags
Now wander waiting in a gray unrest
To leap reclothed from her oblivion;
Nor feel it shame that you be nourished on
Her stricken breast.

Let life remain, and from his chappy lips
Suck forth a daring augury;
Let it be sped
Flaming wherever tattered lives eclipse
The jovial light, and memory
Lifts her uneasy head.
Question this deep fecundity;
Then think and dream, and in your dream be whirled
With firm hands bringing to the open world
Song for the free.

THE FLAT-GAME MAN

BY G. W. OGDEN

POISON CREEK had become a place of allurements and tents. Like morning-glories, the tents had unfolded there in the desert, and those who knew the manner of such things understood that, like morning-glories, they would as quickly fold when the brief hour of their prosperity was past. The opening of the Shoshone lands was the leaven within this lump of activity. The railroad had pushed on a hundred miles westward from its original halting-place, for the purpose of carrying the land-seekers out from the East and unloading them, in a bewilderment of baggage and portable ovens, gun-cases, and collapsible drinking-cups.

By reason of some unaccountable fiction that a collapsible drinking-cup is a necessity, a convenience, yea, more, a blessing, in desert places, all the Easterners carried them—carried them with an air of self-sufficiency and distinction, never stopping to consider of what use a drinking-cup, collapsible or non-collapsible, would be in a place where there was nothing to drink. How could they be expected to know, indeed, that a man was well satis-

fied to carry a certain squeamish liquid, luke-warm, and slimy to the tongue, in the long stages from stream to stream, in a little round keg under the seat of his wagon, and that when he felt he might spare it, or the press of necessity demanded it, he would swig it from the bung with never a thought of a cup? Of course not. That was one of the lessons written on the face of that sterile land—a lesson they had not yet learned to read.

The railroad, then, brought them to Poison Creek, and turned them loose, and did it at a cheap rate, too, acting on the well-founded hope that after they had locked horns with the great white desert, and whipped it, as others of the same breed had done in other places, it would have something to carry away. Forty thousand of them had come, with forty thousand collapsible drinking-cups, and forty thousand gun-cases containing forty thousand guns. A good many of the old-timers had come down, too, even from the heart of the Indian country about Fort Washakie, not because they wanted to take a chance in the big land lottery, but because they wanted to see a railroad train. Gamblers, and other human creatures of prey, had trooped in from worked-out camps and civilization-stultified centers, and at night they built fires of boxes and barrels before their dens, and at night fiddles wailed and cornets sobbed within, hobnailed heels hammered, and shrill laughter of women sounded—sounded as if voiced by those who had long ago, in the fever of pain and despair, wept their hearts dry of tears.

With the drift that had come down out of the mountains was Hun Shanklin, better known in Wyoming as the "flat-game man," a tall person with a harelip, thin legs, and a cataract over his left eye. Early in the proceedings Hun had arrived and looked over the ground. Finding it promising, he had brought down from the mountains two loads of pine poles, planted them post-wise, and tacked tent canvas to them, thus blocking out a spacious house. His material gave out before he had the roof finished, but Hun was n't deeply concerned over that. He knew that men would gamble cheerfully and uncomplainingly under conditions they would not tolerate when it came to eating or sleeping. He knew that they would pack body against body, hungry-eyed and dry-lipped, with the sun baking them, to throw down their money on his crescent-shaped table, and lose it, too, just as often as he wanted them to lose, when the eighty dollars they would have to pay down to secure a claim looked as big to most of them as a white horse at two o'clock in the morning. So Hun did not worry about the roof. He rented the covered portion to a waddling creature who put in a living-picture show, supplemented by various round tables, at which his patrons might sit on the one easy condition that they drink beer at a dollar a bottle.

Hun had not always been a crooked man. Time was when he was as straight as they make them. "And I put my eye out watchin' to keep others from skinnin' me, too," he used to say to friends when they remonstrated with him at the beginning of his career as a flat-game man. "No, you go on and be honest if you want to, but between you and me, any man that 's honest when he don't have to be ain't nothing short of a fool."

Hun had simmered the philosophy of life down until it fitted into the trite maxim, "Fix yourself." It did n't matter to Hun how a man arranged it, either. He might take all the short cuts and by-paths to fortune his cunning or avarice could suggest, and still retain Hun's respect. The thing was to arrive. Hun used to say: "This world 's mostly a flat game, pardner, any way you look at it, and it 'll cheat you, 'most any way you buck it. Some of them sharps back East they call captains of in-*dustery* 's got a combination they play steady that beats it sometimes—beats it for a while. No man never got so fur ahead of it he could cross his legs and lean back with his seegyar under his snoot and say: 'Rattle on, dang you! You can't touch me!'"

The suckers were bunched twenty deep around Hun's table that night, with a liberal sprinkling of cappers to keep the interest hot. It was a game of dice so simple that any one could comprehend its merits at a glance. It was just this: Hun had a dice-box and a set of dice, and all you had to do was to bet he would n't throw twenty-seven. Any other number out of the box and the money was yours

at two to one. Such a long chance against the game-keeper was never before heard of, and of course the money came in a stream. The peculiar thing about that game was that the banker threw twenty-seven nearly always when a man had been encouraged by repeated winnings to plank down all he had.

It looked good to Reese Wolcott, edging nearer and nearer with the press, and he was fairly a-tremble when he came near enough to reach under a man's arm and put ten dollars on the board. Hun, his brown face as unreadable as a slab of bacon, his alert eye shooting here and there in the crowd, measuring men and weighing them, sized him up at once for a sheepherder. There is something so unmistakably pathetic in a sheepherder's face, the mark of lone watches and vast silences such as you see in the face of one born deaf and dumb, that a man used to the country never reads amiss. So Hun passed the sign to his cappers, and they crowded in, jostling and wedging, until Reese found himself with his stomach against the board.

Reese won. Again he won, proceeding cautiously with small bets, like one unable to swim feeling his way across an unfamiliar stream with his staff. His head began to whirl with the bewilderment of easy money; he began to see, coming nearer and nearer, things of which he had long dreamed, like a procession of shadows, which became almost palpable when his hand encountered the rapidly growing pile of paper money in the side pocket of his canvas coat. It was a sure thing. At last he had come across a sure thing, controverting in an instant all the hard lessons of his hard life, each one of which had hammered its hard moral into his head: "There 's nothing in this world that 's sure." What a deception! This was like shearing money from a sheep. It seemed a pity to take it; it was like robbing a blind man when he was drunk. Again and again the bills piled up before him as the dice clicked out of Hun Shanklin's box. A little at a time, a little at a time, but so sure!

Then the inspiration took hold of Reese. Why not finish the thing in short order instead of fooling the night away on dribs? Why not whack it all down, winnings and all, and clean the blockhead out? If he was fool enough to monkey around there with a game that was all against him, all right; that was his business. Reese could take his money with an easy conscience. It was the other fellow's game, not his.

Reese's hand went to the bosom of his coat. "Wait a minute," he said. There was a pocket inside—a pocket buttoned fast with a flap, the button reinforced with strong thread. In his eagerness Reese worked a finger under the flap and ripped it loose. "Wait a minute," he said. Down in the bottom of that pocket was an old flat wallet, greasy from long possession and long handling, and in it a sum of money, greasy from much counting, with a few bills newer than the rest,—those added by Reese before he left McDougall's ranch to take a run down to civilization,—the whole making up the thousand dollars he had been almost eight years in putting away.

"Wait a minute," he said; "wait a minute, podner, till I git m' money out." And Hun waited, the dice clicking ominously as he moved his hand.

Soon it was all down there, and Reese stood with his hands hovering over it, guarding it, waiting. It was a sure thing. Hun Shanklin lifted his box, scarcely glancing at the money under the sheepherder's hands, shook it quite honestly, and tilted out the dice. Then he reached out with one brown paw and laid hold of Reese Wolcott's money. The old man bent forward, pressing his chest upon it, screaming as if the gambler's hand had closed around his heart.

"Wait a minute!" he begged; "wait a minute!"

"Git off!" said Hun. "You lose; count 'em."

Slowly the old man's eyes sought the dice, slowly he counted the upturned spots. "Twenty-seven," said he—"twenty-seven!" Then Hun Shanklin pulled his money across the board.

"Wait a minute," said the old man. "Can't you stake—"

It did n't need that to tell Hun that he was dusted, shaken out, stripped, and the cappers crowded in again and forced the old man away. Reese found an empty chair near the open front. An Indian sat in the next one, sourly viewing the drinking at the tables in which his careful

government allowed him to take no nearer part, and thinking his thoughts, whatever they were. There Reese sat until the crowd thinned, even until the last man had gone. The cappers gathered about Hun then, each receiving his daily wage and each going his way, and soon Hun was left alone, with the great heaps of money at his hand, with the dice-box standing ready, with a big black revolver, insolently threatening, well within reach.

Reese approached him. "I jist wanted to ast you, podner," said he, "if you 'd stake a man to a few dollars, enough to hold me till I can strike a job. You cleaned me out; that 's what you done."

Hun was counting his gains. He looked up resentfully. "What do you take this for?" he demanded. "This here ain't no gospel-joint; this here 's a gamblin'-house. Do you git that? Now you snake out!"

Reese moved toward the front. There he paused. "You ain't square," said he; "you ain't neither a gambler nor a gentleman."

Hun's hand moved to the butt of the black revolver, and Reese stepped out into the road. His start was gone. And that was the third time. Now he was getting old, too old ever to save enough again to make a beginning as flockmaster and hold his head up among men. The first time it had been the cattlemen, the second the hard winter and the wolves. And now it was just plain foolishness in shutting his eyes and letting a man rob him. It meant a whole lot to him, the loss of that money. It meant back to the range, with the hope of twenty years gone forever. Wages were not what they used to be, and ewes were four dollars a head. Nothing in sight, not a thing, except to go back to the lone vigils with the dogs, back to the white wastes and straining silences, to the days of brooding on the bare hillsides; back to the hateful, grinning skeleton of a world that is only dust and sage and greasewood, with a little bunch-grass and sheep-sage scattered in it to make it a lure. Oh, what could a man who had never been immersed in that vacuum of stillness know of it! Of the boring in the brain, of the compress of loneliness, of the qualms and fears and sudden fits, when you talk and curse and roar like a beast, to come up suddenly and spring to your feet, ready to tear the voice out of the throat that has broken your solitude, only to slink down like a beaten dog when you realize that it was your own. And Reese faced around to it as the glow of morning quickened in the east, saying as he went:

"I can lose at a square game like a man, but I 'll kill a thief every day in the week if I can. When I git enough ahead to buy a gun, and a ticket back to the country where the Almighty's curse hain't burnt the trees all off the face of the earth, I 'm a-comin' back here to kill that there long, hungry, one-eyed son of a—a—rattlesnake."

It is a country raw and unfinished, like the conception of some crude artist, or the groundwork of stupendous labor only begun and then abandoned. There are heaps of tumbled hills, seamed with ledges that lie face to the sky, just as nature threw down the material long ago, and dry gorges, where pied rattlesnakes stretch in the sun; a country of deceptions, its dust-white ravines powder-dry to-day, to-morrow courses down which growl and rave mad currents of yellow water; this morning as balmy and bright as April, this afternoon the broken landscape hidden in the snow-charged breath of a northern storm.

Reese Wolcott had been through the same experience a score of times before in his many years on the Wyoming range—caught with his band when the blizzard came,—trusting to the treacherous warmth of late autumn to hold, miles away from the wagons, following water and good grazing, carrying out the orders of the boss. But never before had he been in that pickle, never so utterly unprovided-for and unprepared. Reese and another man were handling four thousand sheep between them, tenting together and cooking their own grub. During the day they often grazed two or three miles apart, and they were apart the afternoon the blizzard struck, stealing down out of the northeast, whipping its outriders of scurrying snow before it, like spindrift of the sea. Reese would never have been caught if he had been himself. Since his loss at Poison Creek he had come into a way of sitting for hours with the tips of his left-hand fingers in the mouth of his

empty inside pocket, thinking. And so the blizzard caught him.

If he had noticed in time he might have checked the sheep and run them behind the hill, where Tom Stewart was doubtless collecting his; but now it was too late. After their manner, they had turned their tails to the wind, and were drifting ahead of the storm. Instinct, Reese knew, would thus guide them to shelter, and in such a contingency a wise herder would follow his flock. Well, there was nothing else to do now. The snow was already driving so thick that it would have been impossible to beat back to camp against it. No man could keep his sense of direction in a storm like that; but a sheep could, and if a man stuck to them, he could wedge among them when they crowded at the foot of a ledge or into a dry creek bed, and there crouch and suffer and wait. He might lose his feet or his hands, his ears or the end of his nose, but save his life. And when a man has a debt to pay before he quits, that is a point he is bound to consider.

Reese pushed forward into the flock. The sheep were not hurrying. They plodded slowly in what appeared to be a persistent determination to keep on the move, if need be, until the storm had blown past.

Complete darkness had fallen. It seemed to Reese that he had been trudging along with the sheep for hours, one hand on the back of a big wether, when he first heard the cry. It came to him thinly, trembling down the racking wind, and was blurred by the time it had penetrated the thick felt of his storm-cap. He paused a moment, and the sheep, crowding blindly forward, crushed against his legs like drift upon an obstacle in the current of a stream. He moved on again, wondering, and the call wavered down to him out of the mouth of the storm.

Reese lifted the flap of his cap and listened. When it sounded again it was plain enough to distinguish that it was a signal made by a human being, and as there was only one other human being within miles of him, Reese concluded that Tom his mate was trying to guide him back to camp.

He believed in his heart that it was a foolish thing to attempt, knowing as he did how those storms swallowed a man up in a moment, sometimes while trying to beat his way out from house to barn, sometimes while groping from his doorway to the woodpile in the yard; but Reese breasted the wind and stumbled forward. Sooner than he expected he cleared the flock, his dog tagging behind, and as the last sheep passed dimly and suddenly out of sight, he felt a heavy and discouraging pressure of loneliness. It seemed to him that Tom was beating about a good bit, which was rather unusual for a man with a snug camp at his back to be doing in a storm like that. Reese shouted impotently, running forward in little anxious starts when the voice sounded encouragingly near, standing breathlessly listening when it failed sometimes for many minutes together. His conclusion at length was that Tom, like himself, was separated from his flock, and was wandering.

His feet were numbing, and his fingers were stiff within his mittens. As he trudged on, stumbling over ant-hills and clumps of soap-weed, he beat his arms across his chest to keep the blood coursing, feeling himself, as the fruitless pursuit of a voice spun out, growing into an ugly humor with Tom on account of his stupidity. At least there was no excuse for becoming lost; at least he could have remained with his sheep, and not gone dragging a man out there in the wilderness to hunt him up, bawling around like a bull calf at milking time.

They were so close together finally that an exchange of shouts became possible, and then Reese stumbled upon him quite unexpectedly and clapped a hand down heavily on his shoulder. The man started, leaped from the touch, and bounded away. Out of the dark a rod beyond he called: "Stand off! Come at me fair and open; don't sneak up like a wolf. I 'm tired of this game of one man a-runnin' and ten a-chasin', and I 've been a-yellin' so you 'd hear me and come on and fight it out."

It was neither Tom Stewart's voice nor Tom Stewart's way of receiving a friend. It nettled Reese, and he turned to go on about his business of locating camp. "You can go to ——, podner," said he. "I thought you was a friend of mine that 'd strayed off, and I don't know

nothin' about no ten men a-chasin' after you."

The stranger drew nearer. "Ain't you one of the sheriff's gang?" he asked.

"No," said Reese; "I 'm a-runnin' a band of sheep in this section, that 's all. Ain't nothin' fierce about me; you don't need to be scairt."

"I 've been a-runnin' and a-dodgin' fer three days,"—he came up to Reese again as he spoke,—"and I 'm about all in. Pardner, I killed a man down at Poison Creek,—he crowded me to it, I tell you,—and I 'd just as lief kill another as not. Lead off to your shack, wherever it is, and I 'll foller you. The sheriff of Natrona County 's after me, and I 've run and dodged and doubled for three days. I 'm all in, I tell you; all in. Do you git that?"

Reese Wolcott was listening. It seemed to him that he must know that man, surely would know him if he could see his face. His voice was familiar; he had heard that voice.

"It 's a shame," said the stranger, coming quite close and crouching with his back to the wind beside Reese, "to chase a man around like a wolf, and me with all this money on me."

Reese grunted. "Mighty lot of good it 's goin' to do you here, 'less you got enough to make a fire out of." Then wheeling suddenly and laying hold of the other's arm, he added: "Say, podner, what line of business did you foller down there in Poison Creek, if it 's any of my business?"

"Gambled," the fugitive answered; "owned a gamblin'-house. Ain't you never heard of Hun Shanklin? Well, I 'm him."

"I 've heard tell of you," said Reese, grimly. "How much money you got?"

"I ain't got as much as a reg'lar the mornin' after pay-day, and that 's the God's truth," Hun Shanklin replied. "It 's been more 'n three days since I slep' a wink or eat a mouth o' grub. My mind 's been runnin' on money ever since I come down out of the hills. Say, ain't you got nowhere to go out of this wind?"

Reese Wolcott stood silent a little, debating with himself. At length he set out abruptly, calling back over his shoulder, "Come on!"

Hun Shanklin hurried after him. "Which way you goin'?" he asked, and then added bitterly: "What 's the diff'rence, anyhow? They ain't no ways in this country 'cept straight up and straight down. At its best it ain't nothin' but a smear of land and a dab of sky, like one of them fool pictures hangin' in the room I used to have in the hotel at Cheyenne."

Reese could not see that he reeled as he walked, that the stout gusts of wind almost upset his unsteady balance as he followed, his hands constantly outstretched, like one walking a foot-plank in the dark; but he heard him at times deploring the injustice of pursuit, with all that money on him, and he understood that it was the sane, indomitable craft of the man coming to his rescue when he tried to laugh off these fits of wandering and turn them into jests.

It was so dark that their figures loomed indistinctly to each other's sight, magnified out of all human proportion in that whirling obscurity. They were drifting aimlessly ahead of the storm, as the sheep had gone, Reese full of the resolution he had taken to keep Hun Shanklin on the move until the cold and exhaustion nipped the power from his legs. Then he would go down, guns and all, in a helpless huddle, and Reese would rob him. Yes, if necessary to preserve his own life, strip him of his clothing, as Hun Shanklin had stripped many a man of his last chance, and leave him there to reckon up his bill with the Almighty God. It would n't be robbing him, anyway, because Hun Shanklin carried other men's money, and at least a thousand sweat-grimed dollars of it had belonged to Reese Wolcott.

The wind howled down on them out of a sweep of nine hundred miles, across the dead, bare lands where no tree lifted its limbs in merciful shelter, where nothing save the hills, cold, unclothed, grim-cheeked, intervened to break the ferocity of its savage assault. It seemed as though the land was kindred to the storm, as if both had sprung from some unkind dame whose heritage was an unending battle against the sons of men, and the wind raged across it like a king coming home in invincible power to reclaim his own.

Knee-high sage, now half-hidden by the drifted snow, was all the fuel the arid plateau offered, and at its roots, pale, sapless, and ugly to the eye, clung the

sheep sage upon which the flocks had fed. That was all. The desert afforded no more. It was a sterile breast which nature lifted in mockery to the famished lips of man. The only shelter was some ledge at the foot of a butte, or the sheer bank of some deep-cut, trickling stream. "I can live longer than he can," said Reese Wolcott over and over again; "I got to live longer than him."

An age had dwindled away, an age of torture, of indistinct recollections, of aching eye-balls, of growing weariness, and of dying hope, and it was still dark. How long would he last, how long would that bony shadow that was following him endure? The man was not fighting for his life, thought Reese, but for the money he carried. No man ever made such a fight as that for life alone. How long, how long, you son of a rattlesnake! how long!

For Reese himself it had become a terrific struggle. The mind lived in the cold mass of flesh like a spark under the wet ashes of a fire, but the body, insensible longer to the danger-calls of pain, was unresilient. It was the instinct of life against the instinct of death; the tangible factor of soul, carrying, by an awful strain, the dragging weight of its abiding-place.

It happened at length that Hun was down—down, with his face in the snow and his arms flung out like a man slain on the battle-field.

Reese Wolcott knew how it would be when he almost threw himself, in panting ferocity, across the body—no more feeling there than in a log. He was insensible; Hun Shanklin could never bear testimony in this world again, and he had so much business of his own in the next that it was a question if he would ever get time to do it there. It was stiff work getting off a man's mittens with the fingers as balky and clumpy as sticks of ice, and when Reese got them stowed in his pockets, he began to experience a revulsion of feeling regarding his right to plunder and abandon his companion. It was against the nature of the man to do it, although it did look as if Providence had guided Hun Shanklin to him. But could Providence be made a party to a transaction a man would want to cover up from everybody, even from himself? And yet Hun Shanklin had given him no show,—when, in his career of iniquity, had he ever given any man a show?—for his money.

Reese fumbled across the man's chest for the opening of his coat, and stopped when his hand found it. "Wait a minute," said he; "wait a minute." It 'd be hell to leave a man there to die, inhuman, terrible. If he did it, and got out himself, the shadow of Hun Shanklin, mumbling about money, would follow him all the rest of his days. No, a man could n't do that. A man would save him first, and settle afterward. Of course. Reese took the two heavy revolvers from Hun's holsters and dropped them in the snow. So much less to carry. He unbuckled the cartridge-belt and flung it aside, then worked his frozen hands into his mittens again.

He must get up and blunder on, the wind driving him; and besides the weight of his own body, he must bear that of Hun Shanklin's, and cling to it till they both went down and stretched stiff for the snow to sift over and cover, and hide till the next chinook came blowing over the hills. A man could n't do anything else. But when Reese attempted to get up, his legs refused to obey him. It seemed as if he had lost his legs from the knees downward, and he put his hand back there to feel for them.

They were freezing, or already frozen, and as senseless and heavy as so much ice. In such an extremity there remained only one remedy that a man could apply if he had nerve enough and strength. Reese drew his right-hand mitten off with his teeth and fumbled for his clasp-knife in the side pocket of his coat. The fingers could not identify the spring which released the blade, but he managed to get it between his teeth. Then, holding the knife as firmly as he could in his well-nigh unfeeling hand, he reached back and drove the blade again and again through the frozen boot-top into the flesh of his leg, twisting around when he had finished with it, and applying the same remedy to the other.

There was no more pain than if he had sunk the blade into the earth, but Reese had great faith in the operation. It was one of good repute among sheepherders, and he had seen the scarred calves of the old-timers even when he began; so it was old—old and tried. "Twenty years on

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"AFTER THEIR MANNER, THEY HAD TURNED THEIR TAILS TO THE WIND, AND WERE DRIFTING AHEAD OF THE STORM"

the range, and this is the first time," he muttered; "but it don't matter if it 'll bring the hot blood down to them old dead shanks."

He was cold to the core of his heart, and reason told him that the sensible thing to do was to give up, lie down there with Hun Shanklin, and go to sleep. But the live coal within burned him like a branding-iron. It was life making its last frantic assault upon his hulk of inert matter.

Presently the wounds began to tingle, the sluggish blood to trickle from them and run down the outsides of his tightly laced boots. Reese could feel the lumps where it was freezing by rubbing the live part of his arm, above the wrist, across them. The tingling grew to absolute pain, and with the pain a clearness came to his head, a new strength to his stiff legs. He slipped the open knife into his pocket, struggled to his feet, gathered Hun Shanklin's long body in his arms, and staggered on.

Often he fell, floating a long distance, it seemed to him, before striking the ground, losing Hun Shanklin's body, big and heavy as it was, and groping for it in the snow on his knees. This terrific exertion warmed him for a while, and then the reaction of chill and fatigue doubled his weak knees beneath him again.

It was a call for more of the remedy, and Reese Wolcott applied it, remembering even then what others who had been driven to it in like emergencies had told him, and repeating it in mumbled thickness aloud: "If you ever have to do it, try and miss the bone."

It could not have been long, but it seemed like another age, a hopeless age of dragging and carrying, even rolling, some bulk to which he was irrevocably bound, until he struck an obstruction which yielded softly, then recoiled and threw him off. He did not trouble about trying to figure out what it was, but in the blissful relief from his wearing fight was content to believe he had reached the end.

Chance had brought him back to camp. It was the end of the tent he had blundered against, and Tom Stewart was inside, much worried, feeding fuel into the hot camp stove. Tom pulled the two bodies in, marveling thick-headedly, and rolled the stranger's behind the stove. There did not appear to be any use wasting more time than that over him, and, besides, a man's first duty was to his friend.

He cut away Reese's frozen boots, working by the light of the lantern swinging from the ridge-pole, and heaped snow over his feet and legs. With snow he rubbed his old comrade's face and hands, stopping every little while to beat him on the chest with his palms. Reese was breathing, but it was a long time after daylight when he opened his eyes. Then Tom's first word was: "Tell you right now, I 'm a-goin' to leave m' whiskers grow. Them whiskers of yourn saved your face. Your hands 'll come out all right, but you 're bound to drop a toe or two, old feller."

"It 's cheap at that," croaked Reese, and Tom admitted that it was, propping him up and feeding him coffee with a spoon. Tom laid him down when he had enough, and turned to put the cup back on the stove, confronting, as he did so, the black and swollen face of Hun Shanklin, who had risen to a sitting posture, and was swaying unsteadily, his hands braced against the ground.

"I thought you—I thought you was—" stammered Tom, shrinking from him.

"Give me a drink," demanded Hun, looking vaguely at Tom. Tom poured more coffee, and put the cup to his lips. Hun sputtered and spat. "Give me a *drink,*" he almost screamed, "not that stuff!"

Tom produced the emergency bottle. Its stock was low, and he turned it all out into the cup. Hun took it off greedily, leaned back against the side of the bunk, bent his gaze down on Reese Wolcott's face, and laughed.

"You 're a tough old devil, ain't you?" said he. "Say, I 'm all in. You headed right, did n't you? Say, did n't I clean you out once down at Poison Creek, you tough old devil?"

"You sure done it," assented Reese.

Hun laughed again. "Funny how this game goes, ain't it? I 'm a-cuttin' it out to-day, and I never wanted anything in my life as bad as I want to quit square. I used to be square, you know; then I got crooked—crooked as—no, I did n't neither. Aw, shut up! You give me a hand up on this here bunk, will you, pardner?"

Tom lifted him up. "Take that there pocket-book out of m' coat in here, will

you, and hand it to that tough old devil there on the floor." Tom did it, and Hun struggled until he propped himself on an elbow. "You tell anybody you see that Hun Shanklin quit square, will you?" said he. He settled back, and was silent a moment, panting as one about finishing a race. "I wish you 'd put a gun here where I can git at it handy," said he after a while. "That there sheriff of Natrona County 's liable to happen along here before I close the game; and if he does, I want to take a shot at him. I owe him one, and I 'm a-quittin' square."

THE sheriff of Natrona County came after the shadows had turned, the storm having ceased, and prepared to take the body of Hun Shanklin away. First of all he ran through the dead man's pockets, and finding nothing, turned fiercely on the two sheepherders.

"You 've robbed the body," he accused virtuously. They made loud and vigorous denial, and then the sheriff proceeded to search every nook of the tent, to shake out every bag, garment, and sheepskin in it, looking for the hiding-place of the spoils. Reese Wolcott, seeing what was coming, produced Hun Shanklin's wallet and handed it over, saying:

"I intended to take it from him all right enough, but he forked it over before he died. They was a little matter between me and him that he recalled, and he wanted to square it up before he went. Give me a thousand dollars of it,—that 's what he skinned me out of once,—and you can keep the rest. I don't ast no more from no man than what 's a-comin' to me."

The sheriff's eyes brightened as he took the wallet and hefted it in his hand. It was bulky, it was long, and, considering the company it had formerly kept, promising.

"I 'll turn it over to the court," said he, placing it in his pocket. "You fellers hain't opened it and took nothing out of it, have you?"

"No; durn fools that we was, we never," answered Reese.

"You know I hain't got no more right to open it than you have," said the sheriff. "I got to turn it over to the court, just like it come to me. Mart,"—to the deputy that was hovering over the stove,—"fetch the horses up. We 'll have to carry him acrost our saddles, turn about, I reckon."

Reese Wolcott was lying on the bunk where Hun Shanklin had died, the body of the flat-game man being stretched along the ground. Beside his hand, shoved down between the blankets and the rail of the bunk, was the revolver Hun Shanklin had clasped—they had humored his last whim—when his soul leaped out into the clearing. The blood flooded up to Reese Wolcott's eyes, hot, blinding. Was he to lose again? Was he to be robbed in broad daylight? He rose a little in his bunk.

"You 'll open it," said he, his throat twitching in spasmodic convulsion, beating down the red passion which choked his words; "you 'll open it right now!"

The sheriff looked up, and turned white under the tan of desert winds. He was a quick man with a gun, and a nervy man in the face of trouble, but he knew well enough that neither nerve nor gun would avail him there. The old sheepherder handling that grim weapon was the kind of man that would shoot.

"I 'll open it," said the sheriff, and Reese Wolcott held the gun on him while he produced it and slipped off the heavy elastic band. Reese leaned over the side of the bunk a little in his eagerness, and even the sheriff's hands trembled as he threw back the flap.

"Well, shades of Simon!" said the sheriff, looking into the wallet, his face picturing his bewildered amazement.

"What 's in it?" said Reese. "Take it out; let me see."

The sheriff fingered into the wallet and drew out its contents. It was a pair of socks—a pair of worn, soiled socks; nothing else.

"He cached it somewhere," said the sheriff, a shade of bitterness in his voice, "and loaded the pocket-book for me when he saw the game was up. It was his nature; that was one of Hun Shanklin's jokes." He bent over the body and stripped up a leg of his trousers. Hun Shanklin had died without his socks.

Reese sank back and stared at the ridge-pole, cursing his memory. "He was crooked with his last breath," said he; "he stuck to his flat game plumb to the eternal, blasted end!"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"DOMINO WAS THERE ON THE BANK, WATCHING." (SEE PAGE 379)

DOMINO REYNARD OF GOLDUR TOWN

THE HISTORY OF A SILVER FOX

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "Biography of a Grizzly," "Wild Animals I have Known," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

VIII

SPRING

SPRINGTIME beamed on Goldur heights with browning hillsides, with unbound rivers, with clack of flickers, or loud tattoo, and whistle of hyla-peepers in every icy pond.

In the winter woods the wintergreen peeped forth like cherries of the snow, and holding up their shining leaves, they seemed to say, "This is what we were waiting for; for this our berries were red." The partridge and the squirrel and the early woodchuck reveled in this crow-moon feast, and lovers of the wilds found a pleasant thought in this, that the all-mother had filled the seeming gap with things so good for food. There were beginnings of wooings and longings in wood and on lake that told of life and lives and coming life; and in the hearts of Snowyruff and Domino these found a deep response.

For ages the beasts have been groping for an ideal form of marriage. All the schemes of human reverts they have tried, and all found wanting but one. The only plan that has satisfied the highest requirements is pure monogamy. This is the wed-law of all the highest kinds. The love-time fever passes, but another bond remains. The love-fire of the foxes had paled a little with the waning of the hunger-moon, but a more abiding sense had supervened, even as the sunset red on the hills may seem more generous fire than the soft red of the granite; but one is there a splendid moment, the other forever and evermore. Love and friendship men call them; and though the flickering red light blazed so bright at times, it was the pale rock red that gave its color to their lives. Domino and Snowyruff were not only mates, but were friends for life; for such is the way of the noblest beasts, such is the way of foxes.

When first the snow banks gave birth to little chilly rills, the pair had gone searching, trotting, and searching; or more truly perhaps, Snowyruff had searched, and Domino had followed meekly. Through the sandy tract east of Goldur hills they went. There they found the little signals of other foxes, saying in plainest fox, "strangers coming here must fight." Now they passed through all the upper hills of Goldur, where the snow was far too deep, and back to the river-side, and at last came to an aspen dale, the same old aspen dale of Domino's youth, and here the little lady seemed to end her quest; here surely was what she sought.

She nosed this way and that, then in a thicket of hazel she began to dig a hole. Deep snow and deep leaves there covered the ground or she could not have sunk the shaft. But instinct, or some other inexplicable guide, had set her digging at the one possible place; elsewhere all was hard with frost. High on a near hill sat Domino, sentinel and guard. After an hour's digging she came out and Domino took her place. So they worked from time to time.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'IN THE DESERT NO ONE MEETS A FRIEND'"

In a few days the den was completed —a long tunnel that ran down, then up to a chamber, with another tunnel that led, after some yards, to a side pocket forming a smaller chamber, then turned upward till again it reached the frozen ground, where it stopped for the present.

But each day the she fox scratched at the frozen crust overhead. Each day it melted more, till at last she forced the tunnel through, and made a neat, round doorway under a sheltering tussock of last year's grass. Now she closed the original entrance. There was no earth about the new hole; no eye could detect it, though within a dozen feet, and the growing grass made it daily better hid.

Food was no longer scarce, and once, when not hungry, having secured an imprudent woodchuck that went a-gadding by night, she buried his fat body in the dry sand of the side chamber.

The pair were more and more careful now not to be seen near the den. Many times Snowyruff waded a hundred yards up a little rill so that there might be no telltale foot-scent leading home. More than once Domino lay flat on a log or crouched in the grass, while a farm-boy tramped past within twenty yards, never suspecting that a fox was near; of such the silver fox felt daily a deeper distrust.

One day a different meeting came about. A human being was seen approaching. It was not a hunter; it was one of the un-hunters, a young one, one with a long robe that showed feet, but no legs. On its arm it carried a basket. Domino felt not alarmed, but uneasy. He did not know that this was only a school-girl picking wintergreens; yet he felt less fear as she came nearer. He stood still; then knowledge came, a message from that untaught, unacquirable insight of the speechless ones which said, "This is a harmless human; this is a friendly one." Drawn by a feeling new and strange, he walked openly, quietly, toward the girl. She stood and gazed with fearless wonder, and with a little warm feeling growing in her heart. She wanted to stroke that glossy fur; he wanted her to stroke it. So these two drew together. But, alas! the new friendship was broken up before established. The child's small dog, left behind, came running now with unbounded energy and limitless indiscretion, rushed forward, barking like mad, and Domino loped lightly, contemptuously away. The girl went home with her berries and told a strange tale of a shining fox whose eyes were only kind—a tale that none but the very young and the very old believed; that is, those who understood the child, and those who understood the fox.

IX

THE EVENT

Skunk cabbage and hellebore were forgotten as events. Liverleaf and adder's-tongue were winning a hearing for the tidings that they bring, and as the grass-moon followed the crow-moon, an influence filled the air, the woods, the ground, with fecund promise of wild life renewed. And then came a change in Snowyruff. She avoided Domino as though he were an enemy. When he tried to follow into the den, she savagely warned him to keep away. This was puzzling; but the tall, black fox was of a race that had learned to respect the she one's way simply because it was the way of the she one, and this, though on the lowest and most animal plane, is surely the foundation-stone of chivalry. He kept away from the den for days, and during that absence the great event took place.

Who is it bids the human mother love and fondle and feed the new-born babe? Who guides her hand to lift it gently, wisely? Who teaches her to keep it warm, to shield it from all danger with her body, or to buy its safety with her very life? Who is her teacher? Not another woman; not any human mind. The untaught savage mother does the same as the wisest of our kind. And call this teacher any name you will, it was the very same that taught that little mother fox. Alone, alone by preference, was she in that dark den when the hour appointed came. All that the most skilful, wisest could have done, was done by herself, that in all her previous life had had no knowledge of this time.

Five little foxes there were, small, shapeless, "ugly," men have said, but to the mother fox the most wonderful, precious things that ever were known, and love, new-born, heartful, overflowing, and complete was there for them, to hedge

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

DOMINO AND THE MUSKRAT

them about, to cherish them, and wholly to change her life.

It was many hours before she left them alone, and then only to seek for herself a cooling draught at the near-by rill. Domino was there on the bank, watching. She laid back her ears a little, but made no sound and otherwise ignored him. He crouched, with head flat on the leaves, and she returned to the den. That day she had no desire to eat. Next day she was hungry, but was little minded to hunt. Why hunt, indeed? This very need, this very strait, had happened to every mother fox since ever mother foxes were, and deep in their brain was an instinct rooted—the habit to prepare. For this, unwittingly perhaps, she had laid the woodchuck by. In this she found her food.

Two days later, when again forced to face the food problem, she went to the door and found not far away a little pile of new-killed mice. Maybe they were brought there for the young. Who knows? Of this we are sure—that they reached and nourished the young, though the mother it was that devoured them. Thenceforth every day there was food left at the door, or hidden in the grass or under the leaves near by.

For nine days the cubs remained blind, then their eyes opened; they whimpered less; the mother went forth more confidently. Now Domino found her less disposed to drive him off; in a few more days he had joined the family group.

This was the beginning of a new experience for him. He had been quite ready to love the cubs, and coming near them warmed his heart. There are all degrees of fatherly feeling in foxes, from that of the reprobate who forgets to that of the faithful father who is as good as another mother, and Domino, nobler-natured than most foxes, responded as nobly. Maybe never before had fox cubs been so guarded or been the objects of such devotion as these that were born that spring on the Shawban, the offspring of Snowyruff, the brood of the silver fox.

When they were about a month old, the little podgy toddlers first essayed to come forth into the sunlight. Their movements were slow, and they were like little woolly pigs. They were neither quick nor beautiful, but they had something else—the charm of the helpless baby; and no one could have seen the family group without realizing that charm at work. It inspired the old ones with a vague desire to lie down beside the woolly wee ones and fondle and cuddle them, as do parents of another kind; but it also held them ready to face, for the young, what they never would have dared face for themselves.

The doorway scene of Domino's early days was now repeated often. The cubs grew daily stronger and more fox-like, and the tenderness of the old ones was at its height.

Days of joy were those on the Shawban. There were the little joys of tranquil skies and gentle breezes, the bigger joys of life and strength, the stormy joy of the hunter when game is plentiful enough, and yet calls for such skill in hunting that he rejoices in daily triumph, and last the joy of something to love. These were the joys of Domino and his mate.

But we never know how high we are lifted until at least we have the chance to look over the edge and see how low we may drop. It seems a law that over the gladness of the feast the shadow of the skeleton must pass from time to time; happy the guests whom it merely passes by.

X

AN ANCIENT FOE

Domino was returning home one day with food. Five little black noses, ten little beady eyes set in woolly heads, were bunched in the den-door and pointed at him or at the food he brought, when there sounded near the penetrating bay of a hound, and Domino, startled, leaped on a stump to hear. There was no mistaking that uncanny note, the voice of his ancient enemy. On no account must that enemy come nearer the home-place, and downing the fear in his breast, the dark fox loped to meet the hound, while the mother warned the young ones.

It was like many another chase, but harder, for Hekla now had reached his strength, and away they sped. For a moment the hound halted at Snowyruff's trail, but Domino showed himself and barked defiance that lured the big hound on. Both were prime, and the run was

hard for an hour. Then Domino had had enough, and sought to shake off the hound as before, but found it not so easy. Hekla had been learning, and now was a gifted trailer. The first and second ruses failed. Then Domino remembered the narrow ledge along the cliff where Shawban leaves the hills, and thither led his implacable foe.

Chance or plan, who can say? The chase drew near the cliff. The silver fox in his glossy black was bounding on the shore, and it seemed his speed was failing. Hekla was closing, was straining, lunging and breathing hard, and still was closing. They reached the broad pathway; it seemed a trap. Then Domino went slower; the dark hound saw the victim in sight; four bounds were all between, and the pathway narrowed. The hound got closer still—so close that now he knew that he had won. Another bound, the lagging fox was almost in his reach, and again; up that span-wide ledge the hunted lightly sped, and Hekla, broad-breasted, over-broad, crashing blindly on, was smashed back by the rugged cliff, was hurled, battered and bleeding and down —down into the icy flood below, while the black fox watched him plunge.

The Shawban is fierce in that gorge even in summer. In spring it is a coiling, churning sluiceway. A hound in all his strength might well have been appalled by such a plunge, and Hekla, desperately hurt, was fighting for his life. Two miles down was he swept by that fierce flood, and it sang a merry song as it rolled and tossed about him. For two hard miles it dragged him over jagged rocks and under water-whirls, then gave a scornful swish that left him stranded on its bank, a crippled, humiliated wretch. Not that night did he reach home. Not that spring or summer did he again go trailing. Five little black noses, ten little beady eyes in innocent, woolly heads, still came to the den-door, daily, unafraid, for father was all-powerful and the den in the aspen dale was a den in a dale of peace.

XI

THE DEER

Summer was at its height now, and the rose-moon in its glory. The little foxes had grown amazingly. Two of them were in lead-black coats that showed their noble blood, and already gave promise of future power. Snowyruff and Domino were now exerting themselves to bring home living game that the cubs might hunt and kill it for themselves.

Every day brought forth some new adventure, some curious chance, some measure of their wind and speed. Every hunt was a teacher and a trial of their hunter-craft, and nearly every day there arose some hazard in which a fox might easily lose his life, but which left the Domino stronger, wiser, swifter than before. The upper hills of Goldur are good for woodchucks, and Domino, one day prowling for them there among the bracken, came suddenly to a curious smell, then to a large animal crouching in the grass. It was bright reddish and covered thickly with white spots. "In the desert no one meets a friend," and Domino, instinctively freezing to a statue, gazed on this strange creature, ready to bound aside if it should charge. The red-and-white one lay as still as death, head low, with great, round, lustrous eyes of fear gazing at him.

Deer were very rare, almost unknown, on the Shawban, so Domino had no former knowledge that could guide him. Only this became clear, the crouching fawn was more afraid of him than he of it, and as the tense alertness of fear died down, curiosity was the uppermost feeling in Domino's brain. He moved a step toward the fawn; it neither breathed nor winked: he took another step, was within an easy jump, but it lay as dead; yet one pace more, passing a grass clump, he stood in full view, and the fawn leaped to its long legs and bleating out a plaintive *meh-meh-meh-h-h-h,* it sprang clumsily over the bracken. Domino leaped high over the same place and still followed in a spirit of amusement and curiosity while the fawn kept bleating *meh-meh-meh-h-h-h.*

Suddenly the sound of trampling was heard not far away, and in a moment the mother deer came bounding. Her coat was bristling on her back. Her eyes were shining with a wicked, green light, and Domino realized at once that this was the form in which recurrent danger came today. He leaped away, but the doe was after him, uttering little savage, unnecessary snorts, pounding her sharp hoofs into

the sod. She was nearly ten times his size, and her speed was like the wind. She overtook Domino, and made a vicious lunge with her front foot. He barely escaped by dodging. She plunged again, and again a nimble side bound saved him. This way and that the malevolent creature chased him, not content to see her young one safe and quite unharmed, but determined to kill the fox she believed had tried to hurt her fawn.

Then under and around the brambles and bracken, she dodged and plunged, and so far from getting tired, she seemed to gain in power and wax in fury. The brambles hindering the fox were trifles to her heavier weight; but for this, Domino might have enjoyed the mad pursuit. They had leaped about for half an hour without any change, and it was clear that while Domino might win in a hundred of the attacks, one failure might mean death. One blow of that hoof was enough to leave him at her mercy; the part of wisdom, therefore, was to reach a safer place at once. So working to the edge of the brambles, he made a dash into the open. The sprint of his life it had to be, for she was close behind him, and he barely reached the thick woods and dodged as the forefoot blow descended.

But a stolid tree was the only sufferer, and in among the trunks he could scoff at the unpleasant female, and mocked at her silly, blaring fawn. It was a lesson to be remembered—a stranger is always a foe.

XII

THE ENCHANTRESS

Some men trap to get fur, some trap to kill vermin, and some do not know the difference, but through laziness or ignorance keep their traps out all the year around. This was the way of the Benton boys. They knew little of real trapping and always made the mistake of tying the bait on the tread of the trap. This, with other blunders, made a trap-setting that no fox with an atom of fox-sense could fail to detect and treat with appropriate contempt. Around the Benton traps there were no doubt three sure sources of warning for the foxes—the smell of iron, the smell of human hands, the smell of human tracks. The last would have soon been dissipated but for the continual renewals they received from the boys themselves. The iron-smell remained, and was rather increased with each shower of rain. Domino had found all the buried traps along the range; he could go to them at any time of the day or night with much more precision than could any of the Benton boys. He visited them when they chanced to lie near his path, and from a safe distance he looked and did things that expressed as plainly as human words could have done the scorn and ridicule he felt for such preposterously stupid efforts by such a lot of fools. Why, even the dull woodchucks and chuckle-pated rabbits had sense enough to scoff at Benton traps. Yes, he scorned them, but there was one thing he never failed to do when passing near—that was turn aside to *look at them,* then leave on some stone or stump a record of his call.

It was about this time that Bud Benton got a new hint in trapping. An old woodsman from the North gave him a weird and nauseating compound of beaver-castor, anise-seed, rhodium, worm-oil, and other potencies, reinforced no doubt with cryptic phrase and midnight ceremony. A few drops of this charm was said to be enough to draw all near foxes and to drown all caution in them, and lead them pell-mell into any kind of a snare.

So, armed with the vial, young Benton went the rounds and sprinkled all his traps. A smell may be a faint, far sound, a still, small voice, to a human, and a very orchestral thunder to a fox, for the fox has a nose. But the fact of its being disgusting to a man does not in the least imply that to a fox it would not be rose-attar, frankincense, and veritable zephyrs of Araby. The stray drops on young Benton's clothes raised an odor that set the horses sniffing outside, and inside made his father suggest his moving to the other end of the table, at which distance it became bearably weak. But to Domino's exquisite sense that smell, borne on the wind, was as plain as a great cloud of smoke drifting along from the huge fire that produced it, and as readily followed to its source as a bugler's call or the voice of a cataract. It was world-enveloping, but it gave him no thrill of disgust. Its potency was a pleasing one, and it drew him on, as a light will draw a traveler lost in the dark, or as fairy music might

lure some dreamer of the woods, and Domino, setting forth on his evening hunt, threw up his nose to analyze the wind, then followed at a run.

After a mile it led to a place that he knew of old; reeking of human tracks and hand taint it had been, rank of iron smell, at one time, with a faintly apologetic little smell from a foolish chicken head tied to the trap. Its place in his mind was the memory of contempt; but now all this was changed. As the sunset glow can make a mud bank blaze with splendor or turn the clouds of pallid steam into glorious mountains of purple and gold, so the new and growing power of that glamour-working aura, that far spell, entered by his nostrils to his soul, and there put caution from her seat in the pilot-house, then seized the guiding wheel, and Domino, swinging his ebon nose, came slowly up the wind. It was acting like ether now, lulling his senses and tingling in his veins. Oh, what an exquisite thrilling! There were suggestions of rest after a hard run, of warmth on a cold day, of sex-time, of fresh, hot blood in a hungry maw, and of many things of which he had no previous knowledge; it was like the opium-eater's earliest trance, or the draft that makes the absinthe-drinker turn from the exalted trail of those who conquer self. Domino, with vibrant nostrils, with beating heart, with raucous breath, with half-closed eyes, stalked slowly near the wonderful smell-enchantress. He was now above the hidden trap. He knew it, or he knew it once, but he was infatuated with the sensuous thrill, wholly enthralled, and curious movements of the body evidenced the vanishing of self-control. He longed, he yearned, he hankered to be nearer, to enter in, to have it enter in, to possess his being; he wished to wallow in it, and with strange, erotic squirms he turned his head aside, and laying that beautiful neck on the polluted soil, dragged his precious robe in filth, rolled on his back, and groveled in the carrion-tainted dust. To him it was all an exquisite dream; but in the midst of it—*Snap!* and ruthless jaws of iron had seized his back, were clutched in that rare robe of silver black, and Domino was awakened. The trance was over. Now were fully re-aroused the instincts of the hunted beast. He sprang to his feet, and as he straightened out his supple spine, the jaws of iron lost their hold, for overmuch they had seized, and Domino was free. Had it been a foothold, his doom had been sealed; but now he bounded safely away, and, blowing clear his nostrils, passed to windward and went on his evening hunt.

There are weak-minded foxes that will come back to the evil sorceress, that will play with this death that must win; but Domino had learned the terror hidden in that lure.

Thenceforth the smell charm conjured up amidst its many magics the deadly clutch of steely jaws.

XIII

HONEY FROM THE THISTLE

THE regular fox assessments of Benton's small stock went on. The boys had failed to stop them, and at last the old man was roused. He made sundry contemptuous remarks about "when I was a boy," etc., and still further revived the memories of his youth by taking up the trapper's rôle. Traps must not be set around the farmyard. They work ruin among the hens; they bring disaster on dogs, cats, and pigs. The trapper must ply his craft only in the far woods. That is what the boys had been trying to do; but now the old man took up the task and went the rounds himself. At once he made some radical changes in the trap-sets—changes that might well have made the Domino shun the farm had he known and understood. First, the old man lifted every trap, and smoked it with burning cedar, so that the iron smell was killed. Then he banished the smell charm. "Sometimes it works well," he said; "but you catch the fools at once, and the smart ones soon find it out; then it only serves to warn them. There is just one sure smell charm for all foxes at all times: that 's fresh chicken blood." He moved the traps from the tainted, well-known places and buried them in the dust; five feet away on every side he threw some bits of chicken, then with a cedar branch he dusted out the traces, and the snare was laid.

A few nights later Domino passed that way. For two hundred yards he had been led by the scent of those chicken baits, and as he neared the spot, his old-time caution held him to the slowest crawl.

With dilated nostrils and senses all alert he came up the wind. The smell of chicken was clear. There was no odor of iron, or of man-tracks, but there was a pungent smell of smoke, and man is the only smoky animal. There were the inviting bits of chicken, maybe dropped by another hunter; by going aside he could smell them and get away from the smoke. He hesitated, but the wind changed; all the smoky smell was gone; there was only a rich and tempting chicken breath diffusing its fragrance on the wind. Domino took three steps nearer. Now, guardian of the wild things, tremble for your charge. He swung his nose in keen analysis. There was no man-scent; here was only food that he needed, good food, such as many a happy night he had eaten, and brought to the home-den. But the warning smoke smell, that bitter-reek, was faintly there again, and Domino took warning and slowly turned aside. Then backing out, setting down each shapely foot with care, not on broken ground, or near any bit of meat, but only on the smooth, safe earth between he went, when *Clank!* and Domino was a prisoner, not now by the broad back, where the trap was powerless, but by the foot. Yes, he was surely caught.

In vain he leaped and strained, in vain he ground his teeth on that hateful thing. The jaws of steel were fastened on his foot, were driven into his flesh, and all his efforts only wearied him and sunk the iron deeper. An hour and another went past in hopeless, ever-weakening struggles. All day he lay in agony, panting, at full length; then, as a mite of strength came back, rousing into impotent rage, mouthing the cold, inflexible iron, tearing with his teeth the saplings that were within his reach; turning again to struggle and strain; hoping some living thing would come; fearing some living thing might come; hoping to die; fearing to die; and hoping again. For now the dark of the end was coming over his blazing eyes. Oh, keeper of the wild things, help! Why this torture, why this endless death? Surely the birthright of the beasts is this, a sudden death. So passed the long, slow night, indeed.

With the early dawn a foot was heard, was the cause of fear and hope. It might be a man, it might be his mate. She could do something, perhaps; she could at least be with him, and the tortured, draggled, and defeated fox, low-crouching, raised his once glossy head to see not a man, not his mate, but a lurking menace, a dreaded foe—the doe with the spotted fawn. He lay as still as death, hoping to escape her eye; but her eyes and nose alike were keen. She wheeled with a snort; her mane, her coat, her rump, were bristling, and the evil green was like northern lights in her eye. She rushed; he dodged to the end of the chain, and here was held. She seemed to know it; her enemy was in her power at last; her only thought was to crush him. Full of the poor courage which grows with easy victory in sight, she sprang, as her kind would spring to crush a poisonous snake, high in the air above him, to descend with all her might. Down she came. He strained aside, but there was no escaping; with weight and strength and pointed hoof she struck not the fox, —she missed him,—but by chance the spring of that terrible trap. The jaws flew wide, and Domino was free. With all his remaining strength he rushed to the fence and through, and though the would-be-murderess followed, the fence was too high there to be leaped. He was weak and worn, but found it easy to slip through each time she ran around to a low place; the fawn made a shrill cry that called the old one back, and Domino went limping slowly home.

It takes many rebukes to teach a fool; it takes only one to add wisdom to the wise, and these two sharp lessons were enough for Domino. Thenceforth, as long as he lived, he not only shunned all iron and man-smells, but knowing that a stranger is a foe, he feared strange odors as a new disguise of death.

XIV

SUMMER LIFE AND THE HUMAN THING

EARLY that summer he was prowling on three legs about the farmhouse that sat highest on the foot of the hills. It was an old-fashioned house with an old-fashioned orchard and garden that stretched up nearly to the woods, and had cover all about. It was easy to approach the place unseen, and Domino, prowling this way and that, sniffing his way to knowledge of all things that claimed a thought, was led through a hen-hole in

the fence, into the long garden, at first among potato-vines and then in a thicket of currant-bushes and berry-canes. As he cautiously pushed through these, he sighted in the maze a black and shining *something,* very small. Still as death he stood at gaze, then slowly made it out—the eye of a turkey sitting on her nest.

Right at the base of the tail, between brush and back, is a little bristly, emotional hair-patch on every fox, usually of a peculiar color, but black on the silver fox. This was the only thing in Domino to show a change when he recognized the food prize. It bristled and stood up; but while he halted unsure, he heard another sound, and turned his head to recognize the human thing with the basket. "Oh, Foxy," she said reprovingly, "I 'm afraid you are in mischief."

He did not understand, but he felt no sense of danger. He turned and, facing her, stood still, with head on one side. She walked quietly up, making low, soft sounds. He went a little back and aside. She wanted to touch him, but now the nearness of the house made him afraid. She took from the basket a scrap of something and threw it to the fox. He nosed it, knew it for good food, took it in his teeth, and glided softly away.

That night the girl said, "Daddy, if you had a turkey hatching in the woods, how would you keep foxes away from the nest without hurting them?"

"I 'd put some scraps of iron around it, and no fox would go near."

So the garden girl got a piece of chain, a broken plowshare, and a horseshoe, and set these, the emblems of friendship, labor, and luck, about the nest. Within a few days Domino came back to get the turkey. Yes, he did. He had not the least idea of doing anything unfriendly to the human thing,—all was in the way of ordinary business,—but just before the turkey took alarm at his approach, both nose and eyes cried warnings of those iron-smelling things. He backed off, approached on the other side. There was another of those malevolent shiners, and caution whispered, "Go back." So back he went, and the girl would have been no wiser; but next day the father said, "Daughter, I saw fresh fox-tracks this morning among the 'tater' vines."

So Domino was tricked into letting the turkey alone, but he found another prize —a hen on her nest, and secured her, and silenced her with a chop. He was carrying her off when he realized the impropriety of not profiting by the clutch of eggs. So he carried the hen to the woods, buried her in the leaves, came back, and got the eggs, one by one, hid them in another place, which he marked with the musk from his musk-gland, so *he* could find it later, and another fox would know that this was private property. Then he dug up the hen and carried it home.

Those eggs had plenty of time to run the gamut of many and mighty changes before he had need of them; but when wanted, they were there, and then he wanted them so much that their condition was a matter of indifference.

This was not the only cache he made, for although some foxes do not hide food, perhaps because they are poor hunters and never have a surplus, a really high-class fox soon adopts the habit, and it grows on him. One day a month later in the autumn his eye was captured by the luscious clusters of rose-hips, unusually abundant that year. He chewed and swallowed one or two, but was not specially attracted, no doubt because he was fat and full at the time. Still, he found it amusing to jump up and snap off the red clusters. At first he merely dropped them, then he dropped them in a pile; but the instinct to hoard was stimulated and he buried the pile under the leaves, and left the musk-mark on a near-by stump. In time of need he could find that store of fruit, yes, down through drifts of snow.

XV

DOMINO'S HEIR

LAMED as he was that summer, the Domino would have made a poor run, but luckily his enemy, the swift hound, also was a cripple. Domino had only to hunt for his brood, and the all-mother was kind; it was a year of good hunting, and daily he brought home living game. It might be only a frog which gave the youngsters a succession of tumbling sprints before it was caught, or perhaps a fat field-mouse that scrambled under the leaves, and the cubs pounced on many a mouthful of sand and grass before the lucky one captured the prize. But once

he brought them another kind of trainer, and the effect on the cubs was quite different.

While prowling by the river in the mist Domino saw him coming out. First in the shallow water, and then on a log, where he sat dexterously opening and eating some clams, was a huge muskrat. His strong, yellow teeth were crunching the hinges of the clam-shells with much effect and noise. He heard nothing of the stealthy hunter, till there was a skurry of black fur and Domino had him by the neck. In vain he squirmed and squealed and gnashed those chisel teeth; he traveled now as he had never done before, and in twenty minutes was at the fox's den.

The old familiar *chur-chur-chur* brought in the rollicking young ones tumbling over one another, and Domino dropped the prey. They sprang on it at once, but it was a living muskrat, and a muskrat is a desperate fighter. This way and that he laid about, scattering the cubs, and they danced about him like hounds about a bear; first this, then that went yelping off as it felt those chisel teeth, but one there was that did not fly, not even when three times the muskrat had clinched on him. He was no bigger than the muskrat, no bigger than his brothers, but he had a strain of grit. He closed again, and the others stood around. It became a duel to a finish. Instinctively he sought the vital spot; by shifting his hold as the chances came, he got nearer, and at last had his adversary by the throat. To that he held till the victory was complete, and then the family had their feast.

Father and mother had looked on. What was the feeling that kept them from interfering? Why did they not kill the muskrat for their brood? Maybe we shall have light on this thing if we ask why a human father sets his son a task easy for himself, but hard for the boy.

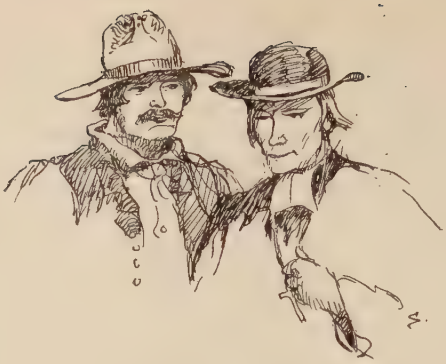
That cub was not the largest of the lot, but he was one of the darkest. He grew up to be like his father, and those who will may read his history in the annals of the upper Shawban.

The thunder-moon passed slowly by, and the little ones grew up. Some of them were as tall as Snowyruff now, and then began that inevitable dissolution of the family bond. First the big brother, then the sisters, lived more by themselves, did not come home for days, were more and more strangers, till the waning of the red-moon of harvest-tide found them scattered, one and all. Only Domino and Snowyruff were left about the den. Sometimes together, sometimes not for days, but always coming back, always ready to help each other; for theirs is a law that needs no script: these twain are one flesh. The young ones may forget, and must forget; the old ones are parted by death alone.

By early autumn Domino's foot was healed, and once again he was the swift fox of Goldur Hills. Once more he was ready for the trail; ready for the hunter, if need be. Yes, he was even eager for the chase. He had come to his full power now, and his greatest gift was his speed. There was no fox on the hills that could run with him; there was no dog that he greatly feared. His wind seemed endless, his limbs were as sound as his wind, and he rejoiced above all things in his fleetness. It is only the swift ones that love the race, as it is the skilful *voyageur* that loves the dangerous rapids. What wonder, then, that Domino should learn to love the chase.

Thus did the guardian of his crystal cup onlead him in the quest of strength and speed, forewise of that dire approaching day when strength against strength, speed against speed, life against life, he and his mortal foe should be swung in the balance together.

(To be continued)



PARSON DICK AND FATHER AMBROSE

EELIP'S DOUBLE WEDDING

A STORY OF ATHABASCA

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

WITH PICTURES BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

NEAR Spirit River Crossing, within a few miles of each other on the shore of that dreamy river of the North, were the rival establishments of the French and English missions, and the surrounding country was the theater of a perpetual warfare for the elusive soul of the half-breed, waged by those excellent friends, Father Ambrose and Parson Dick.

Excellent friends they were, as white men need to be in a land where the skins of that color may be counted on the fingers, and they cheerfully divided the labor of their common parish, which extended along the shores of the river for a trifle of five hundred miles or so, without either relinquishing a whit of his prerogatives. Each was scrupulous in observing certain rules of the game: sickness of mind or body admitted no distinctions of faith; but in curing the bodies of the parson's sheep, the priest won as many of his souls as he could, while the parson enthusiastically won them back, if he could, with any others he was able to snatch from the priestly fold. There was no doubt that the sly and easy-going half-breed, whose blindness to the differences of dogma was equaled only by his keenness of sight as to which side his bread was buttered on, took advantage of both worthy shepherds. What could one expect on the banks of the Spirit, half a thousand miles from the symbols of civilization, where the doctrines of both churches, as well as his majesty's laws, were interpreted with the widest liberality? Up there it is a question of men rather than catechisms, and to the half-breed in times of stress the rosy face of the old priest and the cheery laugh of the young parson were equally welcome. As old Sashermah put it,—and he had belonged to both churches,—"The priest has stronger medicines, but the parson is handier with a broken bone. It is true they burn incense at the French mission, but at the English mission they have an organ. How is one to choose?"

Consequently the conversions and reconversions were frequent. The priest by his greater experience of humanity won many a victory over the parson, who invariably took it in perfect good humor. Such a case was that of the latest Sashermah papoose. The Sashermahs at the time were good English churchmen, in spite of their name, which is only another way of saying "St. Germain." Parson Dick, on his way to baptize the child, stopped all night with Father Ambrose. They frequently had these meetings. St.

Pierre Fraser, who slept at the priest's one night when Parson Dick was there, reported afterward that they sat up half the night talking about books! Religious men are queer. In the course of this particular visit the parson was rash enough to mention his errand, and when he awoke in the morning, so the story goes, he found the priest gone. Continuing his journey, he found Father Ambrose quietly dining with the Sashermahs on the pig which had been killed for the christening. Not only was little Jeresis already baptized, but the whole family had been converted in the meantime.

But in the case of Donald Ferguson's youngest daughter, Eelip (Olive on the parson's register), who married Michel Whitebear, when it seemed as though Father Ambrose had outwitted Parson Dick again,—indeed, after he had actually married the pair,—the parson came along and turned the tables on him so neatly that it won Father Ambrose's lasting admiration, and according to the latest advices he has not once claimed the right to baptize Eelip's rapidly increasing progeny, a great concession for him.

EELIP

On the afternoon of his daughter's wedding-day old Donald Ferguson sat at the door of his cabin with a scowl between his shaggy brows and heavy resentment in his breast. At his feet the great river was sweeping slowly down, making, with the autumn-clad banks and the soft sky, a very poem of color. But Donald was thinking of the rain-blurred Scottish moors. He always thought of Scotland when his wife crossed him, and resolved to return there forthwith. The oldest settlers said that Donald had been talking of going back to Scotland for thirty years, but never got any farther than Caribou Lake. Tradition also says that in those old days Donald was bequeathed ten thousand pounds provided he would give up his Indian girl and go back, but, instead, he stayed and married her. No doubt it was the ten thousand which rose and accused him when his wife gave him a taste of her quality.

Donald had chosen a Cree maiden for his partner in a freer existence, and in a sort of double poetic justice it fell out that she ruled him absolutely. As the red man cannot withstand the forthright gaze of his white conqueror, and avenges himself by demanding abject submission from his mate, enforcing it by stress of blows, so the red woman in her turn, when circumstance brings a white man at her feet, takes it out of him on both scores. She soon learns that white men have a foolish scruple against raising their hands to womankind, and profits accordingly.

Donald's squaw, or, as she made her husband call her, Mrs. Ferguson, with the assistance of her daughter and several relatives was making a great clatter in the cabin. Innumerable pans of bannock were setting to cool; on the top of the stove dried apricots from the Hudson Bay's post were sending up a delicious steam, while in the oven, frequently drawn out to be basted, was the mainstay of the feast, none of your wild duck or bear or moose meat of everyday fare, but a great piece of fresh beef secured from the distant lake settlement at enormous expense. It was the subject of talk for miles in the cabins and tepees up and down the river that the Fergusons were going to have beef that night.

Ordinarily Donald was as prime for a feast as the liveliest lad on the river, just as he could outfoot them all in the Red River jig: it was the occasion of this one which rankled in his breast. The match had been eagerly promoted by the girl's mother, for Michel was the son of Chief Whitebear, a figure among the red people. Donald, although smoked pretty deep, was yet enough of a white man to despise the latter-day "chief," with his blue coat and brass buttons and his complimentary medal from the government; besides, the girl was his youngest, and he had always had a vague notion of taking her "outside" to be educated, which her mother naturally resented. He could scarcely have explained it to himself, but there was a peculiar bond between him and his children, in which his

wife had no part; and Olive was the last.

Nevertheless, he had in the end given an unwilling consent, and had sent a message to the parson, who was summering at the new mission at Ostachegan Creek, to come and tie the knot. But Ostachegan is three days' journey from the crossing, and that morning when he was up on the prairie drawing hay, the wife of his bosom had stolen a march on him and taken the couple to the priest. Not but Donald had a high regard for Father Ambrose,—indeed he respected him greatly,—but Parson Dick was a particular friend of his, and he foresaw that his useless journey would be the joke of the district. Donald suspected the whole tribe of his dusky relatives-in-law of laughing in their sleeves. He was morbidly sensitive concerning a certain contemptuous epithet which he suspected of being pretty freely applied to him—"squaw-ridden."

As soon as he returned, and the preparations told him what had happened, unwarned by previous experience, he angrily forbade the feast. There was no protest from his wife, no angry argument; only the quiet impassivity of the red woman. She waited until he talked himself out, and the minute he left the house the preparations went imperturbably ahead. Every time he raised his voice, dead silence fell on the cabin, then mouse-like they softly began their work again. Donald might shout himself black in the face if he chose. After all, the only way to make an impression on that innocent blankness of the red countenance is with a stick, and that his Scottish training forbade. His wife calculated to a hair's breadth how far she might go. She gave him no pretext for drastic action; after a while, balked, he took himself off to look for his horses.

It was dark before he returned, and in the meantime the food had been rushed to Eelip's sister's. The cabin was swept, and the guests were arriving two on a pony. Mrs. Ferguson had not departed from her usual dress of black cotton, with the invariable matron's black kerchief around her head, but Eelip was gorgeous. Eelip greatly resembled her mother in shape; that is to say, she was built low and solid. She had wide cheeks in which a faint tinge of color spoke for her white blood, and a pair of beady black eyes that were pure savage. Her glossy black hair, drawn back so that the skin of her forehead seemed ready to crack, hung in two braids. She wore in honor of the occasion the family corsets, which bulged out under the pink-and-white satin waist in quite the wrong places. Over all she flung a magnificent shawl of the bluest dye procurable.

At her wedding dance decorum demanded that she be overcome with bashfulness. Accordingly, she sat by herself in a corner by the table which bore the lighter refreshments, with her face turned to the wall, and her shawl drawn over her head, a mark for the jibes of the older women. She never moved except now and then she thrust forth a hand to seize a bannock with which to sustain herself under her ordeal. The husky young bridegroom, as was considered only decent, was banished from the house altogether, and hovered about outside, peering longingly at his bride through the window.

The news of the wedding had traveled with the amazing swiftness of the "moccasin telegraph," and every family within fifteen miles was represented. They filed into the cabin in perfect silence, and, taking up positions about the walls, settled themselves to wait for something to happen. To make room for the dance, all the unnecessary furniture was carried out by the young men and piled at the door. The stove-pipe was taken down, and the stove carried unceremoniously out, still hot from the fire.

One moon-i-yas (white man) came to the dance, more or less ignored by his dark-skinned brethren, but looked at sidewise by the girls. He was the only soul present, no doubt, who suspected the picturesque possibilities of the scene. In one corner of the low cabin, the sole illumination of which was a tiny lamp by the door, the black-clad crones were huddled cross-legged on a bed. Down the side of the room, making a line of chiseled profiles against the light, the stolid young men squatted on their heels, with the stiff brims of their hats pulled over their eyes. On the opposite side of the room sat the girls, brilliant in trading-post finery. Little Maria Sashermah, looking

MICHEL WHITEBEAR

like a snowbird on a windy day, sat on the end of the bench next to the moon-i-yas. She could speak English, and she told him quaintly the whole story of the Fergusons. That is how it came to be made public.

The music was late, and the company waited in a silence that could be heard. Yet there was no embarrassment or strain: they simply waited. No one moved or spoke, except occasionally one of the old women whispered to the others, whereat everybody looked at the bundle which represented Eelip, and a sharp squall of laughter swept down the room, and was hushed as quickly as it was uttered.

Into this scene stalked old Ferguson, looking like a grandee, with his long, spare frame, his furious, dark face, and shock of white hair. He was denunciatory in three languages, quoting Scripture in broad Scotch, swearing in French, and abusing his family in Cree. One had as much effect on the stolid company as another. No one looked at him. They had come to dance, and dance they would, in despite of a score of outraged parents. He began to carry in the furniture; but as quick as his back was turned, it was sneaked out again, and when the music finally did arrive, he gave it up and stalked off to the road, where he sat on a stone in the moonlight smoking furiously.

St. Paul had arrived with his fiddle. St. Paul was pure Cree, one of the flock of Father Ambrose, as might be gathered from his name, a tall, lean, silent savage, distinguished among his fellows by the size of his feet. And how he could play! His repertory was inexhaustible. He knew all the latest "outside" tunes from the "'Banks of the Wabash" to "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." He had put the words of the latter song into Cree. After laboriously tuning his instrument, while the girls wriggled with impatience and the young men looked down their noses, he struck up the prelude for a square dance, and all was ready for the main business of the evening.

At first no one would break the ice, but finally the tall white youth led off with little Maria clinging to his arm, an elfin figure in a blue satin waist, "Indian-made" and many sizes too large, and hobnail boots. Then the other lads beckoned to their partners with a grand show of indifference, and waited with their backs turned. Each girl, not to be outdone, let a suitable interval pass before getting up, giving her skirts a shake and sidling over to her lad. Then with a flourish from St. Paul the fun was on.

Never was any redskin able to tease such sounds from a fiddle as that St. Paul. As he sat there playing the rollicking jigs, old English and French airs several times removed, he executed a little dance with both feet, and the combin-

"THE GUESTS WERE ARRIVING"

ation was calculated to tickle the slowest soles that ever stepped. Maud S. (Modest) called the figures in a sonorous voice. The square dance is a white man's innovation, and the figures are always called in English; indeed, "swing your partners," "grand chain," "ladies in the center," is about all the English most of the boys and girls remember a year after leaving the mission schools, but they have that much by heart. The only one of the dancers who showed any disposition to take wrong turnings was the moon-i-yas himself. He was kept in line by vigorous pushes and pulls from his tiny partner. All the dancers, whose ordinary footgear was moosehide, wore their store boots in honor of the occasion. A terrible dust was kicked up, and the racket was deafening, yet the insinuating squeak of St. Paul's fiddle and the infectious shuffling of his big feet were clearly to be heard over all.

Afterward they danced "Drops of Brandy," and then, after a breathing space, there issued from St. Paul's fiddle the well-known strains of the Red River jig, at once the merriest and most haunting of tunes, the national air from Abittibi to the Skeena. Maud S. and Emma Whitebear took the floor. In this dance, as everybody knows, the entire responsibility falls on the young man, who introduces his own steps and cuts his own figures, while the girl is usually contented to keep time to the music and face her partner. Young men are measured and compared by their skill in the dance, and when one can balance a pan of water on his head while dancing, he has reached the summit of fame in the land. Maud S. was a good dancer, but this night he had no chance to show what he could do.

The tantalizing strains of the jig were too much for the feet of the bridegroom. Presently he came bursting through the doorway, seized the submerged Eelip, and pulled her from under her shawl. The first couple retired in their favor.

Whatever Eelip's father may have thought of her choice, it is sure that the other girls envied her. Michel was the strongest and likeliest lad between Mackenzie's Hope and Lake Miwasa. Big, resolute, and sunny-tempered, a man who could do a two-hours' trick under the tracking-line, he was a true son of the North, such as is not too often produced in this generation.

Eelip made a proper show of reluctance, and more than once offered to run to the shelter of her shawl; but Michel pulled her back each time, and finally she began to dance feebly, hanging her head. Michel was better built for the tracking-line than for the dance, but this night he was in wonderful form—"loose as a string of eels," they said. His style was exuberant rather than correct. With a pan of water he would have stood no chance at all. He leaped and ducked, advanced and retreated, and was everywhere at once. He would dive under Eelip's elbow, and appear on the other side of her, while she was still looking to see what had become of him.

Meanwhile old Donald was sitting sullenly on his stone by the road. While this same Red River jig was in progress a solitary horseman came loping down the trail, a belated guest, one would naturally have supposed. At sight of Donald, he pulled up his cayuse, and, leaning over his saddle-horn, spoke to the old man in English, whereupon Donald approached him, and they talked in low tones for several minutes. Then the stranger pulled his horse around and was off up the trail again at a gallop. Donald chuckled audibly, slapped his thigh, and made for the cabin.

He entered just as Michel was reaching the climax of his mad career. Old Donald, with a twinkle in his eye, fell into the lilting step, and came swaggering up to Eelip. A murmur of astonishment went round the room. By the rules of the dance Michel was compelled to retire, which he did with a very ill grace; but the crowd was delighted with the old man's apparent change of heart. Only Mrs. Ferguson was suspicious: she knew her husband. Poor Eelip was plainly frightened out of her wits at the sight of her new partner, and without daring to meet his eye or to drop out of the step, she cast appealing glances about the cabin for help. Maria Sashermah, looking more than ever like a snowbird in hobnail boots, came bobbing up to the grim old man and looked him square in the eye, while Eelip sought her shawl again.

It was something of a treat to see Donald dance. Thirty years' practice had

"IT WAS SOMETHING OF A TREAT TO SEE DONALD DANCE"

FROM A PAINTING FOR THE CENTURY BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

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been consumed in attaining that perfection of grace. There was none of the wasteful prodigality of the younger man in his style. Every motion was calculated to a nicety. From the waist up he scarcely swayed, and his face was like a wooden Indian's, while his legs were cutting the most complicated capers beneath. St. Paul, realizing that he was playing for a master, put new zest into the quaint old air, and though he had been playing it upward of half an hour, now gave it quite a new meaning. Donald knew nineteen different steps, and went gravely through them all, beginning with such simple effects as the double break-down and right and left pigeon's-wing. He danced four girls down, and, fresh and scarcely breathed, stopped only when he had completed his repertory. None of the young men cared to compete with such an exhibition of skill as that, and when he led his latest partner, Emma Whitebear, to the bench with a magnificent parade and bow, St. Paul enjoyed a well-earned rest.

After this, since one cabin could not contain both dance and feast, the company adjourned to Eelip's sister's to eat. Donald was now the life of the party. He was even amiable to his new son-in-law. His wife watched him furtively, wondering what mischief he was up to. In due course they all returned to Donald's cabin, and St. Paul tuned his fiddle again. It turned out that he knew a waltz, and the moon-i-yas proposed to give Maria a lesson in this fashionable "outside" dance. He was as tall and lanky as she was little and plump. It was an odd couple, and the lesson was excruciating. Poor little Maria was all boots. The stolid half-breeds preserved a perfect gravity for five minutes, and then suddenly exploded with a roar that shook the cabin. Maria fled in tears to her corner.

During this scene another horse had single-stepped quietly up to the cabin, and his rider now entered. He was a little, stooping white man with a mild face and gray hair. He came in with almost an apologetic air, yet his appearance created more of a visible sensation than anything which had happened hitherto. There was a remoteness about old Turner, broken little man though he was, which was always impressive. He was the only white man in the country who never mixed with the breeds, though he had lived among them twenty-odd years. But what added most to his moral stature on this occasion was the fact that he carried a book. A book is always an awe-inspiring object to a half-breed, particularly a big book. One never knows what may come out of it.

Donald greeted the justice of the peace with marked respect. He offered him the chair which had been set aside for Eelip's use, and, as the old man seated himself, pulled the table in front of him. Old Turner laid his book on the table and put on his glasses, whereupon the scene of revelry instantly took on a judicial aspect, and goose-flesh rose on more than one dark skin.

The court, after a whispered conversation with Donald, produced writing materials from his pocket, and filled half a sheet of paper. This he shoved toward Donald, who signed it and swore on the little Bible which the Justice always carried for such a purpose. It was tied with a string, like a little parcel, to keep the covers together. The company hung on every detail of these preparations with strained attention. There was no apathy now.

Old Turner read from the paper. "Donald Ferguson, white man and freeholder, of Spirit River Crossing, being sworn, deposes and says that his daughter Olive, a minor and not of discreet years, has this day unlawfully entered into matrimony with Michel Whitebear against the will and consent of himself, her lawful guardian and parent, and he therefore petitions the court that this marriage be annulled and set aside."

Blank consternation fell upon the bride and groom, who, understanding little, suspected the worst. Behind the justice old Donald gloated.

"How old are you?" Turner asked Eelip.

"Seventeen," she faltered.

"Did your father consent to your marriage to-day?"

"No."

"Has any one present any reason to give why this marriage should not be set aside?"

Of course no one had. They were struck dumb by Donald's counterstroke.

"Then I have no course," continued the little justice, "but to declare this marriage null and void. You are no longer man and wife. The court is adjourned."

He was gone before they recovered their wits. Then Eelip fell weeping into her mother's arms, and a loud murmur of talk arose. Those who had understood were explaining to those who had not. The young bridegroom stood in the center of the floor regarding his late father-in-law with clenched fists and an ugly eye. He only half realized what had happened, but, law or no law, it was plain that he was not going to give up his bride without a fight.

However, before anything happened, a diversion was created by another rider pounding down the trail. It was he who had talked with Donald earlier in the evening. Flinging himself off his horse, he came striding into the cabin. It was Parson Dick, fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, and beaming. If he saw that something was amiss, he did not show it, but went about from one to another, shaking hands and greeting them cheerfully.

Young Michel's face cleared at sight of the new-comer. When the parson reached him, he gripped his hand hard and cried brokenly:

"Parson Dick, help me out! There 's bad medicine here. I don' jus' onderstan'. Judge Turner he read law on her and me. He say she 's not my woman any more. W'at do I care for his law-book! She 's mine, and she goes with me to-night. But I don' want no trouble with her ol' man. Mak' it right. If you don', I 'll tak' her, anyway."

You can guess how long it took to straighten matters out. Donald Ferguson magnanimously gave his consent, with the single stipulation that the parson should have the baptizing of the children, which was agreed to without a murmur. Parson Dick remarried them at the same table at which they had just been divorced. And by the one stroke the parson won an entire family, Donald's conjugal authority was reëstablished, and Michel secured his bride again. He promptly carried her away, and the guests danced until morning.

Parson Dick had this affair on his conscience for some time afterward, but it was Father Ambrose himself who absolved him, so that was all right, too.

"THE NEWS HAD TRAVELED WITH THE AMAZING SWIFTNESS OF THE 'MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH'"

Drawn by G. Alden Peirson, from a photograph, copyright, 1908, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

A STREET IN ASPET IN SOUTHERN FRANCE, THE EARLY HOME OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS' FATHER

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

FRENCH AND IRISH ANCESTRY—BIRTH IN DUBLIN—FIRST YEARS IN AMERICA—SCHOOL LIFE AND STREET LIFE OF A NEW YORK BOY—DESCRIPTIONS OF VARIOUS CHARACTERS—GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN—CAMEO-CUTTING AND BEGINNINGS IN ART

MY father began his reminiscences in the early spring of 1906, while recovering from a surgical operation in the Corey Hill Hospital of Brookline, Massachusetts. As he had spent a most active life, he chafed at that confinement until this scheme was devised to pass his hours; whereupon, to his great amusement, he dictated the first quarter of the work. Later, after his return to Windsor, when, to his bitter disappointment, he found that he could not for any length of time remain on his feet to model, he continued to write at odd moments up to the middle of the summer. Parts of the autobiography he talked into a business phonograph, a machine which afforded him no end of pleasure. He intended in process of time to rewrite the whole with me, adding and ordering as seemed necessary; for he was a most careful man about all his manuscript, giving any amount of thought even to unimportant letters. But pain never left him from that summer till his death, and we never revised the work as we had planned.

The hope that my father would place herein at least a portion of the distinct views which he held upon art and sculpture was shattered by the reserve which always restrained him from giving public opinions. A capital example of this modesty exists in the title which he wrote half humorously. He called his result, "The Reminiscences of an Idiot."

Therefore, by letters to and from him,

by what his friends have told me, and by personal recollections, I shall try to supply the missing information about portions of my father's life and his attitude toward art and artists past and present. The contents of my father's text itself I have left intact, save where exceptionally rough; but the order of thought and anecdote, which was badly tangled, owing to the lack of revision, I have shifted back and forth into a semblance of methodical progression.

My father begins:

"Reminiscences are more likely to be tiresome than otherwise to the readers of later generations; but among the consoling pleasures that appear over the horizon as years advance is that of rambling away about one's past. So if what I tell amuses or interests some dreamy grandchild of mine half as much as I believe now that it will amuse me to write it, it will have served its purpose.

"Like every one else, were I to set down all about myself, as well as what I know of others, I could a tale unfold that would make what follows appear like candle-light in sunshine. But all manner of considerations, spicy and otherwise, bar the way vexatiously. If the reader hopes to find herein a disquisition on art or the production of artists, it will be well to close the book at once. There is nothing of that in these pages.

"I was born March 1, 1848, in Dublin, Ireland, near 37 Charlemount Street. If that is not the house, no doubt the record in the nearest Catholic church would give the number."

My uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, who visited Dublin in the summer of 1890, found the building at number 35, near the head of Charlemount Street and not far from a bridge built over the canal which runs by the southeastern part of the city. There, under the trees that line the banks and in sight of the Wicklow Hills, my father as a baby must have been carried by my grandmother.

The reminiscences continue:

"My mother's maiden name was Mary McGuiness. Of her ancestry I know nothing except that her mother was married twice, the second time to a veteran of the Napoleonic wars."

My father's maternal grandmother's name was Daly. She married Arthur McGuiness, of whom it is only recalled that he worked in the Dublin plaster mills and that he was a Freemason. Neither of the couple lived to be old. Their daughter Mary McGuiness was born to them at Bally Mahon, County Longford.

To return to the autobiography:

"Of my mother's family the only member of which I have had a glimpse was her brother George McGuiness, whom I saw in Forsyth Street. I have a daguerreotype of his delightfully kind and extremely homely face—a face like a benediction, as I have heard some one describe it. He, of all men, became the owner of two slaves in the South, and, judging from a daguerreotype, married an equally homely and kindly-looking woman. He was in some way connected with the navy yard at Pensacola. The war cut off all further communication with him.

"Of my father's birth and ancestry I am as ignorant as of my mother's, knowing only that his father was a soldier under Napoleon, who died comparatively young and suddenly after what I suspect was a gorgeous spree."

My father's paternal grandfather was called André Saint-Gaudens. His wife's maiden name was Boy. Tradition has it that she sold butter and eggs in the market-place at Aspet, and that she became a miser, leaving under her bed upon her death the conventional box crammed with gold pieces.

Beyond this, all is pure myth, in which my grandfather Saint-Gaudens settled the pedigree of the family thus: Gaudens (joyful in Latin) was the architect of the Colosseum at Rome, the completion of which he celebrated by becoming its first Christian martyr; hence he was canonized, and the town in France named in his honor. This beautiful tradition my grandfather stuck to until he finally came to believe it himself. According to my father, a Saint-Gaudens appears in history as one of the murderers of the Duc de Guise. Alexandre Dumas uses the name in the "Dame aux Camélias," and Mme. Alfred Garnier, an old friend of my father's who was at one time on the French stage, says that in her day it was often adopted by actors. How the name ever connected itself with my family I do not know.

The reminiscences continue:

"My father's full name was Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens; Bernard Paul 'Honeste,' if you please, he called it later in life; it sounded nicer. He was born in the little village of Aspet, about fifty miles from Toulouse, at the foot of the Pyrenees, five miles south of the town of Saint-Gaudens, in the arrondissement of Saint-Gaudens, in the department of the Haute-Garonne, a most beautiful country, as the many searchers for health at the baths of Bagnères-de-Luchon know."

Aspet is a comfortable bourgeois town, reached by a winding road which climbs into the barren mountains. There some relatives still live. One, my father's first cousin, Hector Saint-Gaudens, is a mail-carrier, while another is a shoemaker; so the Saint-Gaudens traditional occupation continues to endure.

At an early age my grandfather, with his father and mother, left his native village and went to the little town of Salies du Salat, about five miles to the east. There he was apprenticed to a plasterer. Plaster also seems to have run in the family.

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A BUST OF THE FATHER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

This bust was modeled by the son shortly before he left home for his first trip abroad, at the time that he made the drawing of his mother on page 400.

To return to the reminiscences:

"From here he went to Carcassonne, where he learned his trade of shoemaker in the employment of his elder brother Bertrand, who had quite a large establishment of thirty or forty workmen. When through with his apprenticeship, following the custom of the time, he traveled northward from his native village as a journeyman shoemaker and a member of the 'Compagnons du Tour de France,' a popular organization of that period which facilitated the traveling of workmen from town to town, the members being pledged to procure employment for one another as they arrived. They each had some affectionate sobriquet; my father's was 'Saint-Gaudens la Constance,' of which he was very proud."

Three years my grandfather passed in London and, later, seven years in Dublin before he met his future wife in the shoe store for which he made shoes and where she did the binding of slippers. There, previous to my father's birth, two sons, George and Louis, died, George at the age of six, and Louis in infancy. But when my father was six months old, "red-headed, whopper-jawed, and hopeful," as he would repeat, the famine in Ireland compelled his parents to go with him to America, setting out from Liverpool, England, in the sailing-ship *Desdemona*.

The autobiography goes on:

"Father told me that an overcrowded passenger-list prevented his leaving Dublin with my mother, with me at her breast, in a ship named the *Star of the West* that burned at sea during the trip. But because he told me this does not mean that it was so. His Gascon imagination could give character or make beauty wherever these qualities were necessary to add interest to what he was saying.

"They landed at Boston town probably in September, 1848, he a short, stocky, bullet-headed, enthusiastic young man of about thirty, with dark hair of reddish tendencies and a light red mustache, she of his height, with the typical long, generous, loving Irish face, with wavy black hair, a few years his junior, and 'the most beautiful girl in the world,' as he used to say.

"Leaving mother in Boston,—where, by the way, I am beginning this account

in the hospital fifty-six years afterward, —he started to find work in New York. In six weeks he sent for her. He said we first lived in Duane Street. Of this I knew nothing.

"From there we went to a house on the west side of Forsyth Street, probably near Houston Street, where now is the bronze foundry in which the statue of Peter Cooper which I modeled was cast forty-five years later. There my brother Andrew was born on Hallowe'en in 1850 or 1851, and there I made the beginning of my conscious life.

"Ecstatic, dream-like playing and picking of flowers in the twilight among the graves of an old burying-ground, just over the fence from the first house I have any vision of, blended with similar ecstatic enjoyment of the red wheels of the locomotive in some journey out of New York, are my first impressions, vaguely discerned in the gray, filmy cobweb of the past.

"But soon we went to the Bowery, whence delightful reminiscences of the smell of cake in the bakery at the corner of the street, and of the stewed peaches of the German family in the same house, have followed me through life.

"From the Bowery we moved to 41 Lispenard Street. Here father branched out for himself, hiring a whole house, and subletting it to one or two tenants, among them a Dr. Martinache, one of whose daughters subsequently married Mr. Olin Warner, the sculptor. I believe Dr. Martinache was a French political refugee, and I have a recollection of others coming to father's house at that time, among them an enormous man by the name of Cossidierre, who held Falstaffian court in the wine shop downstairs.

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GEORGE McGUINESS, THE BROTHER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS' MOTHER

From a daguerreotype taken just previous to the Civil War

"The beginnings of my father's business were peculiar, since what interested him infinitely more than his store were the two or three societies to which he belonged and of which he was generally the 'Grand Panjandrum.' There were constant meetings of committees and sub-committees when there were not general ones. The principal society was the 'Union Fraternelle Française,' a mutual-benefit affair of which he was one of the founders and for many years the leading figure."

My grandfather enjoyed as well the making of speeches at Irish festivals, where he would round off his conclusions with spirited perorations in the Gaelic tongue. Also he became an abolitionist, a "Black Republican," during the Civil War; while, to involve matters still further, he was a Freemason who insisted on associating with the Negro Freemasons, and presiding at their initiations. The white Freemasons thereupon blacklisted him. So he told them to go elsewhere, and in the future never attended any but negro lodge meetings, though he always explained to his children that Freemasonry was a sublime and impressive order.

The reminiscences say of him:

"In the daytime, notwithstanding mother's gentle pleadings, instead of preparing work, he was constantly writing letters about these societies, all naturally to the serious detriment of his affairs. This condition he complicated to a still greater extent by his remarkable theories as to how shoes should be made, which he propounded and carried out with the greatest insistence, in the face of the protests and tortures of his customers. It is a mystery to me how any ever returned to him and that he did not lose them all. His idea was that the toes should have

plenty of room to spread to prevent suffering. To insure this, it was necessary that the foot be squeezed about two inches behind them. 'Naturally, if you compress the foot in that manner, the toes will open out like a fan; thus,' he would say, squeezing his hand and extending his fingers to prove his contention. 'It is mechanical, you see, and can not but be successful in securing comfort, incidentally adding to the beauty of the foot by giving the long, narrow appearance.'

"Consequently, misfits resulted in the majority of cases. It was rare that they satisfied at first, since all the shoes were tight, and had to be made over two or three times after interminable waitings. The result was that the stock of the store was actually made up of misfits. But father did not mind this, for he had a supreme contempt for shoes that were manufactured for sale, and he refused to indulge in that lowering occupation. The only time that the shoes were properly completed in his establishment was during a six-weeks' absence abroad, when he came to see me, and mother had charge of

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SKETCH PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, DRAWN BY HIMSELF

This was made probably about the time of his first trip abroad.

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THE MOTHER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, FROM THE DRAWING BY THE SON

This was made by Augustus Saint-Gaudens shortly before he left for his first trip abroad.

the store. There were no complaints during that period, but on his return the less prosaic condition was resumed.

"Nevertheless, for so small an establishment, father had an extraordinary clientèle, embracing the names of most of the principal families in New York—Governor Morgan, General Dix, some of the Astors, Belmonts, and so on. Among his first customers, I recall distinctly the wife of General Daniel E. Sickles ordering a large number of white satin slippers to be used at some functions in Washington. She seemed very beautiful to me, and she it was who led to the tragedy of the shooting of Key, an admirer of hers, by General Sickles in the streets of Washington."

Horace Greeley also was a steady purchaser, for he delighted to wrangle with this argumentative shoemaker upon the philosophy of footwear. He alone stuck to his point that the Saint-Gaudens method of constructing shoes was essentially wrong; and therefore had special lasts made for his daughters of a shape utterly at variance with those employed in the store, though quite as radical from the conventional point of view. While another customer who appeared in the early days became the most important of them all to my father; for this man, Dr. Cornelius Rea Agnew, first noticed my father drawing pictures in pen and ink of the shoemakers at work, and instantly added his word to the boy's desire that his life be directed into artistic lines.

The reminiscences continue:

"No doubt those who came were attracted by my father's picturesque personality, as well as by the fact that at that time everything French was the fashion, and by the steadiness of his assurance as to the superiority and beauty of his productions. His sign, 'French Ladies' Boots and Shoes,' must have been irresistible when taken together with the wonderfully complex mixture of his fierce French accent and Irish brogue. This bewildering language was just as bad at the end of fifty years as when he first landed. In the family he spoke English to mother and French to the three boys; we spoke English to mother and French to him; mother spoke English to all of us."

Moreover, further to adorn his discourse, my grandfather constantly embroidered his remarks with fantastic proverbs of uncertain and international origin. "As much use as a mustard plaster on a wooden leg," he would say; or, "Sorry as a dog at his father's funeral"; or "As handy with his hands as a pig with his tail"; or "A cross before a dead man"; or (and this my father repeated after him through all his life) "What you are saying and nothing at all is the same thing." While, to cap the whole, my grandfather remained steadfastly enamoured of Greek mythology, Vergil, Rabelais, and the plays of Voltaire.

Again my father writes:

"My brother Louis was born in this house, and that occurrence, together with the arrival of a comet, and a prayer which puzzled me profoundly, dominates my memory of this period. The prayer was the 'Hail Mary, full of grace; our Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women'; and so on. 'Amongst women' was either 'a monk swimmin' or 'a monkey swimmin'; which of the two latter possibilities was correct—as I imagined a cowled monk or a monkey swimming across a dark river—perplexed me as I knelt at her knee in the dimly lighted room. The comet, which I must be forgiven for returning to, traversed a great piece of the eastern sky, and at the hours when I saw it was low down on the horizon. Its head touched the houses on the south side of the street, its tail touched those on the north side, the spire of St. John's Church standing in relief against it. None of the comets I have since seen can begin to compare with this extraordinary spectacle. Donati's, I believe, was its name.

"My recollections here enlarge and spread out from the graveyard and red wheels of Forsyth Street, and the bake-shop and stewed peaches of the Bowery, to the playing with the fantastic shadows in the moonlight on the sidewalks, this intermixed with the knocking off of men's hats in the night by stretching strings from the stoops to the wagons standing in the streets. The trick was not meant for policemen, however, but for beings much humbler, and the terror and flight to our various homes or hiding-places on seeing a policeman go under the string, with the resulting loss of head-gear and dignity, any man who has been a boy will appre-

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS WHEN ABOUT EIGHTEEN

At this time he was cutting cameos for Jules Le Brethon, and studying at night in the Academy of Design.

ciate and enjoy. I stole much butter and sugar also,—putting a layer an inch thick of each on a piece of bread the size of one's hand,—as well as sweet potatoes, which we baked in the street in furnaces made of cobblestones. There it was that the sight of the target companies passing down Broadway on their march to the country in the morning, with the gorgeous negro, carrying the target, following, and their return in the afternoon with the battered target and, hung on their warlike breasts, their prizes of silver cups and things, gave visions of a heaven to which I dared not aspire, and was simply happy in admiring. Other delights were the penny's worth of round hearts, bought at the little candy store kept by Billy McGee's mother in Church Street. Here, also, comes the horror of seeing burning horses being led out of a stable on fire, and of kissing, with a file of other children, a dead man in a room over the corner grocery store; the widow, in her grief, having gathered us in from the street. Again, I remember vividly the strange impression, one magnificent sunny morning after a great fall of snow, created by a daughter of Joy running out and hugging me deliriously while on my way to school. This was close to the period of the Crimean War, which we read about in the news bureaus on the northeast corner of Canal Street and Broadway. In addition, close to that time my mother's cousin, John Daly, a marine on one of the United States government ships, paid us a visit, when he read to us in papers brought from Honolulu and showed us great walrus teeth that had come from the Pacific. And finally I can see myself among the other children who attended the Sunday-school of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Elizabeth Street, and I can recall the terrible gloom

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS WHEN ABOUT FIFTY-EIGHT

This portrait is an enlargement of part of the photograph on the next page.

of the recital of some prayer ending with the words, 'through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault,' all the children bending forward in unison and striking their breasts as they uttered these dismal words. What the fault could have been caused deep perplexity in my innocent mind.

"Somewhat later in this Lispenard Street period entered the delights of the Sunday outings, when, with my brother Andrew, we crossed the North River on the Canal Street Ferry and walked along the Jersey shore to the Elysian Fields. Elysian Fields they really seemed to my mind at that time, and they certainly were in comparison with the awful waste of smoke, docks, stone sidewalks, cinders, brick, mortar, soot, chimneys, trolleys, foul-smelling asphalt, and all the other delights of the advancement of modern civilization which now occupy the place of those idyllic groves. The roaming about under the trees, and the going to and fro on the river, seated with a line of other boys on the front of the boat, with our legs dangling over the edge, was untold enjoyment. Those were great days, for on Sundays father gave us each five cents, two to pay the ferry over, two back, and one to spend. Also at this period, after an attack of typhoid fever, came the delights of sleeping in a country home. This was on Staten Island, in a house owned by a friend of Garibaldi's, which he himself had honored by occupying. He at that time was off on his Sicilian campaign—or may I be out in my history? At any rate, it was one of his noble adventures in South America or Italy. In front of the house was a bare hill. The going to that hill was a thing looked forward to for days, and its climbing one afternoon, to find that there were

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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS IN THE PERGOLA OUTSIDE HIS STUDIO IN CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This photograph, made in August, 1906, is probably the last ever taken of him.

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PLASTER CAST OF THE RIGHT HAND OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

While at work on a statue the sculptor often posed his hand and had it cast in plaster for reference. In this particular pose of the hand the gesture was for use in the Phillips Brooks monument.

hills still farther away, was my first feeling of the ever-mysterious beyond.

"To return to New York. A dream-like recollection of a few school-days in Christie Street, near Forsyth, is overpowered by the horror of being dragged to the North Moore Street School when we went to live in Lispenard Street. Here the real male pugnacity put in an appearance, for I was unusually combative and morose. The street-fights began with the enemies of West Broadway who ran with fire-engine Company Number Sixteen, the 'Gotham,' and with those of Green Street and other distant territories who ran with other engines. Showers of stones, isolated personal struggles, and one solitary encounter with a negro boy, stand out conspicuously. Heroic charges and countercharges up and down Lispenard Street, bold forages into the enemy's ground to defend the honor of 'Lady Washington's White Ghost,' Engine Number Forty, which 'lay' in Elm Street, dominated life then as much as anything has since. The running of races around the block and the jumping over the fence of the Brandreth's Pill building,—pills were connected with this period of my life rather unusually,—follow along in my memory. The first dog,—a yellow one,—the first sled, lickings galore in school and out, those in school being received from 'Pop' Belden, whom I recollect mainly through the mass of dandruff on his shoulders, also appear. There were about fifteen of us bad ones who were collected every afternoon and lined against the wall of what was called the private class-room for our daily punishment. 'Pop' would begin at one end of the line and administer the rod to the extended hands of the boys, who would receive the blows without other sound than perhaps a low whine, but with much squeezing of fingers under armpits, so that by the time he had finished, there were fifteen or twenty squirming boys. Occasionally a youngster would withdraw his palm before the blow came down, and then he would receive a double dose."

One of my father's most bitter irritations in this school arrived in the person of a young aristocrat,—aristocrat from my father's point of view,—who took advantage of the paper notes then issued for small change by bringing a number of such bills to class each morning and tearing them up before his schoolmates' faces, simply for the joy he obtained from looking at the resulting expressions. This ingenious method of torture ended in disaster to the inventor at my father's hands.

The reminiscences continue:

"Here is the story of one of my crimes. The boy by my side in the class-room whispered to me, 'Say!' As I turned to him, his extended forefinger, which was meant to hit my nose, found itself at the level of my mouth. I bit it. He howled, and I was stood up with my back to the class and my face close against the blackboard, immediately behind the teacher, who, turned toward the class, could not see me. To relieve the monotony of the view, I took the rubber, covered my features with white chalk, and grinned around at the class. The resulting uproar can be imagined. I was taken by the scruff of the neck, sent to the private class-room, where I had the honor of a solitary and tremendous caning on parts of my body other than my hands. The hatred and the feeling of injustice produced in me by this event were as profound as any that have occurred in after life."

James Hadden and Laurence Hutton were at school with my father at the time, and not long after this climax the three organized a deep and irrevocable plot to murder the teacher when they grew up.

My father goes on:

"In fact, my life at the North Moore Street School was, with the exception of the playing at recesses, when I occasionally indulged in a fight with my pet enemy, Harry Dupignac, one long misery, one long imprisonment. For besides the beatings, I, with a few other evil spirits, was 'kept in' for an hour or so every day after all the others had gained the open air and freedom. I recall the sinking of the heart as I saw the white clouds floating by the window in the patch of blue sky and the unattainable liberty they revealed to me in that awful place.

"But there seems to be no end to recollections, for at this time also came the wonderful trials of skill between the volunteer fire-engines at the liberty pole on

the corner of West Broadway and Varick Street; the contest being over which engine could throw the stream of water the highest, and, if possible, above the pole. The screaming delight of the boys as they came out of the adjoining school at three o'clock and witnessed this contest may be imagined. The broom which decorated the triumphant engine remains in my memory. No doubt it was a recall of the Dutch traditions of New York, founded on the story of Admiral Van Tromp's victory over the English in the North Sea, when he nailed a broom to his masthead in token of having swept the seas clear of the enemy. Memories of a broken marble statue of William Pitt on the stoop of a saloon on the southwest corner of West Broadway and near the liberty pole also survive in connection with this.

"It was in Lispenard Street that my 'furor esthetic' began. First I drew upon a slate in the North Moore Street School a representation of two regiments of soldiers lined in perspective, shooting straight in one another's faces, with the smoke issuing from the guns in great clouds. Joyously I rubbed the chalk over them in the confusion of battle, and covered all with oblivion. Then I scrawled things upon the walls of some white-painted house in the country with bits of charcoal, to the angry protest of the hostess. And finally I created a much more ambitious painting on the fence, in the back yard, of a negro boy with a hole in his trousers, through which the bare knee was seen. The delight of that knee! He carried a target at which I shot with a crossbow and arrow, thus combining the delights of the chase and of the artist. The production of this work, however, resulted in an appalling attack of 'colly wobbles,' caused by the use of saliva instead of water in the mixing of colors."

I can remember one spring evening when I was a youngster shooting with an air-gun at a sorry target upon the back fence until my father came home from the studio and watched me.

"Is n't that bull's-eye crooked?" he asked, after a few shots had gone astray.

I admitted the design to be impromptu.

"If you 'll wait, I 'll draw you another. I know just how to do it," he said.

I agreed, and fetched a bit of charcoal. Then, until it became quite dark, my father created again just such a target as he describes, held by just such a negro boy, with just such a bare knee. I recollect the smile on his face as he worked, while his silence through the proceeding caused me no end of boy wonder at the time.

Once more the reminiscences:

"Here also the delights of the first story, upon reading Robinson Crusoe, entered my life, along with the Hallowe'en sports of ducking for apples in tubs or biting at those hung by strings from the ceiling. Soon after Mrs. Southworth's 'Hidden Hand,' and Sylvanus Cobb's 'The Gunmaker of Moscow,' with the short stories of Fanny Fern, made Thursday, when the 'New York Ledger' appeared with those wonderful tales, a day to be looked forward to with delightful expectations.

"Along at this period also come dim visions of Rachel playing in 'Virginius' at Niblo's Garden, as well as Edwin Forrest playing in 'Coriolanus' at Old Wallack's Theatre, on the corner of Broome Street and Broadway, of the great procession celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, and of seeing the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, during his visit to New York in 1860, driving down Broadway. I was struck with his being what I would now call a comely youth, and by the singular sensation of watching all the people on the streets take their hats off to him. These figures pass across the field of my vision like ships that appear through a mist for a moment and disappear.

"And, to conclude, here, too, came the first heart-beats of an intense passion for curly-headed Rose Humphreys. She was an angel, the daughter of Humphreys of Homeopathic Pill fame. She must have been seven, for I was about nine. I must confess to being at the same time as intensely in love with another angel who lived farther down the street, the daughter of the shoemaker.

"With these romantic revelations we get to what I shall call the fifth period in my progress, which was upon the removal of my father to the corner of Twenty-first Street and Fourth Avenue, probably in May, 1860, and his opening a shop

there and taking a little apartment where we lived over a grocery store in Twenty-first Street, between Second and Third avenues. There I was sent to the Twentieth Street School, presided over by a Mr. Scott, a writer of one of the text-book histories of the United States. I did not remain with him long, but what little time I stayed was sufficient to show a marked contrast with the previous North Moore Street experience. Here I was never punished, and consequently I dearly loved my teacher.

"Up to this time, after school, here as well as in Lispenard Street, my free hours were occupied in carrying the shoes first to father's workmen to have them made, and after that to the customers by whom they were ordered. In some of these trips I had to pass through the enemy's country, frequently at the cost of a piece of shoe last or some leather findings lost in the fray. But now, as I was just thirteen, my father said to me one day: 'My boy, you must go to work. What would you like to do?'

"'I don't care,' I replied; 'but I should like it if I could do something which would help me to be an artist.'

"I was consequently apprenticed to a man named Avet, and here comes the fork of the road in my life which led to the one I am still traveling. Avet was a Savoyard, dark, with a mustache which extended down along the side of his cheek and jaw. When he was not scolding me, he sang continuously. I believe that I am not wrong in stating that he was the first stone cameo-cutter in America, though stone seal-engravers there were already in New York, as well as shell cameo-engravers, of which Palmer and Launt Thompson were adepts in the early periods of their careers. For it was the fashion at that time for men to wear stone scarfpins—heads of dogs, horses, and lions, in amethyst, malachite, and other stones. I was Avet's first apprentice, and these stones which I prepared for him he would finish, occasionally allowing me to complete one myself. He was employed principally by Messrs. Ball, Black & Company, on the corner of Spring Street and Broadway, and occasionally by Tiffany, to both of which places I brought the cameos when completed, always with a profound impression of the extraordinary splendor of those palaces.

"Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet, I applied for admission to the drawing-school of the Cooper Institute, and every evening, after my return from work at six o'clock and a hasty tea, I went down there, where my artistic education began."

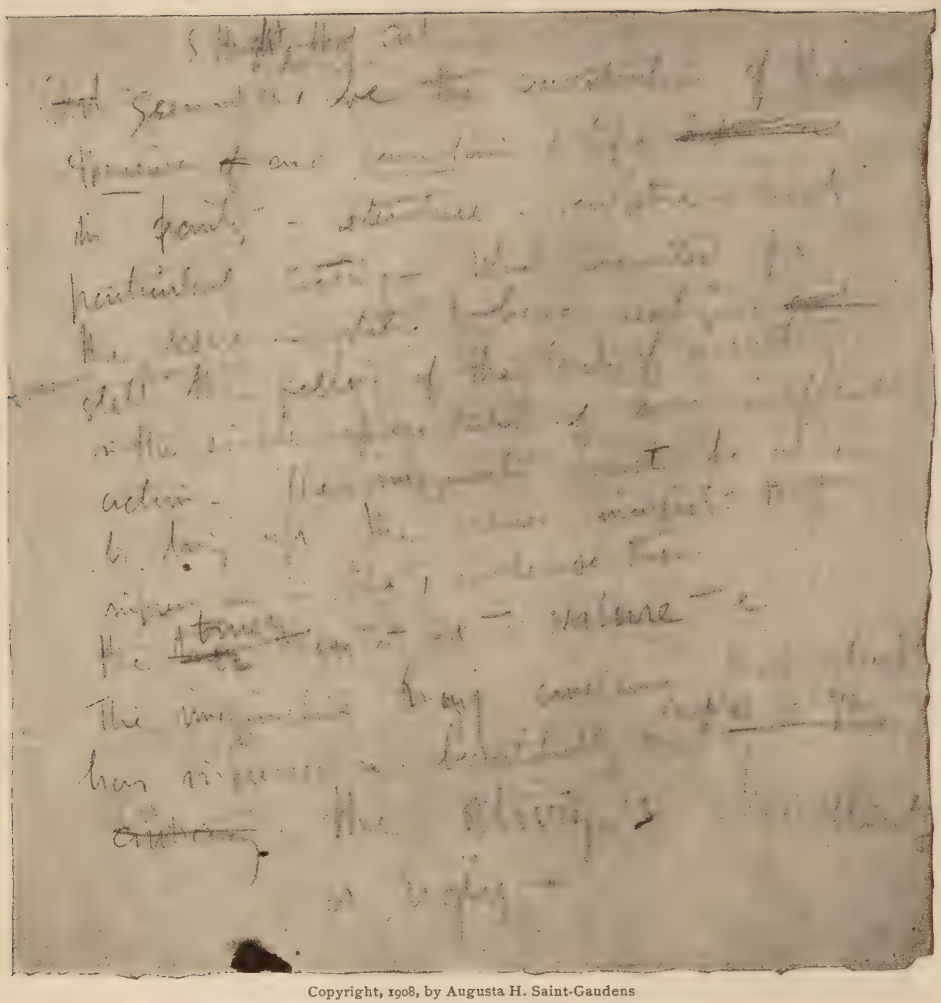
There, by the way, he sat opposite Alexander W. Drake, his life-long friend.

"I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt [1] as he glanced at me during some function. Father at that time was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked at me. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that institution abides with me to this day.

"It was during the next two or three years that my first aspirations and ambitions made themselves felt. I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until eleven o'clock after the Cooper Institute was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven-born genius had been given to the world. I can recall thinking in public conveyances, that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet-looking boy by their side, they would be profoundly impressed. As a result, I was so exhausted by the confining work of cameo-cutting by day and by drawing at night that in the morning I was literally dragged out of bed by mother, pushed over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, driven to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of the long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled downstairs out into the street, where I awoke.

"In consequence of these late hours, also, I had my first jostle with the law in the shape of the Cooper Institute policeman. He was a cross duck, stationed to keep order in this building, where there never was any disorder. For some trifling reason we became bitter enemies. One night about eleven o'clock, as I was going through the long corridor with a German comrade, Gortelmeyer (of whom more later on), who with me had the

[1] Son-in-law of Peter Cooper, and afterward Mayor of New York City.



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FACSIMILE OF A MANUSCRIPT ATTEMPT TO DEFINE ART
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

This scrap of paper was found in one of the few portfolios that remained after the burning of the Cornish studio. Saint-Gaudens made numerous attempts to define art, though he always insisted that the task was impossible. Nevertheless the paragraph represents as closely as possible what he felt all his life that art meant. He was a lover of the theater.

fever for working late, we passed by a room where a debating society was fiercely raging on the usual topic of the negro and slavery. The meeting had spilled over into the hall, and we were laughing as we skirted it. Mr. Policeman told us to 'Behave!' I retorted, 'Do so yourself!' He said 'Clear out!' 'When I please,' I replied. 'Then come with me,' he said. And, as a result, I was thrust into a cell in the Mercer Street Station, somewhere near Washington Place. The horror of that night I shall never forget, and for it I could have murdered Mr. Policeman, a figure of sweetness and light, had opportunity offered at any time during the next twenty years. Of course I did not sleep a wink, and to those who do not know what imprisonment is, it is impossible to describe the form of misery that overwhelms one. To take the iron bars in your hands and feel that you *cannot* get out is awful. The cell was about eight feet one way by four feet the other, with a bench. All night long, prisoners of varying degrees of debasement, men and women, drunken, snoring, and cursing were brought in and placed in the other cells of the row. When I was taken out in the morning I

was covered with whitewash. Then Mr. Sweetness and Light came for me again, and brought me to the Essex Market Police Court, traversing Washington Square in the clear sunlight. At court I was herded in a pen with thirty or forty of the riffraff of both sexes, broken-headed, black-eyed, and stupefied with drink, that had been gathered in the night and centralized here. And in that pen I was held until father arrived. Then I was bound over in one dollar to keep the peace. I can remember both the judge's holding up his hand in a gesture of deprecation upon the policeman's description of my utter degeneracy and the policeman's indignation at the judge's leniency.

"To return to Avet, who was an old-time hard taskmaster, I can only describe my years with him as being ones of miserable slavery. To this training, however, I attribute a habit of work which, although it has been of the greatest benefit, has at the same time contributed to a struggle for health, and the limitation of my vision to what was immediately in my surroundings, and oblivion to what lay beyond the four walls of my studio."

This need of rigorous training my father constantly dwelt upon in after life. Often, on the one hand, he would say: "Be happy while you are young. I regret that I did not get more enjoyment when I had youth and health." While, on the other hand, he frequently repeated with emphasis the opinion which he voiced in a letter sent to me on September 4, 1898, when he wrote:

"It 's so in the production of anything good in art or literature or anything else, —it is at the cost of pain and sweat and doing what we don't want to do and training our minds and bodies to do what is uncomfortable. Somebody has compared the evolution and production of a work of art to the pregnancy and pain of childbirth. I believe the terrible discipline of my apprenticeship from thirteen to twenty is what has made me accomplish anything."

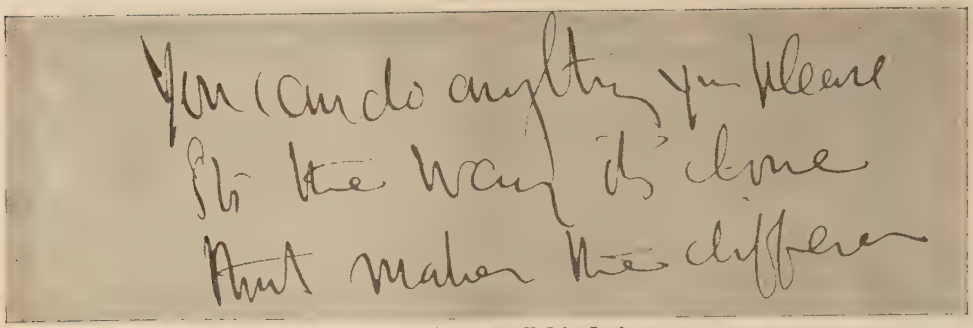
Indeed, the details of that drill must have been severe. Once in the house of Mr. Henry Adams, in Washington, I heard my father tell Mr. Adams and the Hon. John Hay how, as a boy, he had cut such a number of lion's-head cameos that when twenty years later he started to assist his brother Louis in modeling the lions for the Boston Public Library, he found that his hands still worked at the task automatically.

But to continue:

"Avet's was a singular nature, for between the fits of rage he would take me to the country on shooting excursions. During these trips my keen appreciation of the beauty and wonders of the landscape was so intense that no subsequent experience has ever come up to it. I can only compare it to Jean-Jacques Rosseau's description of similar enjoyment in his walking trip from Geneva to Paris. The first lying on the grass under the trees and the first looking through the branches at the flying clouds, will stay by me if I live to be as old as ten Methuselahs.

"Such peaceful thoughts, however, were the exception to the steady run of excitement which held upon these trips. For then we would constantly pass through narrow lanes in the woods, Avet, in front of me, with the gun thrown over his shoulder, when the two muzzles, pointing directly at me, the hammers cocked, and the two percussion-caps seen along the edge of the barrel, did not contribute to my enjoyment of these adventures. I can recall my devilish glee when, in jumping down from the stone fence behind him, with my double-barrelled gun held upright, and my fingers on the triggers, both barrels were discharged within three feet of his head, which sent him leaping into the air in a paroxysm of fright, curses, and shouts.

"Then came great visions and great remembrances: the political meetings, the processions before the election with carts bearing rail-fences in honor of 'Honest Abe, the Rail-Splitter,' in Madison Square the assembling of the cavalry squadrons, with the horses parked together and tied to the trees, the camping of regiments in City Hall Square, and the barracks there, the recruiting-tent near the statue of Washington in Union Square, where the green and trees were still inclosed by a high iron fence. The windows of Avet's little place looked out from the first floor of a house just north of Eleventh Street on the east side of Broadway. His lathe was at one window, mine at another, and from my window I saw virtually the entire contingent



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FACSIMILE OF A MANUSCRIPT SENTIMENT THAT AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS SET AS HIS STANDARD

This scrap of his writing was found among other papers upon his desk not long after his death.

of New England volunteers on their way to the Civil War, and profoundly impressive it was, even to my youthful imagination. The troops arrived at Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, where the Grand Central Station stood then, on the present site of the Madison Square Garden. They marched down Broadway to Cortlandt Street, and from there took the ferry south. They all sang 'John Brown's Body' as they tramped by the window.

"Then followed the years of the war, with their intense excitement: the crowds in front of Brentano's on the east side of Broadway, somewhere near Washington Place, reading the bulletins; the mob in front of the newspaper offices downtown, particularly at the time of the first battle of Bull Run; the temporary hospitals; the legless and armless men from the battlefields; the constant extras of victories, victories, victories; finally the delight over the real ones of Grant; then a vision of General Grant himself on horseback, with his slouch hat, during some great review of troops in New York City,—his face I liked because of its kindliness,—and a glimpse of General Sickles, minus a leg, reviewing the troops in front of Niblo's Garden.

"I recall distinctly the departure of Ellsworth's Zouaves and the news of his death by shooting in Alexandria a few days after. Above all, what remains in my mind is seeing in a procession the figure of a tall and very dark man, seeming entirely out of proportion in his height with the carriage in which he was driven, bowing to the crowds on each side. This was on the corner of Twentieth or Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, and the man was Abraham Lincoln on his way to Washington."

The spirit of the time must have impregnated my father and his young friends as it did all others. For upon the "Fourths" of these years they bought small cannon bored to hold the "Minié" ball, the Federal bullet. These guns they would mount in wooden forts in the back lots, and then proceed to bombard one another. They took pride in reckoning the number of fences through which they could shoot their ammunition. Mere fire-crackers had no attractions for them.

But upon more peaceful subjects, my father writes:

"There remain visions of fishing on the docks and of catching eels off the sandy beach at Staten Island, near Fort Wadsworth, with Avet; of learning to swim among the rocks at the foot of Sixtieth Street and the North River; and of the visit of the *Great Eastern* to New York."

Moreover, between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, my father developed an interest in horticulture, raising phlox and beans in the twenty-five by fifty foot plot back of my grandfather's house. He chose phlox and beans because they grew so fast; yet his impatience regarding their progress was so strong that he constantly dug them up and replanted them to see how they got on.

He continues:

"From Eleventh Street, Avet moved down to the corner of John Street and Broadway, and later up to Bleecker Street

and Broadway. I had to be at work every morning at seven o'clock, and the journey to John Street from Twenty-first Street was a heroic undertaking for a boy who disliked walking as mortally as all boys do. Those were the days of the great four-horse sleighs on Broadway in winter, the delights of which could be obtained by paying ten cents; but as I was never rich enough to indulge, I had to imagine their charm from afar on the sidewalk. The question of transportation was often overcome, however, by stealing rides—'cuttin' behind,' the boys called it—on the step at the back of the Broadway stages, which were the one means of public communication between downtown and uptown, uptown being limited by Forty-second Street at that time. This 'cuttin' behind' was frequently enlivened by a fight with some 'feller' who tried to crowd me off, or with one that I tried to crowd off, or by the switch of some cross driver's whip when he detected me.

"Perhaps it is the flight of time that makes it all seem much more heroic and romantic than the extraordinary events of our age. When our present day is in the sunset, it will no doubt take on the same romantic glow to the grandchildren who may read this.

"I have spoken of Avet's scoldings. They were so wonderful that I can find nothing better to compare with these fits of anger than the storms in Rossini's 'William Tell' or Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony.' During the last years I was with him our lathes adjoined each other. We ran them very much as sewing-machines are run, only on a vastly more delicate scale, the light hum of the tools pervading the room. As he raged, the rapidity of his pedaling increased with oaths, that rose from a low 'Nom de Dieu, de Nom de Dieu, de Nom de Dieu, de Nom de Dieu,' in an ascending scale, increasing rapidly as his paroxysm gathered force, then passing down and up again like thunder in the distance, until at the third or fourth climax, he would bring his fist down upon the table with a terrible 'Nom de Dieu!' and a blow so violent that all the little tools lying around on our lathes jumped up and fell together in unison. Whatever his fury was about, I grew cooler as he grew hotter and I looked forward to the jumping of the tools with keen interest, if not delight. But at last one day on coming into the shop in an exceptionally violent state of anger, he suddenly discharged me because I had forgotten to sweep up the crumbs I had dropped on the floor while lunching."

My father, in telling this story, has often laid his remissness about the crumbs to the very natural cause of a pretty girl living across the street.

He concludes the incident:

"I took off my overalls, wrapped them up, went to father's store, and told my parents the story, feeling that the end of the world had come. Within half an hour Avet appeared. I was sent on some errand, and on returning was told that he wanted me back at an advance of five dollars a week on my wages. Although I felt that this was the end of my artistic career, in fact of everything in life, I told them that I would not return under any condition, although, since I might not be able to obtain other work of that sort, three and a half years of my life had been lost. This was no doubt the most heroic act of my existence, if not the only one having real style, and I recall father's proud smile concealed in his mustache as I made my speech. But the incident opened the second by-road in my career which led to my being a sculptor, as will presently appear.

"At this time there lived in New York a man entirely the reverse of my first employer, Mr. Jules Le Brethon, a shell cameo-cutter, who earned his living by making the large shell cameo portraits in vogue at this period of big hoopskirts. He was very dark, and had a great mass of bushy black hair that stood out like that of a South Sea Islander. He had his place in the building where Wallack's Theatre stood, on the corner of Broome Street and Broadway. As the greater included the less, I had learned very easily with Avet the cutting of shell cameos, this being a vastly easier affair. Therefore I applied to Le Brethon for employment, although feeling that I was lowering myself by engaging to cut shell cameos. But, to my delight, I discovered that he had a stone cameo lathe, which he was not able to use. I began work at once, and the three years or so with him were as day is to night in

comparison with my previous experience. The only thing that he had in common with Avet was that he also sang from morning to night. He, however, never scolded or showed anything but consideration in my affairs. In his interest he even allowed me an extra hour every day, besides my dinner hour, in which to model, and gave me instruction at that time. This is how I began to be a sculptor. In my ardor the hour was extended to almost double, by devoting three quarters of my lunch-time to the modeling.

"Shortly after beginning with Le Brethon, I also entered the National Academy of Design, the picturesque Italian doge's palace on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. My father's store adjoined it, he having moved there shortly before my admission. His place was torn down to give room for the Lyceum Theatre, and that, with the Academy of Design, in turn disappeared before the enormous Metropolitan Life Insurance Building.

"This studying in the academy of nights was very dream-like and in the surrounding quiet, broken only by the little shrill whistle of an ill-burning gas-jet, I first felt my god-like indifference and scorn of all other would-be artists. Here, too, came my appreciation of the antique and my earliest attempts to draw from the nude with the advice of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Leutze, the latter being the painter of the popular 'Washington Crossing the Delaware' and 'Westward the Star of Empire Takes its Way.'

"In thinking of the personalities of that generation, I recall that during that period, when the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street was in the heyday of its popularity, I indulged on rare occasions in the delights of listening, from the top gallery, to Clara Louise Kellogg and Brignoli in the, to me, divine Italian operas, at that generation in the full height of their glory. Then, too, I made a call on Launt Thompson, whose beautiful bust of William Cullen Bryant, and that of Edwin Booth, placed him, to my thinking, high on the top of Mount Olympus. I remember only his amiability during the visit. Two other lasting esthetic impressions of the time were made upon seeing Ward's 'Indian Hunter' in plaster in the back of some picture store on Broadway, and Gérôme's painting of 'The Death of Cæsar,' exhibited in the window of Goupil's, then on the northeast corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, the location now occupied by Wanamaker.

"While with Le Brethon, I underwent a memorable and weird experience —that of the Draft Riots. Leaving my work because Le Brethon, in some excitement, had told me to go home one afternoon at an early hour, I noticed the strange appearance of the absolutely deserted streets,—no omnibuses on Broadway, which was always crowded at that hour,—and not a soul, wagon, car, or anything that seemed alive on Third Avenue as I turned into it. A moment later a man or so with a gun running in the distance gave the only signs that the city was not a dead one. Then I recollect vividly my pounding up-stairs, and the wild taking me into her arms by my mother, who had been in a paroxysm of fear as to what had become of me, the others of the brood already resting safe at home. Later on, as the storm lessened, it was strange to see two cannon posted in Twenty-first Street at the northeast corner of Gramercy Park, pointing due east in the direction of the rioters.

"Then came the news of Lincoln's assassination. I recall father and mother weeping as he read of it to us in the morning at breakfast before starting for work. Later I saw Lincoln lying in state in the City Hall, after joining the interminable line that formed somewhere down Chatham Street and led up by his bier at the head of the staircase. I went back to the end of the line to look at him again. This completed my vision of the big man. But the funeral, which I viewed from the roof of the old Wallack's Theatre on Broome Street, revived the profound solemnity of my impression with seeing every one uncover as the funeral car went by. Finally the boyish 'watching out' among the crowds to try and detect anybody who looked like the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, who seemed the perfection of manly beauty in his pictures, must close my impressions of that extraordinary period.

"The steadiness of my work with Le Brethon was diversified with two more love-affairs, one with Mary F——, an an-

gel who worked in a button factory upstairs, and the other, with a second angel, a most scrumptious Irish girl in the employ of the housekeeper. She also was the most beautiful girl in the world, and a luscious peach is as worthy a comparison as I can make of her beauty, after all these years. Of Mary F—— I was terribly afraid."

Indeed, my father probably was. For he used to tell a story of these days, when, quite dumb in the presence of a certain young lady, he made a habit of escorting her to and from church. At last, after three or four of these mute walks, she turned to him on entering her doorway and said, "Quaker meeting?" A query that quite shattered his blissful but fearsome landscape.

He goes on:

"However, I took her to see 'Never Too Late to Mend,' and that, with the two plates of ice-cream that followed, created a grave hole in my finances. I also cut a cameo, and had a mounting made for it by some workman I knew in Tiffany's for sixteen dollars. Then the night before I sailed for Europe I called at her house. (She lived over a grocery store. Grocery stores seemed to have pervaded events in this part of my life.) And suddenly presenting her with the box containing the pin, I told her that I was going away next day, said good-by, shook hands, and that was an end to that.

"And here, finally, my early New York days were brought to a close when, at the beginning of the year 1867, father asked me if I would like to see the coming Paris Exposition. To my enthusiastic assent he said, 'We will arrange that,' since I had, of course, been giving my wages, which were ample for a boy of that age at that time, to help the running of the family. Between that date and the moment upon which my steamer sailed, four incidents alone hold their place in my memory. The first of them concerns one of the large and hilarious dinners interspersed through our lives which this time father planned in honor of my departure. The second deals with another banquet furnished by good-hearted Le Brethon the night before I left. For then, as I picked up my napkin, I found under the plate one hundred francs in gold, 'To pay for a trip to father's village in France.' But most of all I recall how during those last nights and Sundays I made a bust of father and a drawing of mother. The latter, being perhaps the possession I treasured most in the world, was destroyed in the fire that burnt down my studio a year before I write these lines."

(To be continued)

SYMPATHY

BY MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

I

OVER the glad, the green land, you have gone,
Bright head bent low, none traveling too but Sorrow:
While I, as if it were all another's pain,
Set my poor words and few against your bitter morrow.

II

O friend and loved, O living golden heart,
No friend, nor loved am I, unless I wear
Myself, this woe—dim out my sun—and leave
For you, who now bear all, some less and happier share.

THE UNPAYING GUEST

A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Author of "The Soul of Sexton Maginnis," etc.

TO have achieved success and yet to know that one has a daughter who will not believe that she is better than her husband is one of the saddest things that can occur to an ambitious mother-in-law, especially, if, like Mrs. Magee,—known in her family circle as "Herself,"—she is a widow. The Olympia Laundry had prospered in Bracton. The Yellow Peril, which, in the eyes of Herself, had threatened her adopted country was gone, the solitary Chinaman in the place having given up washing and taken to vegetable gardening. In these years of ease, Mrs. Magee had turned to things of the mind. In the intervals of controlling her business, she read various historical works, purchased from book-agents. It is true that she had awakened some esthetic longings in the heart of her daughter Mary Ann, who was still the slave of Maginnis, and took in summer boarders at the Curtice Place. In her lonely condition there was nothing left for her but to change her "state of life," as she expressed it, and she fixed her eyes on Mr. Michael Carmody, who for some months had been an unpaying guest in the house of Maginnis: he had come with the forsythia in February and remained with the asters in October. This intention was, however, contingent on a certain possibility. She was about to confess her changed view of life to Mary Ann when the dazzling result of her efforts for the improvement of her daughter blazed upon her and stunned her into silence.

Mary Ann had been induced to "take" two quarters' instruction in painting at the convent, where the pious teacher marveled at the futility, and said prayers that the loss of time,—a sin against holy poverty,—might be forgiven.

On a mellow morning late in October, Mary Ann suddenly appeared with the completed fruit of her labors. It was a highly polished black disk on which a large crimson rose, surrounded by buds of various sizes, seemed to be crawling among very green, serrated foliage. Maginnis, when he saw it, had honestly understood the masterpiece to represent a portrait of a large lobster and four smaller lobsters "boiled alive."

"The Lord be good to us!" said Mrs. Magee, as she held the work of art at arm's length. "'T is beautiful entirely! It has its own meanin', Mary Ann. Many

a time in the old days, when I was bent over the wash-tub, with these hands that can wear kids now, up to their elbows in the suds, and you only a girleen, did I think of a time when you would take vocal and instrumental and art; but you spoiled it all by marryin' beneath you. That 's done; what 's done, can't be undone."

Herself sighed herself into silence, and fixed a happy stare on the manifestation of her daughter's talent. The lemon-colored sunshine of the early noon was turned to crimson as it glowed through the curtain of Virginia creeper that hung over the window of the little parlor from which Mrs. Magee ruled the half-dozen young persons who worked in the Olympia Laundry. It paled before the rich plush brilliance of the album which ornamented the marble-topped table, and irradiated the title of a large gilt-edged volume entitled "The Sorrows of the Empress Josephine" which lay near by.

"The picture has a meanin', whether you intended it or not," continued Herself, thoughtfully. "The rose, Mary Ann, is you, and the buds is the children."

Mary Ann was rosy enough, and her large felt hat, adorned with clusters of blue tulips and loops of azure ribbon, gave her an unusually Rubensian appearance. She looked closely at the picture, amazed for the moment by her own genius; but she was a loyal soul, and therefore she said somewhat resentfully:

"But where 's Maginnis?"

"He 's not in it," retorted Herself, emphatically. "And he 's no right to be. It would serve him right, if you 'd leave him. What with me payin' the way of Thomas Francis and Dominick Raymond at the boardin'-school in Baltimore, you, if you 'd give yourself up to art, could get along very well without him."

"Leave Maginnis!" exclaimed Mary Ann, in horror. "I thought you were a good Christian woman, Mother!"

The work of art was rudely pushed aside, and Herself, by a quick movement, saved it from destruction.

"If you 'd cultivate your mind more, Mary Ann, you 'd know the ways of men better. Time after time have I asked you to read history. Read the history of the Empress Josephine,—which a certain woman sold to me at one dollar a month, and it 's worth its weight in gold,—and you 'll see that if Josephine had left Napoleon first, he could n't have left her, and the map of Europe might have been different. Oh," Mrs. Magee continued bitterly, "it 's not my daughter you are, but the very twin of your deceased father. He liked to be trampled on,—and me with the flower of my youth witherin' over a wash-tub. Ah, well," she sighed, "if circumstances were what they might be, maybe I 'd find a man wanting of me yet; but I 'll not speak of that now. When I compare Maginnis with your guest, Mr. Michael Carmody, I feel the iron in my soul; and the Lord keep Carmody from them that has the guile of the birds of the air and the cunning of the beasts of the earth—"

"Old Carmody!" exclaimed Mary Ann, her face flaming under her blue hat, "Him! He has n't paid us a cent for months, though he boasts of his grand relations in Ireland and his theatrical triumphs, all the time borrowing money from Maginnis for even his shaves and his tobacco. It 's hard on us, with Mary and the twins to take care of, to be feeding an idle man like him. And Maginnis was that mad the other night he set the rusty windmill behind the house going. It shrieked all night like old Satan; not one in the house could sleep, but Carmody said it was refreshing because it reminded him of the Third Avenue Elevated. Mrs. Towner says that Maginnis has the patience of Job."

"My poor child!" Mrs. Magee breathed softly, "Ah, my poor, poor child!"

"I would n't keep the lazy creature a day longer if you did n't insist on it. Maginnis is sick of him and his boasts."

"Michael Carmody has been used to a great deal, Mary Ann," said Herself, severely. "He comes of fine old Kerry stock. He lived for years in New York, and he has the polish of it on him yet—"

"But that 's no reason why he should borrow money for his shaves and tobacco from Maginnis day after day, and Maginnis himself trying hard to make both ends meet. It 's only for fear of offending you, as I said, that I keep him. Mrs. Towner, who pays her board regularly, thinks we 're foolish for feeding him. 'These

legs,' he said the other day when he borrowed Maginnis's best pair of pants, 'were once applauded to the echo in "Romeo" on a Broadway stage, and they 're reduced to wearing an ordinary man's breeches!' It 's no wonder Maginnis loses patience. In truth, he 'd turn Carmody out of doors to-morrow, he 'd do anything to be rid of him, if I did n't keep respect for you before his mind."

"Ah, Mary Ann, since I 've been readin' the story of Josephine,—which I subscribed to at the request of Mrs. Towner, your boarder,—I have learned that Maginnis has no more spirit than Code Napoleon, the only one of the perfid-i-ous Emperor's brothers that seems to have had no character, and that even poor Josephine had more energy than you. Carmody's uncle is Tim O'Connell,—a near friend of the Liberator's family, the O'Connell's of Cahirceveen,—and he 'll have a snug fortune of his own, so you see he has a right to boast; and last week I had a letter that Uncle Tim 's not expected to live, and I 'm expecting another. Sure, Carmody 's asked me twice to have him. 'Mrs. Magee,' he said, 'these arms that have strangled *Desdemona* in many a one-night stand in the West and were almost reduced to vaudeville by the persecution of the managers are at your disposal for better or for worse.' He 's comin' again to-night, Mary Ann, and I 'll take him—if his uncle is no better."

Mary Ann's lips fell open; she was incredulous.

"I can't believe it, Mother," she said; "I 'm sure Maginnis would find a way of preventing it."

"Maginnis!" exclaimed Herself, indignantly. "And is the likes of him to come between the course of true love and me? Don't be afraid that the little I have won't go to the twins when the cold tombstone is laid over me, if that 's what you 're thinkin' of. Maginnis, indeed! It 's time, Mary Ann, that you 'd open your eyes to the attention Mrs. Towner is payin' to your unhappy husband."

"Mrs. Towner!" Mary Ann's eyes bulged. "Mrs. Towner 's been boarding with us since June and she 's always paid her way. It 's she that calls your fine Carmody 'the unpaying guest,' and she 's been kind to the children, and she a widow without even chick or child. And a hard life she has—out early and late trying to sell people books that don't want them. I 've heard Carmody himself say," Mary Ann added with a touch of malice, "that if she had his genius, with her figure, she 'd make a great success on the stage."

"Mary Ann," said Herself, "if you 're a woman, you 'll give up Maginnis, or make that woman, with her dyed pompeydoor and her painted cheeks, leave the house."

Mary Ann's face expressed a certain triumph.

"You 've always said that no other woman would look at Maginnis but me," she began.

"At a certain age," said Herself, cuttingly, "our sex is n't particular; and to a woman brought up with the natives, any Irishman has his attractions—and she with her smooth tongue and her pompeydoor."

"Oh, Mother, I 'm surprised at you!" cried Mary Ann, really hurt and shocked. "I don't believe it; but I 'll see Father Blodgett."

"Don't be runnin' to priests with questions your own conscience can settle," said Herself. "'Maginnis is makin' love to another woman,' you 'll say. 'I don't believe it,' his Reverence will answer. 'It 's true,' you 'll say, not wantin' to bring my name intil it. 'Then go and be a better wife,' he 'll say; for, after all, a priest 's only a man, and he 'll be for standin' up for his own sex. That 's the reason the blackest infidels like religion in their wives; the priests are all with the men."

"And he 'd be right," cried Mary Ann, bursting into tears, "for I 'm sure he 's too good for me."

"That I should live to hear this!" exclaimed Herself, throwing her hands toward heaven. "Mary Ann, you 'll decide at once that you or Mrs. Towner will leave the house, or I 'll disinherit the twins."

Mary Ann hesitated. To doubt Maginnis would be rank treason; to believe that the splendid and imposing book-agent, Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner, as her cards read, was paying attention to Maginnis would have been rather flattering to her own taste, if she *could* have believed it.

Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner was a

large-bosomed and grandiose-looking widow, generally attired in purple and mauve colors, whose cheeks were toned by powder and rouge. Her deportment was elegant in the extreme when on duty; but, after the labors of the day, her splendor and majesty often fell from her. She was then only a tired woman who longed for rest, who dropped tears over the Maginnis twins, and wished to heaven that she could stay at home on rainy days and read "The Duchess" and Rhoda Broughton. On the death of her husband, she had taken to selling books. She assumed it as a road to the stage, but the fates had not been propitious, and now she wanted, as she termed it, only "disinterested love and appreciation." In fact, the poor woman, who seemed so imposing to the uninitiated, and so much of an adventuress to the worldly, simply wanted to look out of the window of any place that she could call her own upon the bustling, hurrying, every-day crowd. She envied the easy-going life of the folk at the Curtice Place, where nobody was ever in a hurry and where the only cloud was the threatening pressure of Herself in the distance. Mr. Michael Carmody found her sympathetic; he had sung and danced in good old Harrigan and Hart times, when his brogue was inimitable, and even now he could sing "The Kerry Dance" in a voice—somewhat muffled in the high places—that filled Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner with longings for her youth. The great shock of red hair that had once covered the head of Mr. Michael Carmody was sprinkled with gray and it was very thin about the temples; his shoulders were slightly bent, and the legs that had been once—the story was apocryphal—those of *Romeo,* were thin and shriveled, and not improved by the fringes which much wear had added to his trousers. He was never weary of retailing the incidents of his début. He had driven the horses of the first real fire-engine seen on any stage, in one of Mr. Augustin Daly's early plays, and he declared with deep bitterness that the fastidious manager would have cast him for the melancholy *Jaques* had he been willing to have a really perfect nose "built up."

"Look at it!" he frequently said. "With a touch of grease paint 't would have graced *Julius Cæsar,* and *he* called it a pug! And that after I 'd given 'All the world 's a stage' in a way that was never done before!"

Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner—her name had been Jane Turner—loved theatrical people and theatrical anecdotes. She hung on his stories, and made him repeat them, in the evenings when, smoking his unwilling host's mixture in the one briar-wood pipe, with his feet in the same host's only pair of slippers, he held forth. On these occasions, seated in the only comfortable chair in the kitchen, he lectured on the lights and shadows in the lives of those who are as stars to the multitude. Maginnis and Mary Ann were kind-hearted people, and they heard with horror the stories he poured out night after night of the doings of the people of the stage.

"He 'll roast in purgatory for it!" exclaimed Mary Ann more than once.

"If I meet him in purgatory," said Maginnis, "I 'll be surprised and disappointed. 'T is lower he 'll go." And he pointed downward significantly.

Once when Mary Ann happened to mention an actress whom she had once seen and adored, Carmody said cruelly: "Opium. Drinks it like a fish." Mary Ann burst into tears, and Maginnis smote the pipe out of his guest's mouth in a rage.

"I 'll teach you," he said, "to say things like that!" And Carmody had slunk off to bed.

"You know," Maginnis added, when the guest had gone—"you know the actors can't be so bad as he says, Mrs. Towner. You seem to be a kind-hearted woman; how can you listen to him, ma'am?"

"Of course I don't believe all he says," Mrs. Towner had admitted; "but they were his rivals in the old days, and genius is never tolerant of rivalry. Besides, you know everybody likes to hear evil of stage people."

"Lord in heaven!" exclaimed Mary Ann, crossing herself, appalled. "If the creature had a good wife, she 'd keep him in order."

"I can see his faults," said Mrs. Towner, frankly, "and *I* think that after a month or so some of the Broadway varnish might be knocked off him by an energetic woman who 'd be willing to sacrifice herself."

Mrs. Towner actually winked at Maginnis, and her face took on a determined expression.

Carmody was the sharpest thorn in the life of Maginnis; he boasted, he borrowed, he lounged about the house from morning to night. He was harmless and good-natured, except in speech where the members of the "profession" were concerned, but of a selfishness in small matters that made the life of Maginnis a burden. Mary Ann, under the spell of Herself, bore the yoke, and Maginnis was compelled to endure it. But a time was at hand, he felt, when Carmody must be made to slide as down a greased pole from the sacred precincts of his home.

"Would you marry him?" asked Maginnis of the widow, with a bluntness which produced no resentment on the lady's part.

"I 'd make a great change in him, if I did—and he has asked me twice," she said. "I 'd make a man of him. He 's never known a real American woman in his life, and that 's the trouble with him. Some of my late Jack's relatives said I threw him down-stairs because he asked me to carry up a pitcher of ice-water for him."

"And did you?" asked Maginnis, enthralled and hopeful.

"No," said Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner, fiercely; "he ran—and with the pitcher after him."

"And it hit him?" asked Maginnis in a glow. "What can be done once can be done again."

"No," said Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner; "even in my excitement, I remembered that I was a lady, and I aimed for the left-hand bend of the bannister. I hope I 'm too good a Christian to give even a bad husband *all* he deserves. *I* could do a great deal with Carmody. He is only lazy and selfish, and most lazy and selfish people have n't really bad hearts; but you 've got to pound them well to break the crust off. If I thought he was n't a wreck, or if we had anything to keep us till I brought him to his senses, I 'd have him playing in vaudeville—weepy parts, with an Irish brogue, which he can use when he chooses to make the tears come, and we 'd be living quite comfortably. I 'm tired of this life, Maginnis."

This conversation took place on the day in October when Carmody, unshaven, unkempt, and depressed, had walked into Bracton, having been refused even the smallest loan by Maginnis, who had seen him the night before deliberately appropriate all the tenderloin of the beefsteak, while he told the oft-repeated tale of how he had refused the leading part in "A Parisian Romance" because Mansfield had threatened to kill him if he took it.

Maginnis and Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner were on their way into Bracton and had just reached a pathetic passage in their talk, at which the lady sighed over the improbability of reforming Mr. Carmody in her own tender way, when they reached Giulio's barber-shop. This "Tonsorial Emporium" bristled with announcements of "Five-cent shaves" and glowing advertisements of the famous "Sicilian Cream," made in the macaroni kettle when that utensil was not used by Signora Giulio, which, with massage and vapor baths (fifteen cents), worked wonders on the male complexion every Saturday night. Opposite Giulio's was the Olympia Laundry. Maginnis caught sight of Mr. Carmody standing behind Giulio's flamboyant sign; he was a picture of woe; he was more like the *Apothecary* than *Romeo*. Maginnis saw it and steered Mrs. Towner away from the doleful sight. Mary Ann watched her husband from her mother's parlor window. Mrs. Magee pointed out Mrs. Towner with a scornful finger.

"My poor lamb!" she said. "Look at the deceitful piece, and you believin' in him! Sure, there was never a Maginnis that brought anybody luck."

Mary Ann was unmoved by the sight; she was quite certain that Maginnis was not to be enticed by any woman; but the thought of her mother's marriage troubled her. At this moment the postman appeared, and handed Herself an envelop, with an English stamp, from which Herself took a letter, and then adjusted her spectacles.

There was a pause, during which Mary Ann saw Mrs. Towner agree apparently with resignation to something Maginnis said; then the lady of the pompeydoor turned into Crape Myrtle Street, on her way to dispose of "How to Get Rich in Wall Street," or the other celebrated

work, "The Sorrows of the Empress Josephine." In spite of her purple and mauve chiffon, she looked very lonely and unhappy.

"Carmody would give her an interest in life," reflected Maginnis, "and I 'm of the opinion that an affectionate woman had better have a bad husband than none at all."

Still he hesitated; but at that moment Mrs. Towner came back for the address of the superintendent of the new cotton oil works.

"I 'll tell you this, ma'am," said Maginnis, "that if Carmody asks you again, you 'd better take him. I am informed that his uncle has one of the finest estates in Kerry, and he 's the only heir, and the old man can't last a year. That 's why I 'm keeping him as an unpaying guest." He paused and added, under his breath, "the Lord forgive me!" But he went on: "Herself told me that five thousand pounds would n't cover his riches, and he of a fine family. His great grandmother on the mother's side was the third wife of Bart O'Connell, who was the great uncle of the great Daniel." Mrs. Towner appeared listless. "And the money 's sure to come to him!"

"I don't know about it," said Mrs. Towner. Then, oppressed by the thought of the weariness of her work, she said, with a show of energy: "Well, if he asks me again, I 'll take him. And you say he really has a rich uncle?"

"Have n't I said so?" asked Maginnis, reproachfully. Mrs. Towner nodded.

"It 's a bargain," she said. "He could at least carry these accursed volumes, that some days are as heavy as lead."

Mary Ann, with an open letter she had taken from her mother in her hand, waved both her arms imploringly toward Maginnis; but Herself, with stern displeasure in her face, took the missive from her, and pulled down the shade; and, alas! Maginnis, unaware of what was going on on the other side of that window-shade, seized Carmody by the shoulder and dragged him from behind Julio Giulio's red-and-yellow sign, on which were advertised hot baths, five-cent shaves, facial massage with Sicilian Cream, a panacea famous against the evil eye, and the sailings of the Mediterranean line. Mary Ann tried to raise the window-shade again; "I want a word with Maginnis," she said excitedly. "I want to warn him that you 're about to leave us, Mother; and I never, never thought you would!"

"I 'm my own mistress," returned Herself, with dignity, "and you 'll stay with me, or I 'll leave you."

Mary Ann, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sank into the depths of the red plush sofa.

"Carmody," Maginnis began, with great sweetness of manner, "I 've a tender heart."

Carmody cast a look of fire at his host. "I have heard you say it, but I have n't noticed myself. It 's hard for a Carmody to be beholden to a Maginnis. When the Carmodys were feasting in their own castle," continued this representative of that august family, twirling his unkempt mustache, "the Maginnises were boiling potato skins in water and calling it soup."

"Stop that, Mike," said Maginnis; "don't be insulting me, and me holding out the hand of peace. Come into Giulio's and have a shave and a hot bath and the whole bill of fare. I 've a tender heart; I 'm all sentiment; there 's a lady in love with you, and I 'm the last man to stand in the way of the tender passion."

"Whisper!" said Carmody, his watery blue eyes brightening. "Is it Herself?"

"I wish it was," returned Maginnis, fervently; "from the bottom of my heart, I wish it was! But, there, no such good luck as your taking that old spitfire to Ireland with you! No, 't is the most beauteous of her sex, Mrs. Towner."

Carmody straightened himself, and placed his right hand sentimentally in the left-hand pocket of a threadbare blue Norfolk jacket.

"I can't help attracting the ladies. There was Myrtle Wyncomb,—she was called the American Lydia Thompson,—she used to be great in burlesques,—she took to drink for my sake, and now she 's doing old woman in vaudeville. And when Edith de Wild was a soubrette with Harrigan and Hart—oh!" he sighed loudly, "you 'd never understand, Maginnis, you 've never been on the Great White Way."

"The lady 's willing," said Maginnis, dryly, "and I don't object to helping you along,—blood 's thicker than water,—to the extent of a new suit of clothes and

what Giulio can do, for you look like a tramp."

"You 're a brute, Maginnis! I know I 'm down on my luck; but only for a time. But I tell you this, if they put "Macbeth" on next autumn, they can't do without me. But enough. Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner is a woman who could help me; she has a fine presence, literary talent, and you have led me to believe that she has prudently amassed an amount sufficient to keep me from want while I await that opportunity which the vile taste of the public and the cupidity of managers cannot always deprive me of."

In a few minutes Carmody was stifled by soap-suds and silent in the hands of Giulio. Maginnis went over to the post-office to arrange some political work with a friend or two, and, on his return, he found Carmody quite rosy and fresh after all the delicate attentions—which cost Maginnis a dollar and a half—that the artistic Giulio could show him for the money. About the suit of clothes Maginnis and the unpaying guest had an altercation,—the guest insisting that the form that had excited intense enthusiasm and had rivaled Dixie's in "Adonis" should be clothed more in the manner of Solomon. It was finally purchased. Then Maginnis, wondering what Mary Ann would say to this reckless expenditure, led the haughty Carmody into the modest restaurant where Mrs. Towner took her midday meal of tea and chocolate éclairs. She was there. Maginnis ordered a somewhat more substantial refection, and after plying his knife and fork for a proper time, he left the lovers together.

"If it turns out well, 't will be a good day's work," he murmured as he made his way homeward, with the intention of digging potatoes during the rest of the afternoon; but a boy intercepted him with a message from the postmaster, whose place he sometimes took. When he reached home at last he found that Mary Ann was still absent. It was after six o'clock. The small colored servant handed him a note, which had been left, with a latch-key, on the kitchen table. It was written on gray paper, in purple ink, with great flourishes. In it Mrs. Towner said:

"You have been *so* good to *us!* Everything is arranged; we were married at five o'clock, and we start for Baltimore on the seven o'clock train. My husband will be *in time* the best of men."

Maginnis threw himself on the chintz-covered settee in the kitchen and howled for joy. Now he could smoke his own pipe. Now he could speak in his own house without contradiction. Now he could lounge in his big chair after the labors of the day. No more stories of how Carmody set actress after actress mad of love for him; now peace. "If it had only been Herself, and she on the train with him," he thought, perceiving a fly in the ointment. "If it only had, a happy man I 'd be this night."

The door opened, and in came Herself, in her best bonnet, with the purple plumes, and her gold watch-chain dangling over her magenta poplin gown. Mary Ann followed her, looking wretched and tearful.

Maginnis was petrified by this apparition. It meant no good; he knew it. He had not strength enough to move.

"Maginnis," she said haughtily, holding the door half-open, "I 've not come as your mother-in-law to make a friendly visit. Such you 've made impossible by your low manners. I enter as a bride elect; Mike Carmody's uncle died nine days ago, and he 's come into his fortune. Yesterday he laid it at my feet, and I 'm here to bring the good news to him, and to marry him, as he asked me. We 'll go back to Kerry, where I hope to live for the rest of my life, and drown in connubial bliss the tribulations I have known in this country, which I 'm sorry I ever came to, for here my daughter has demeaned herself. Where is Carmody?"

"Gone," said Maginnis—"gone, gone with his lawful wife, Mrs. Towner." And he turned his face to the wall. "Oh, Mary Ann, Mary Ann, the heart knows its own bitterness!" he moaned.

"Gone!" exclaimed Herself—"gone, and with that—pompeydoor!" and she slammed the door and stalked out into the gloom.

"But, Maginnis," said Mary Ann, joyously, "if he 's gone and married, Herself can't marry him, and then she will not leave us!"

"Say no more, Mary Ann," he moaned. He thought of Giulio's charges and the suit of clothes. Life was one vast blackness. "Say no more!" he groaned.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

"EVEN NOW HE COULD SING 'THE KERRY DANCE.'" (SEE PAGE 417)

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

OLD POTSDAM ON THE HAVEL

POTSDAM—THE PLAYGROUND OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

ROMANTIC GERMANY—III

WITH PICTURES BY HANS HERRMANN

IT would be as unjust to form an estimate of the Hohenzollerns or of their capital without visiting Potsdam as to form an estimate of Germany without visiting Bavaria. For Potsdam is more than "the Prussian Versailles." It represents the complement of those sterner Hohenzollern qualities which are embodied in the city of blood and iron.

Cold, colorless Berlin may well be seen on the gray days of standard Prussian weather. Sunlight seems exotic there. But the characteristic charm of Potsdam is revealed only when skies are bright and flowers are in bloom.

One should prepare himself for the visit by spending certain hours with the "History of Frederick the Great," and by studying, in the National Gallery, the pictures of Menzel, who created for our eyes the great character whom Carlyle created for our imaginations.

On the morning when the traveler awakes with the prospect of a sunny day in Sans Souci, he should chasten himself, leaving his Berlin-irritated critical faculty to seek what it may devour in the city, and with a free heart come away for a day of pure pleasure in the playground of the Hohenzollerns.

It is customary to visit Potsdam by rail and plunge at once into the rococo interior of the castle. But it is far better to rise early and alight at Wannsee;

for a better approach is by boat, or, better still, on foot through the pines and beside the quiet waters of that string of lakes called the River Havel.

One passes the Peacock Island, the home of the Great Elector's alchemist, where Frederick William III planted his famous garden of roses. It is a memorable experience to emerge from the perfume, the color, the breathless peace of wood and water, upon the magnificent sweep of road that skirts the Jungfern-See and to catch the first, faint glimpse of the spires and domes of Potsdam.

Near the bridge of Klein-Glienicke flashes out a glint of "the glory that was Greece,"— a copy of the choragic monument of Lysicrates,—to remind the wayfarer of Voltaire's exclamation: "Potsdam is Sparta and Athens in one."

Prince Leopold, who lives here in the lovely park of Klein-Glienicke, is no lover of art, and has made himself unpopular by refusing admittance to the castle and the hunting-lodge which the Great Elector built for himself in the days of elk and wildcat; but a Berlin painter who once made his way inside by impersonating an official has told me of the neglected, ancient marbles and the wonderful Venetian cloister he saw there.

Beyond the Southern waters, the Tudor Gothic of Babelsberg Castle shows through the trees, a style rare in these Northern lands and harmonizing with the Flatow-Turm, which was copied from Frankfort's finest gate-tower. The first German emperor spent his last days at Babelsberg, and nowhere else may you have so vivid an impression of the character of that plain, kindly, ascetic old soldier.

Across the bridge and beyond the "Berlin Suburb," the marble palace rises from among the trees beside the Holy Lake, the birthplace and home of the present crown prince. Seen from the opposite shore, the building has a really monumental effect, and the classical forms are handled with unusual elegance. Gontard, the architect of the twin towers in Berlin's Gendarmen-Markt, created in this palace the sincerest example of the insincere "Wig-style."

Through these grounds, along the shore of the Jungfern-See, a charming path leads to the Pfingstberg, with its huge, unfin-

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE CASTLE IN POTSDAM AND THE TREE OF PETITIONS

Drawn by Hans Herrmann

BABELSBERG

ished belvedere in the style of the Florentine renaissance.

It is difficult not to spend days among these outposts of Potsdam. Indeed, it is an achievement to gain a clear idea of the city, so numerous are its interesting points and so widely dispersed.

The way to the oldest part of town leads through the drowsy Dutch quarter, the austere red-brick houses of which, with their unfamiliar gables, were built by Frederick William I in a curious fit of enthusiasm for the architecture of Holland. Through a courtly old street flows a canal—a dozing canal—the function of which is to float its groups of stately swans and to convince the traveler that he is in some quiet corner of Amsterdam.

Beside the Church of the Holy Ghost, in the shadow of Potsdam's finest steeple, one may linger, watching the informal river life and enjoying the quaint houses that huddle on the banks. This is the site of Potsdam's earliest civilization. Here in the swamp lived the ancient Semnones until, in the fourth century, they were driven away by the Wends, who called the place "Potzdupimi," "Under the Oaks." These people gave their Slavic names to all the places of the neighborhood. It is interesting to know that although most of these names have lived, the remnants of the elder Teutonic population managed to preserve traces of their ancient religion; for the legend of "The Wild Hunt" is a chapter from the life of Odin; and even the modern belief in the nightly apparition of a white horse near the Long Bridge may be traceable to Odin's horse Sleipnir.

From the early Hohenzollerns and the Thirty Years' War the town suffered many things, and gained importance only with the rise of its mighty neighbor, Berlin. Then it became the royal playground.

The castle was begun by the Great Elector, and finished by Frederick the Great, in a pleasant classical style in the midst of a wicked and perverse generation of architecture. Its noble colonnade is the first thing to greet the traveler coming from the station, and the mellow orange tint of its walls is grateful after the colorless façades of Berlin. Indeed, this color contrast between the cities is symbolic; for one is the office of the Hohenzollerns, the other, their garden.

The castle stands for the two men who have done most for Potsdam: Frederick William I, who cared for its utility, and his great son, who developed its beauty. The rooms of the Spartan king have been left as bare and forbidding as even his taste could have desired. Above his death-bed are two atrocious pictures painted by him while he had the gout (*In tormentis pinxit* F. W.), one of which portrays a nude female with two left feet. And here are a chair and a clock which he constructed under the same grim conditions of "torment." Memories of the notorious Tobacco Parliament still hang about the castle. This function was at once an informal council of state and a royal "rough-house." It is not definitely known in which room it was held, for Frederick the Great loathed smoke and

obliterated all traces of the odious custom; but one cannot wander through the west wing without imagining the fat king and his courtiers seated about a table with pipes, beer, and pans of burning peat, having their Brobdingnagian fun with poor Dr. Gundling, author, President of the Academy of Sciences, and court fool.

Frederick the Great ushered in a more humane period, and it is a relief to pass on to his rooms, which have been preserved as religiously as the study of Goethe at Frankfort. There is the confidential dining-room, the trap-door table of which communicated with the kitchen, an invention of Frederick's to foil long-eared servants.

The library consists of the works of Voltaire, some of the king's own writings unbound, and French translations of the classics. For French was his language; he read little German, and never learned to speak or write it correctly. Before Napoleon's invasion, the silver furniture was painted black, a needless precaution; for the conqueror allowed nothing but the paintings to be disturbed, and merely cut a strip of silk as a souvenir from Frederick's desk in the writing-room. Here the upholstery is much torn by the claws of the king's favorite dog, and his pet brass gargoyle still disgorges warm air from a corner. Outside the window is the "Petition Linden," where any subject with a grievance used to wait for the kindly Frederick, who believed in the "square deal," if ruler ever did. In case they had to wait too long, they would climb the tree and flutter their petitions from its branches. Then Frederick would see the reflection in the mirror by his desk, and come to the window.

His answer to one of these petitions in the second month of his reign brought him world-wide renown. The Fiscal-General sent in a complaint that the Roman Catholics were proselytizing. On the margin Frederick, in his wretched German, annotated this sentence:

"Die Religionen Müsen alle Tollerirt werden, und Mus der Fiscal nuhr das Auge darauf haben, das keine der andern abrug Tuhe, den hier mus ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich werden." ("All re-

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE MARBLE PALACE ON THE HOLY LAKE

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE OLD MARKET

ligions must be tolerated, and the Fiscal must have an eye that none encroach unjustly on the other; for in this country every one must get to heaven in his own way.")

The castle possesses one of the most friendly of palace interiors. There the brilliant rococo decorations of Knobelsdorff ramble about, naïvely unconcerned with the structural and the official. And —blessed change from Berlin usage—the guides are men, not weapons of offense.

Both Frederick and his father made a point of reviewing the daily drill on the parade-ground south of the castle, and to this day the spring parade at Potsdam is the most brilliant event of its kind. I remember attending one of these pageants at the invitation of the foreign office. Even the card of admission was strictly military, prescribing where to stand, what to wear, and exactly when to vacate the rampart in favor of the "allerhöchsten Herrschaften." After Berlin, the brilliant uniforms were almost blinding. The Lustgarten was a rainbow, and though

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THE BROAD BRIDGE IN POTSDAM

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN IN SANS SOUCI PARK, WITH THE TERRACES AND PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND

too small for a parade-ground, it was pleasant to have the trees so near. It lent an added charm of mystery and surprise to have a company suddenly charge out of the wood, leaving between the trunks only the sunlight mirrored from the steel-like surface of the Havel.

Such a scene is characteristic of Potsdam's military life. In no other German city is it so picturesque, and it has had this quality ever since the days of Frederick William I and his mania for tall grenadiers. Even the uniforms are more attractive than others, and I shall long remember the picture of a military harvest here, the soldiers in scarlet, gold-barred jackets riding as postilions before ricks heaped with golden grain. It seems as though troops were forever marching past the obelisk in the Old Market, between the noble portal of the castle and the nobler dome of Schinkel's Church of St. Nicholas. And they step out as though aware of being important and harmonious elements of the composition.

In the Garrison Church, near the barracks which adjoin the Lustgarten, is the tomb of Frederick the Great. His will left directions that he be buried with his favorite dog on the terrace before Sans Souci; but his successor cruelly buried him in church beside his cruel father. When Napoleon visited the place, he bowed the knee and exclaimed, "If this one were alive, I should not now be here." Then he stole the conqueror's sword, which hung above the grave. The German people have never forgiven this outrage, and, by way of reparation, have hung the church with mellow old standards captured from French armies. When the first emperor placed his trophies there he exclaimed: "God was with us. His alone is the glory." In the royal vault one evening in 1805, Frederick William III and Alexander I of Russia sealed their friendship and laid the foundations of the Russo-German Alliance.

MARBLE STATUE OF MARS IN SANS SOUCI PARK

On its way to Sans Souci, the tram passes the Wilhelms-Platz, an eloquent testimony to the practical nature of old Frederick William I. This was the site of the Lazy Lake, and the picturesque canal was dug to drain it; but the lake was too lazy even for canal adventures, and had to be filled in, a labor of years. For the greater part of his reign Frederick William struggled obstinately with this problem, but the site of the Lazy Lake could not be called terra firma until his son brought more modern methods to bear on it.

The domestic architecture of Potsdam may best be studied in the Nauener, Charlotten, and Hoditz Strassen. Under the two soldier-kings, even the houses were forced into uniform, and one may see whole streets of quaint, two-storied façades, with baldachined windows and tall, classical columns topped by putti and plump urns of plenty, a dignified style, staid and self-important perhaps, yet gracious and in perfect harmony with its setting.

As one goes westward, farther and farther from the asperities of Berlin, the atmosphere grows friendlier, and, as it seems, less Prussian, until—wonder of wonders!—there appears a real Italian campanile.

That lover of Italy, Frederick William IV, modeled the Church of Peace after the Roman San Clemente, with a bell-tower copied after Santa Maria in Cosmedin. The corner-stone was laid on the centenary of Sans Souci, and the king wrote to Bishop Eylert:

After much thought, I will name the new su-

burban church "Christ Church" or "Church of Peace." A church belonging to the grounds of a palace that bears the name "Sans Souci," "Care-free," strikes me as suitable to

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ALLEY IN SANS SOUCI PARK

dedicate to the eternal Prince of Peace; and so to confront—or, better still, to contrast—the worldly negative "Care-free" with the spiritually positive, "Peace."

Here in the mausoleum the Emperor Frederick III (father of the present Emperor) lies in a sarcophagus of Greek marble under a dome of Venetian mosaic. But the cloisters are best of all. To come suddenly upon such cloisters in Prussia is as though an arctic explorer should stumble upon "a beaker full of the warm south."

Near the mausoleum entrance are Rauch's "Moses" and Thorwaldsen's

"Christ," the latter a replica of the dominant figure in the Frue Kirke in Copenhagen.

But one forgets them in looking out between the columns of the ivied cloisters to the pools, the gay, shadow-flecked turf, and the May foliage of Sans Souci. I shall never forget the morning I first entered those gardens. Rhododendrons were everywhere in royal purple, lavender, old rose, and white. There were fuchsias and honeysuckles among copper-beeches that grew like single, huge, austere flowers. There were effective arrangements of hawthorne, and the lindens were in full flower. Little daisies made specks of brightness on the springy, swarded banks of a lazy brook, where willows drooped over drowsing lily-pads. There were rose-bushes as tall as Frederick William's grenadiers, who used to grow vegetables on the very spot where a goat-footed marble Marsyas now capered gaily to save his skin, among clouds of lilac and great, blooming fig-trees. Delightfully un-Prussian gardeners snored under sacking in the shade, and their new-mown grass lay heaped informally by them on the walks. The branches were full of exquisite bird-song, and the thought came that the musical Frederick must have stocked his gardens with songsters as he stocked his palaces with philosophers and painters and musicians. May the birds of Sans Souci prove as hardy a race as the Hohenzollerns themselves!

Drawn by Hans Herrmann

THE RUINENBERG, THE RUINS BUILT BY FREDERICK THE GREAT NORTH OF SANS SOUCI

The grounds were full of surprises. I came upon masses of fern backed by feathery spruces, dwarf cypresses, and curious, glistening trees that crawled on the ground, smothered in ivy.

Drawn by Hans Herrmann

VIEW OF THE PALACE OF SANS SOUCI FROM THE RUINENBERG

At three, the old gardeners whom I had left snoring at eleven were still making music in the shade, and I rejoiced to find that here the discipline of the land was suitably relaxed.

Berlin is strictly business to the Hohenzollerns; but they do not let that grim affair spoil the sweetness of Potsdam. The people seem human and sympathetic, the mar-

Drawn by Hans Herrmann. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE STATUE OF THE ARCHER AND THE OLD MILL

tial statuary gentle and amateurish after the ferocity of Berlin. Even the four Romans about one of the fountains who are hurrying away with the four Sabines are doing it like gentlemen, and the frowns of the ladies are palpably assumed. A lion and a tiger, both on the verge of purring, watch you as you climb toward an arch surmounted by the most genial eagle in the world. Beside the main fountain there is a statue of Mars shying a little javelin. His dog-like wolf is joyously on the bound to retrieve it, and you fancy that the man of might is about to wink at Mercury, who is placidly tying his winged shoes over beyond the goldfishes, and at Diana, who is taking a roguish ride on an inimitable dragon.

This is a glad place for picnics, and the Germans, who lead a jolly out-of-door life, seem to make the spot their rendezvous. From the splendid fountain little Noah's-ark evergreens run uphill to my favorite bit of rococo. With a childish gravity Sans Souci, in pale orange, sits up there above its enormous terraces, with its flat, water-green cupola and its dear, absurd statues, which one can take no more seriously than an idyl of Lancret or a fête of Watteau. I shall always see it as in that first glimpse, with a foreground of happy goldfish and Germans, through a veil of iridescent spray, and flanked by

masses of foliage. I particularly like Carlyle's account of the tiny palace:

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci, —an elegant commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round,—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. (Second Silesian.) April 14, 1745. . . . the foundation-stone was laid (Knobelsdorff being architect,) . . . and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May 1747, that the formal occupation took place. . . . For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favourite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. "*Sans-Souci*"; which we may translate "No-Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighborhood. . . .

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? "*No*-Bother" was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, "*Less*-Bother!" The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once *there*, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumoured of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumour in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "Sans-Souci."

The lines of orange-trees before the castle recall a celebrated piece of diplomacy. Frederick once complained to the French ambassador that his oranges did not thrive in such a cold climate. This was so painfully evident as to give the courtier a bad moment. Then he answered: "Your Majesty may at least console himself with the thought that however it may be with your orange-trees, your laurels can never fade."

My guide through this toy palace was unfortunately of the aggravated Berlin type. But even he could not entirely spoil my pleasure in the vivid mementoes of this mighty age and in the pure French style of the decoration, one of the most brilliant examples of rococo art in the land. I longed to shut the door upon the fellow and his guttural voice, and dream of the great little man who talked such bad German and of the Versailles of his ideals.

Scattered through the rooms are many of the better paintings of the Watteau school, and the library is a veritable gem of pure Louis Quinze style, with French classics and a fine bust of Homer.

Voltaire's apartment throws light on the relations between the king and the philosopher, for Frederick himself designed the decorations. There are birds of passage on the walls to symbolize Voltaire's love of travel, peacocks for his vanity, monkeys for his homeliness, squirrels for his love of dainties, and parrots for his curiosity. To crown all, scenes from the fables of La Fontaine are embroidered on the upholstery, to remind him of the author he most detested. This is a faint but significant echo of the heartless generation before, the days of Gundling's bear-baiting.

In the music-room are the king's old spinet and music-stand, with an autograph flute sonata by his master Quantz, and the clock that is said to have stopped when Frederick's life ran down—at twenty minutes past two on the morning of August 17, 1786.

In his last days old Fritz was fond of sitting on the terrace outside, looking upon the beauty he had created out of a

miserable, barren hillside. And one afternoon, as he gazed into the sun, he was heard to murmur, "Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon." In the chamber where he died there is a marble of him in his last moments by Magnussen. He is sitting with his favorite dog, looking back with keen, weary eyes upon his life, as though not wholly dissatisfied, but content not to try it again. On his last midnight he noticed his dog shivering with cold. "Throw a quilt over it!" he commanded. His last utterance came after a severe fit of choking: "La montagne est passée; nous irons mieux." ("The mountain is passed; we shall go better now.")

The picture-gallery, with a few good Dutch paintings, lies on one side of the castle, balanced on the other by the famous mill of Sans Souci.

History—or more probably legend—relates that Frederick coveted the mill, and when the miller refused to sell, threatened angrily to bring suit. "Ah," retorted the miller, "but there are still *judges* in Berlin!" and he kept his mill. It remains one of the most delightful landmarks of Potsdam. In the Sicilian Garden below, in an open space surrounded by beechen arbors, stands a modern Apollo amid scarlet geraniums. I know not whether the humor was conscious or unconscious that placed there the god of war and music and poetry, bending his brazen bow toward the mill, symbolizing the attitude of his eighteenth-century successor and viewed from the terrace above by judicial, white philosophers.

Near the obelisk outside the main gate is a delightful, wooded spot looking over a sheet of water to the Italian cloisters, a corner where nurses in the quaint costume of the Spreewald love to congregate.

Taking a southern route through the outskirts of town to the New Palace, I came upon such homely scenes as are dear to the dweller in cities. An old man was making rope in a field where women were hoeing; barefoot peasant girls in bright rags were filling a flat-car with sand; behind some crazy palings near a thread of brook I saw a little brother and sister holding a tow-headed baby above a fence to compete in a crowing contest with an appreciative and lusty rooster.

Charlottenhof, an Italian villa built by Schinkel for Frederick William IV, lies in a wilder stretch of Sans Souci park, a charmingly effective bit of architecture, with its loggia and formal garden. It is a cabinet of curiosities and of antiques, many of which the king excavated in Italy. Here Alexander von Humboldt wrote his "Cosmos."

The New Palace was built by Frederick the Great after the Seven-Years' War, in a spirit of bravado, to show the nations that fighting had not drained his purse. It is one of the most elaborate efforts of later baroque art. The creamy sandstone pilasters and statuary, the round, high windows, with their cherub decorations, are most effective against the light brick of the façade. The effect is more enjoyable from among the distant orange-trees of the eastern garden where the coarseness of the too abundant statues does not intrude. It is better simply to be aware of the vivacious or sentimental poses outlined against the mellowing sky of late afternoon, and the pleasant harmony of the whole, capped judiciously by the dusky, bronze dome. On the western side this dome has a lighter patina, which does not blend so well with the richer ornamentation of the winged façade. But the outbuildings called *Communs* balance the palace picturesquely, with their ivied walls and the neglected pavements of the colonnades, between the mossy stones of which the rank, assertive green of earth presses upward. Here the statues, unlike their less fortunate brethren, look as though they had never seen soap, and friendly trees grow close about them. From here there are grandly sweeping vistas north and south, which give an idea of the immensity of the park. It is said that its maintenance costs the Emperor $150,000 a year.

The New Palace has 200 rooms, the decoration of which rivals the exuberant fantasy of Sans Souci, but gives only faint echoes of its elegance. For the one is French through and through, the other only an excellent German imitation. But the New Palace contains the best canvas that I have ever seen in a Hohenzollern residence, an "Adoration of the Magi" in Rubens's least worldly style,—a picture akin in spirit to the "Last Supper" in the Brera at Milan.

The Orangery is a decorative building resembling the belvedere on the Pfingst-

berg, filled with unimportant sculpture and copies of Raphael, and topped with towers that give an incomparable view of the gardens. On the terrace are the wonderful Chinese astronomical instruments which Germany appropriated during the Boxer Uprising, remarkable examples of Eastern bronze-casting and of Western greed.

I found the country north of Sans Souci delightful, and the message of the big forget-me-nots that studded the grass on the way to the Ruinenberg was quite redundant. As I sat in the woods thinking it all over, a wanderer went strolling by, actually drawing real music from that antimusical instrument, the harmonica. And the whole place was alive with the spirit of his art.

Above, at the end of a meadow, loomed the artificial ruins which Frederick had built. It struck me as pathetic that the man who had unwillingly made so many modern ruins should have felt a craving for ancient ones. There were three Roman columns, with a fragment of entablature from which young saplings sprouted; a dwarfed pyramid of Cestius, a little round temple, a tower, and a segment of amphitheater about a basin of water.

The bloom of a giant tree lay like snow on the surface, like eider-down on the earth. Ever since coming upon that Roman campanile below, I had been breathing the atmosphere of Latin lands, and even the exotic Berlin lackey had not made me quite realize where I was. I had just walked in a meadow that might have been trod by the feet of the Gracchi and Brutus to a ruin that might have been in Tivoli. It remained for the height of the tower, with its broader outlook, to restore me gradually to the German atmosphere.

Southeastward lay Potsdam, with its picturesque steeples and cupolas, and, across the sparkling ribbon of river, the half-timbered walls of the military academy. Southward, beyond the campanile, spread the reaches of the Havel, flecked with the white wings of yachts. In the foreground stood the little house where Frederick hoped to find peace, and his pathetic ruins, with their snowy sheet of water. In the southwest, over a green, billowy field of grain and an ocean of boughs rose three towers and the dome of the New Palace. Northward, like a turgid lake, spread the wastes of the parade-ground. On the horizon were etched the spires of Spandau. While to the northeast, beyond the fair waters of three lakes and the long sweep of the Grunewald, I saw, or seemed to see, a huge, dark dome dominating a huge, dark Berlin, even as, viewed from Tivoli across the Campagna, St. Peter's dominates the Eternal City.

THE PLEASE CHILD

BY AMY WENTWORTH STONE

PROFESSOR JOSEPH WHITCOMB adorned the chair of philosophy at Sunderland University, and his wife, a young person with a refulgent college record, had spent the first three years of their married life in constructing a thesis upon "The Total Aspect of the Concept of Volition in the Child's Mind as related to the Spontaneous Simultaneity of Certain External Coercive Phenomena." The reward of this excursion among the intricacies of the juvenile mind was a degree of Ph.D. and Edward arriving on the scene at this fortuitous period, the well-equipped Mrs. Whitcomb stepped happily, as it were, from the class-room to the laboratory, and proceeded, in the rôle of an external coercive phenomenon, to the application of her thesis.

The friends of the family, when informed of Edward's being, received the news on the whole more calmly than might have been expected. Some marveled at his advantages, others of a more subtle

make-up cried out, "Oh, heavens!" and all regarded with unremitting joy the workings of a schedule which went into effect the day on which Edward was born. The bed-rock principle of this schedule was the inviolability of his sacred little will. The rights of his unique individuality were not to be disregarded by arbitrary commands from without. His consecrated little personality was to be allowed to expand and flower according to the laws of its own being. He was to be led to embrace the right through love —love first of his parents, and subsequently, by a natural transition, of right for right's sake. Such were the texts from which Edward's mother discoursed to her less erudite sisters among the faculty wives. What could one expect, she inveighed, but despotic men as the natural outcome of boys who were roughly ordered hither and thither during their entire childhood? A child should be wrapped about with a mantle of true courtesy, he should be made to feel that a request prefaced with the word "please" was vastly more compelling than any arbitrary command. Thus she rippled on, while the other ladies wondered and envied.

It was observed, however, that at the age of eight, Edward's consecrated little personality had so far expanded and flowered according to the laws of its own being as to threaten to annihilate all the other consecrated personalities in the house. The please-principle, moreover, appeared to be not always compelling, as reported in faculty circles by the wife of the professor of history, who lunched one day with Mrs. Whitcomb.

"Edward darling," had said his parent on that occasion, "will you please go up and fetch mama's glasses from the bureau."

"Well, no, Mama, not just now. I am very busy." (He was in fact employed at the moment with an engaging set of sliced birds.)

"But if you don't go, dear, poor mama will have to climb all those stairs, and you know she has been out all the morning and is tired."

"All right, Mama. I am afraid you will have to go," replied her fertile son; and she went.

It will thus be perceived that Edward's personality had not at this period advanced a distance perceptible to the naked eye along the road to right for right's sake. Nor had Edward been slow in discovering that sin was without incommodious result when followed by the artless formula, "Indeed, I am truly sorry, Mama." This was life simplified to the n^{th} degree. But, after all, that which perhaps most maddened the watching relatives was the certain knowledge that the future held for them no solace of triumph; that nothing could prevent Edward, with his august ancestry, from somehow developing into an irreproachable young man.

When he was eight there occurred at the Whitcombs' a kitchen cataclysm—than which there is no cataclysm more shattering to peace of body and soul. The doting Ellen, who for seven years had been Edward's unquestioning slave, anticipating as it were every concept of his volition, was wooed, won, and tearfully led forth by the janitor of the men's dormitory. Edward had confidently besought her with his most engaging *please* to relinquish the janitor, but the latter seemed familiar with persuasion of a more potent sort, and the Whitcombs faced the bleak despair of an interregnum.

In due course a new incumbent was installed in the kitchen. She was a large person, with short hair and a slightly undershot jaw. Edward heard his mother tell his father that her references said "strong and willing," but it made little impression upon him at the time. He remembered it afterward.

Honora arrived on a Friday, but it was not until the following Sunday that Edward took her measure.

"Mama, how are we going to have our eggs?" he was moved to ask as the family sat down to breakfast.

"We have griddle-cakes this morning, love."

"Well now, Mama, I want something different from the rest. I want an egg," pursued Edward.

"Go out, then, dear, and tell Honora," replied his reckless parent.

Edward thereupon strutted forth. He found Honora standing with arms akimbo before the griddle, upon which three golden cakes sputtered deliciously.

"I want an egg, please," Edward informed her.

It was as if he were not.

"I say I want an egg, please," he repeated indulgently.

One of the cakes was slapped over with startling suddenness.

"I said please," he patiently explained.

The undershot jaw opened:

"When yer mommer tells me to cook an egg for ye ye 'll get it. It 's her I 'm takin' orders from."

To Edward the end of all things seemed at hand.

"Pack!" she said, flourishing the griddle fork in his direction. "Ye 're in my way."

Upon Monday morning Mrs. Whitcomb was called to the telephone by the president of the Ladies' Guild of Saint Andrew's Church. Their open meeting was to be held that afternoon, explained the distraught president, and at the last moment their principal speaker had failed them. *Could* and *would* Mrs. Whitcomb be willing to come down and help and inspire them all by reading her wonderful paper on "Love or the Lash"? It would be *such* a favor. Mrs. Whitcomb urged that she was in the clutches of a new servant. The president drew a melting picture of a roomful of mothers waiting hungrily for the word of truth. And the upshot of it was that Mrs. Whitcomb promised to try to arrange about leaving Edward and come. For Edward was not yet in school. His parents had decreed that until the age of nine he must address himself to the acquiring of a perfect physique, untrammeled by any artificial stimulus of the intellect. There were isolated moments, however, when Mrs. Whitcomb felt that she could have endured the sight of her son in somewhat shattered health for the chance of immuring him five hours a day in school. On the present occasion she decided to venture leaving Honora to his tender mercies for the afternoon, and at two o'clock she accordingly departed.

Now it chanced that a disheartening drizzle was in progress without, which, while it did not deter Mrs. Whitcomb from setting forth upon errands of mercy, alike deterred Honora from hanging the wash in the yard and Edward from expanding and flowering in the freedom of outdoors. Honora, in fact, in no very placid frame of mind, was engaged at the moment of Mrs. Whitcomb's departure in fastening linen-mesh garments (linen-mesh was another article of the Whitcomb creed) upon intricate ropes in the cement basement. Edward could hear her shuffling about, as he sauntered into the kitchen in search of diversion—that kitchen where it had been his wont to spend long congenial afternoons with Ellen. The aspect of things to-day was, however, singularly undiverting. The wringer, to be sure, still stood attached to the walls of the set-tubs. Edward toyed with it a moment, idly putting through its moist cylinders some neighboring dish-towels, a fresh white apron of Honora's, and an inoffensive pair of rubbers; but this was an ancient and barren sport.

"Say," he presently vociferated down the basement stairs, "I want a cooky, please."

There was no sound from below but the flapping of the slippers and an ominous snap of a sheet in the air.

"I say I want a cooky, please."

Then there rose a Voice.

"An' do ye think I 've got time, what with all these musquiter nettin' clo'es, to be chasin' after you?" Linen-mesh was obviously getting on Honora's nerves.

"But I said *please,*" pursued the fatuous Edward.

The air was rent by the terrific snap of another sheet.

Edward deemed it discreet to move once more into the kitchen. A knowledge of the location of the cooky tin served now, as ever, as a supplement to the somewhat halting please-principle. Having fortified himself, he paused entranced by a new and interesting spectacle. Upon the table stood a small square box in which were stored engaging rows of marbles of a shrieking blue. Now Ellen had been wont of a Monday to pour forth from a chaste flat bottle, but it happened that the relative merits of bluings being a subject about which Mrs. Whitcomb had not yet formulated a theory, Honora's taste for ball-bluing had been indulged. Edward approached the table and picked up one of the little marbles. It was soft and velvety, and it smeared his fingers charmingly. He drew it slowly across the spotless surface of the table, where it left

a luscious mark. He then had an inspiration, and set to work to color the unfortunate wringer a complete blue. When he had finished, he found the result so ravishing that he decided to undertake a systematic decoration of the landscape. When he rested from his labors, the total aspect of the kitchen was cerulean. An incomplete list of the alterations follows:

The unsuspecting white cat, cowering before the stove, resembled a section of a barber's pole.

The roller-towel had assumed a loud blue check.

Four loaves of bread upon the table were decorated with lines of free and simple dignity.

The wicker seat of the rocker was filled in with an arts and crafts design.

There was writing upon the wall, reiterative, obscure, and affronting: "Old Hunora is a rorer; old Hunora is a rorer."

From which it will be observed that Edward's intellect had been artificially stimulated in the matter of writing, despite all precautions.

Upon the surface of the table appeared a bold Preraphaelite sketch of Honora.

Upon Edward's face and bare arms was displayed a series of tattoos in happy imitation of the college gardener, who had long typified to Edward all that was manly and heroic.

Now as he gazed, a disquieting sense of the surrounding havoc came upon him, and he conceived that he would have to employ the formula about being truly sorry. And then an unfortunate impulse seized him. He took the one remaining ball, and proceeded to draw a hop-scotch ground upon the floor. When it was done, and the numbers put in in terrifying lines, he selected a piece of coal from the hod and began to play against himself. The effect of this in the basement was at once perceptible. A ponderous body moved toward the stairs, and there was an approaching flip-flap. Edward straddled the hop-scotch squares somewhat uneasily. Then Honora heaved through the doorway and stopped with a jolt. Her eyes wandered from the tattooed Edward to the degraded cat, from the degraded cat to the writing on the wall, from the writing on the wall to the Preraphaelite head. The undershot jaw refused for several seconds to move. Then Edward heard strange and wonderful words.

"I 'm truly sorry," he warbled.

"Sorry, is it?" echoed the now eloquent Honora. "Well, it 's sorrier I 'll have ye here in five minutes."

Things even stranger and more wonderful were about to follow. The horrified Edward felt for the first time an iron hand upon his collar as his consecrated personality was guided to a chair.

"Wha—wha—what you going to do?" he queried. "Did n't you hear me say I was *truly sorry?*"

Honora had flapped into the pantry, whence she reappeared, bearing a large, flat, corrugated implement used for making butterballs.

It was during the ensuing seconds that Edward recalled those descriptive words in Honora's reference, "strong and willing."

At five o'clock Mrs. Whitcomb, having torn herself from the converted and adoring mothers, reëntered her house and proceeded in search of her son. In the dining-room she came upon a scene of peculiar peace. The snug fire crackled in the grate, the red lamp shed warm rays upon the walls, the canary swung cozily upon his perch, Honora was setting the table, and Edward sat in an unobtrusive chair against the wall.

"Well, how 's my darling?" cooed his mother.

The undershot jaw was seen to work convulsively without opening. Edward rose and bestowed upon his mother a restrained and unassuming kiss.

"Does little son want to do something for mama, dear? Will he please run over to the Administration Building and leave word for the janitor?"

"Well, no, Mama; I—" began little son.

The undershot jaw moved again, and this time it opened:

"Did ye hear yer mommer? Now pack!" And Edward disappeared out of the door in the hatless haste of one projected. As Mrs. Whitcomb watched his precipitate course toward the Administration Building she was struck as never before with the total aspect of the concept of volition and its spontaneous simultaneity, and she marveled even while she deprecated.

POE AND MRS. WHITMAN

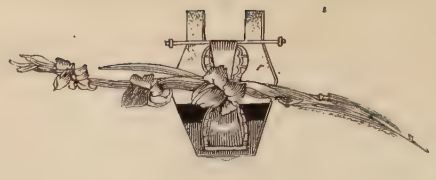
NEW LIGHT ON A ROMANTIC EPISODE

BY JAMES A. HARRISON AND
CHARLOTTE F. DAILEY

It should be remembered to the credit of that most tuneful of America's poets, the sad-hearted, the fated Poe, that he was ever faithful to his "child wife," and that all the women to whom he was attracted were women of refinement. After the death of his wife occurred the tempestuous wooing of the poet, Mrs. Whitman. Fourteen years before this there was a "romance" in French literary life involving the relations between a brilliant poet and a great novelist. The literature of that episode is unhappily unending, and contains an element which brings into strong and fortunate contrast the love-passage in the life of the American poets.

The sisters, Miss Dailey and Mrs. Chace, who are in possession of the entire Poe-Whitman correspondence, have placed the material before Professor Harrison, editor of the Virginia edition of Poe's complete works. He has prepared a paper in which Poe's letters are given without omission, garbling, or diversion, and in their proper order and arrangement, instead of as they have hitherto appeared in the version brought out by Mr. Ingram and reprinted in Professor Harrison's edition of Poe. The imperfect character of that version is probably owing to the form in which copies were handed to Mr. Ingram at the time. So long as it was seen fit to print the letters in a garbled form, in any future edition of the writings of Poe these letters should be presented as in the Dailey-Chace manuscripts, if at all. Meantime we print here some notes by Professor Harrison, and some of the documents belonging to the series, which throw new light on the subject, and especially on Mrs. Whitman's attitude. Among these papers will be found certain documents attesting the fact, sometimes denied, that a marriage was positively to have taken place.

The fact that the Valentine party which led to the acquaintance of the poets took place at the Waverly Place home of the Bottas seems to bring the narrative near our own time. For in the early days of this magazine Professor Vincenzo Botta and his talented and gracious wife were still the center of a large literary coterie in New York. If any one ever held an intellectual *salon* in the metropolis, certainly this distinction belongs to Mrs. Botta (Miss Lynch), who as late as the seventies, no less than in the forties, had the art of gathering around her most of the men and women of light and leading in our city.—The Editor.



THE ROMANCE OF POE AND MRS. WHITMAN

ONE of her recent critics and biographers has described Mrs. Whitman and her acquaintance with Poe in the following terms:

> Helen—my Helen—the Helen of a thousand dreams!

Such are the words in one of Poe's impassioned letters to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, which from now on form the key-note of his existence, an existence in which the love of woman, the adoration of the Womanly, had always formed an essential part. Starting with his devotion to the gentle Mrs. Allan, and to Mrs. Stanard, continuing with his adoration of his child-wife, and of his "more than mother," concentrating into affectionate admiration for Mrs. Shew and Mrs. Osgood, all the love that was now left in Poe's volcanic nature rose to brief fever-heat in the passion for the beautiful and spiritual New England soul that had

> Come up through the lair of the lion,
> With love in her luminous eyes,

and smiled at him over the "legended tomb" of the lost Ulalume.

Rarely gifted as a poet herself, accomplished in many literatures, imbued with the culture of France and Germany, and tracing descent from an ancient Celtic-Norman stock to which she believed Poe's lineage also ran up,[1] Sarah Helen Power was born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 19 (Poe's birthday), 1803, and died June 27, 1878. Marrying John W. Whitman, a lawyer of Boston, in 1828, she was left a widow by his death in 1833. Betrothed to Edgar Poe in 1848, a few months before his death, the engagement was broken on the eve of the marriage by the interference of friends. The early life of the poet was shadowed by the long absence of her father, and her later years were almost wholly devoted to a sister, left her in sacred charge by her mother. The poem "In Memoriam" is the requiem of this sister. This poem, Mrs. Whitman's last, has all the intellectual vigor of youth, though written at the age of seventy-five. The freshness of her spirit and the charm of her presence were not lost in the vicissitudes of a life of strange and romantic experience. No one ever associated with her the idea of age. She is represented as lying beautiful as a bride in death, her brown hair scarcely touched with gray. . . .

. . . Mrs. Whitman's poems, to an unusual degree, illustrate the author's life. By her direction the poems relating to Edgar Poe . . . have been grouped together, though not placed under a separate head. To this group belong "Remembered Music," "Our Island of Dreams," "The Last Flowers," "Song," "Withered Flowers," "The Phantom Voice," "Arcturus in October," "Resurgemus," the six "Sonnets To ——," "Arcturus in April," and "The Portrait."

In 1859 Mrs. Whitman published the little book, "Edgar Poe and his Critics," of which Curtis wrote in "Harper's Weekly": "In reading the exquisitely tender, subtle, sympathetic, and profoundly appreciative sketch of Edgar Poe, which has just been issued under this title, it is impossible not to remember the brave woman's arm, thrust through the slide to serve as a bolt against the enemy. . . . The author, with an inexpressible grace, reserve, and tender, heroic charity,—having a right which no other person has to speak,—tells in a simple, transparent, and quiet strain, what she thinks of his career and genius."[2]

In 1854, a small volume of Mrs. Whitman's poems, entitled "Hours of Life," appeared in Providence, and received a warm welcome from George Ripley, Curtis, and others; and, in 1879, this was followed by her collected poems in the edition from which we make these extracts.

It is impossible, in looking over these poems, not to be struck by their Poësque

[1] "The family of Poe or Poë," by Sir E. T. Bewley, 1906.

[2] Professor Harrison's edition of Poe.

diction, music, and idiosyncrasy, as of a kindred soul caught by the spell of an overmastering genius. "The Golden Ball" is musically reminiscent of "The Raven"; "To ——" has grown out of the magic root of "To Helen." The poems in memory of Poe are impassioned dirges, kindling with cadences of "beauty, majesty, and woe" that sweep from out the chords of the seraph harp of Israfel. Full of delicacy, spontaneity, appreciation of nature, and mastery over rhythm, these poems present a spirit of rare sweetness and refinement, and it is no wonder that they caught Poe's eye and soul, and drew from him enthusiastic praise in a lecture on "The Female Poets of America." In 1848 Mrs. Whitman addressed to him the following lines:

ARCTURUS

[Written in October.]

"Our stars look through the storm."

Star of resplendent front! thy glorious eye
Shines on me still from out yon clouded sky,—
Shines on me through the horrors of a night
More drear than ever fell o'er day so bright,—
Shines till the envious Serpent slinks away,
And pales and trembles at thy steadfast ray.

Hast thou not stooped from heaven, fair star! to be
So near me in this hour of agony?—
So near,—so bright,—so glorious, that I seem
To lie entranced as in some wondrous dream,—
All earthly joys forgot,—all earthly fears,
Purged in the light of thy resplendent sphere:]
Kindling within my soul a pure desire
To blend with thine its incandescent fire,—
To lose my very life in thine, and be
Soul of thy soul through all eternity.

The occasion of Poe's first sight of Mrs. Whitman is romantically described as follows:

Poe caught a glimpse of a white figure wandering in a moonlit garden in Providence, on his way from Boston, when he visited that city to deliver a poem before the Lyceum there. Restless, near midnight, he wandered from his hotel near where she lived, until he saw her walking in a garden. He related the incident afterwards in one of his most exquisite poems, worthy of himself, of her, and of the most exalted passion.

These lines begin:

I saw thee once—once only—years ago:
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tip-toe.

. . . . . .

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,
And on thine own, upturned—alas, in sorrow!

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?

From an unpublished letter of Mrs. Whitman one catches a glimpse of John Winslow Whitman, her youthful husband:

Providence, June 13" 1872.

MR. D. P. HOLTON
Dear Sir,

. . . . . .

My husband had two brothers, older than himself, Isaac & Charles & two younger than himself James Wawley Whitman & William Henry Whitman: the two former are dead, the two latter are still living: James, as a lawyer, living at the old homestead in Pembroke, William Henry is, I think now practising law in Hingham Mass. Either of these gentlemen could give you better & more reliable information about the Whitman's than I could do. My husband John Winslow Whitman, graduated at Brown University in 1818. He practised law in Barnstable & afterwards in Boston. In 1828 we were married. In 1833 he died, at the age of 34 in the house of his father at Pembroke. We had no children. I believe he was the favorite grandchild of Dr. Isaac Winslow & passed

many of his early years in the old homestead of the Winslow's at Marshfield. I visited the house with him just before the old place was sold & passed from the family into other hands. Some of the antique furniture still remained in the lovely old house—heavy oaken chairs & tables too ponderous to go wandering about the world in search of new homes. The old family pictures, some of which are now in possession as you know of the Historical Society in Boston, were still hanging on the wainscoted walls of the great West parlor and an old spinet played on a hundred years before, by one of the stately ladies who still stood there in stiff brocade—and smiled down on me, somewhat austerely from the dusky walls. *S. H. W.*

The humorous turn in this charming woman's nature emerges pleasantly in the accompanying letter to her friend Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton as she describes the circumstances of her first acquaintance with Poe:

My dear Louise

I saw a few days ago in the Chicago Times an article from a Boston Correspondent, signed *M.* It contained some pleasant and generous words about me, and was I fancied written by you. I have been for some months wishing to write to you—indeed ever since I read in Scribner's Monthly your "Cupid Dead." No living cupid could hold a torch to him! so cool and sweet and tenderly toned like a piece of antique sculpture. I have been wishing to say this to you and the Chicago letter has given me an added motive.

Assuming that you wrote the letter dear Louise, I will speak of one or two points suggested by the expression, "Her early love for Edgar Allan Poe."

Now I was first *seen* by Edgar Poe in the summer of 1845 when I was forty-two years old and my earliest *introduction* to him was in 1848 when I was forty five. You will see therefore that it was rather a *late* than an *early* love. I was born on the 19" of January 1803. Edgar Poe was born on the 19" of January 1809, being six years to a day younger than I. Soon after the last edition of Griswold's "Female Poets" was issued I happened to be looking over the new books at Gladding's when I unconsciously opened a copy of that work at the very page where an alert, enterprising young woman sits perched on a marble pedestal. Glancing to the foot of the page I read in blank amazement my own name! Turning to the preceding page I found that the lady in question was born in 1813. I began to doubt my own identity. I had never in the best of my recollection been modelled in plaster. I had never been interviewed on the delicate point of age. Everybody knows that a lady's age at forty five is proverbially uncertain. Still it is well to draw a line somewhere and so dear Louise if you should ever be called on to write my obituary and should graciously consent to do so I send you a faithful transcript from the family bible.

Here is now given a letter written many years later, but which gives a picture of this time of the poetess:

Left Motherless at the age of two years and under the care of a grandmother, I was thrown immediately into the society of my Grandmother's friends, such as Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Powers and Miss Chace, all gone to their final home. Mrs. Powers house was always pleasant always sunny, but had the sun never penetrated the house, with their sweet and congenial temperaments these ladies were calculated to make every body happy who had the good fortune to be thrown in their society. Many and many a Sunday evening have I passed in their pleasant parlor on Benefit Street when (Gamaliel Dwight) my father was alive while Mrs. Whitman, with a closely fitting black silk waist low neck and short sleeves—low slippers and a long veil thrown over her head, brought apparently, news from our dear ones in that spirit land. Meanwhile Miss Power her sister was quietly seated in the parlor closet, an unobserved listener. When school was over week days my steps almost always wended towards the corner house and the little half orphan always had a cordial welcome to encourage a repetition of the visit.

Mrs. E. A. Rockwood (née Dwight)
Buffalo, N. Y.

The circumstances surrounding the famous "Valentine party" are outlined in the two letters of Miss Anna C. Lynch (Mrs. Botta). The literary blue-stockingism of the day rejoiced in the 14th of February and in the opportunities it afforded of paying intellectual debts, anonymous compliments, or vague adorations at

the shrines of literature and hospitality. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Osgood wrote with delicate fluency and charm on several of these occasions; the acrostic mania was at its height, and Poe himself exercised his metrical ingenuity in observing its limitations. Miss Lynch's observations are not without interest to the student of evanescent literary fashions:

Poe's "Raven" first appeared in the "Evening Mirror," New York, N. P. Willis being the editor, and writing under the assumed name of Quarles. An article by him about Elizabeth Barrett he requested Miss Lynch to forward to Mrs. Whitman, whom he did not know. Miss Lynch, then living at 116 Waverly Place, wrote:

I hope you received the paper which Mr. Poe gave me for that purpose. I see him very often. I think his stories some of them are very remarkable. I keep up my Saturday evenings which are sometimes very pleasant. I wish you were near enough to be present. I shall always be happy to hear of you and whenever I can be of any service in forwarding your literary projects I hope you will not fail to let me know it.

In the following year (1847), in writing to Mrs. Whitman about a poem of "David," for which she was seeking a publisher for Mrs. Whitman, Miss Lynch said:

I still have my Saturday Evenings and they are often very pleasant, both the evenings and the company. There is a sufficient infusion of new comers to keep them fresh and enough of the regular corps to preserve very much the same character. They cannot be called literary meetings so much as Social, though there are frequently a good many literary friends there. Last year on the evening of Valentine's Day which came on Saturday, I had a valentine party; that is there were Valentines written for all present, mostly original, and in general merely complimentary verses. The best of them were selected and read, and some of them afterwards published. I am going to have another this year, and now to come to the point —I wish to know if you will not help me. Last year Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellet, and a good many were here who are now out of town and I fear unless you come to the rescue it will not be successful.

I will mention the names of some that I expect, whom you know by name or reputation and if you will write you can select your victims from the list—C. F. Hoffman, Halleck, Miss Seba Smith, Headley, The Keans, Miss Bogert, Cornelius Mathews, Mr. Bellows, Brown (Sculptor), Mr. Giles, Horace Greeley, *Colton*, N. P. *Willis*, Miss Sedgwick, Tuckerman, Morris, who wrote "Woodman, Spare that tree," Mrs. M. E. Hewitt, Mr. & Mrs. Godwin, Ripley Clark, Grace Greenwood, S. Vanden Hoff, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Dewey, Mrs. Kirkland, Artists, Page Cheney, Huntington and Durand. Hart the Sculptor. Cassius M. Clay, Dr. Wiensbicki, Furness, Ellis, Hunt, Hudson, Bell, Locke, of the moon story, Miss Fuller, Dana, Inman. Now if you will *do* some of these individuals in any way you choose, grave, sentimental, solemn or witty *I* shall be exceedingly obliged, to say nothing of what they will feel whom you address.

The name of Poe is not mentioned in this letter, but we know that he was in the habit of attending these literary evenings. His wife seldom accompanied him, being then in the last stages of consumption. He frequently went from New York to Boston on lecturing tours, and it was on one of these occasions, while passing through Providence, that he saw Mrs. Whitman in the garden on Church Street. Her calm and gentle presence must have been a welcome relief to his fevered existence and overexcited imagination.

Mrs. Whitman's poem appeared thus in the "Home Journal":

BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL POEM

The following Valentine, by one of America's most justly distinguished poetesses was among the number received at the Valentine Soirée. A poem however, whose intrinsic beauty takes it quite out of the category of ordinary Valentines. It was addressed to E. A. Poe.

TO EDGAR A. POE

. . . A Raven true
As ever flapped his heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croaked, "Despair."
Young's "Revenge."

Oh! thou grim and ancient Raven,
From the Night's Plutonic Shore,
Oft in dreams, thy ghastly pinions
Wave and flutter round my door—

Oft thy shadow dims the moonlight
Sleeping on my chamber floor.

Romeo talks of "White doves trooping,
Amid crows athwart the night";
But to see thy dark wing swooping
Down the silvery path of light,
Amid swans and dovelets stooping,
Were, to me, a nobler sight.

Oft amid the twilight glooming
Round some grim ancestral tower
In the lurid distance looming,
I can see thy pinions lower,—
Hear thy sullen storm-cry booming
Thro the lonely midnight hour.

Oft this work-day world forgetting,
From its turmoil curtained snug,
By the sparkling embers sitting
On the richly broidered rug,
Something round about me flitting
Glimmers like a "Golden Bug."

Dreamily its path I follow,
In a "bee line" to the moon
Till, into some dreamy hollow
Of the midnight sinking soon,
Lo! he glides away before me
And I lose the golden boon.

Oft like Proserpine I wander
On the Night's Plutonic Shore
Hoping, fearing, while I ponder
On thy loved and lost Lenore,
Till thy voice like distant thunder
Sounds across the lonely moor.

From thy wing, one purple feather
Wafted o'er my chamber floor
Like a shadow o'er the heather,
Charms my vagrant fancy more
Than all the flowers I used to gather
On "Idalia's velvet shore."

Then, Oh! Grim and Ghastly Raven!
Wilt thou to my heart and ear
Be a Raven true as ever
Flapped his wings and croaked "Despair"?
Not a bird that roams the forest
Shall our lofty eyrie share.

Providence, R. I.
Feb. 14" 1848.

The valentine was read and enjoyed by Poe, who without much delay sought and found an introduction through Miss Anna Blackwell and Miss Maria J. McIntosh. Poe, however, had first written to Mrs. Whitman under the name of Grey, as an autograph-collector, who did not wish to be without the signature of so distinguished a writer as Mrs. Whitman.

DAILEY-CHACE MSS.

Fordham—June 19—48.

My Dear Miss Blackwell

I fear you have been thinking every thing ill of me, and especially that I lack common courtesy—since your letter of three weeks ago remains unanswered.

The truth is, I have been absent from home rather more than that time. Yours came a day or two after my departure and I have only this moment received it.

And now how am I to answer it? You could not have applied for advice to any one more utterly incompetent to give it. Think for a moment, how long I have been out of the literary world altogether. I have *no* influence—none. Your poems are, in my honest opinion, admirable—infinitely superior to many—to most of those which have succeeded in America:—but you will find difficulty in getting them published—for Copyright-Law reasons, needless to specify. The Appletons will publish them, leaving you the eventual copyright, but binding you to supply all loss resulting from the publication:—and then will allow you ten per cent on all values effected after all expences are paid—so long as they continue to publish the book. No publisher will make better terms with you than these—and even these will be more advantageous to you than printing on your account.

If there is any service I can render you, critically or otherwise, after issue of your book or before, command me without scruple.

I would be gratified if you would reply to this note. How happens it that you have flown away to Providence? or is this a Providential escape? Do you know Mrs. Whitman? I feel deep interest in her poetry and character. I have never seen her—but once. Anne Lynch, however, told me many things about the romance of her character which singularly interested me and excited my curiosity. Her poetry is, beyond question, *poetry*—instinct with genius. Can you not tell me something about her—any thing—every thing you know—*and keep my secret*—that is to say let no one know that I have asked you to do so? May I trust you? I can—and will.

Believe me truly your friend
Edgar A. Poe.

Miss Anna Blackwell.

P. S. Perhaps it would be advisable for you to defer your volume until after issue of "The Painters of America—" so as to take advantage of any impressions which may be made by your "Legend of the Waterfall"—but I am talking nonsense—you will do this *of course*.

I have *no doubt whatever* of the literary success of your book.

[Note by Mrs. Whitman on the back of the letter.]

Sent by E. A. P. under an assumed name in order to ascertain if I was in Providence.

Edward S. T. Grey to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman.

New-York—Sep. 8. 48.

Dear Madam—Being engaged in making a collection of autographs of the most distinguished American authors, I am, of course, anxious to procure your own, and if you would so far honor me as to reply, however briefly, to this note, I would take it as a *very especial favor*.

Res^{y}
Yr. mo. ob. s^{t}
Edward S. T. Grey.[1]

Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman.

Letter to Mrs. Whitman written by Maria J. McIntosh introducing Edgar A. Poe.

Dear Mrs. Whitman,

This letter will be handed to you by Mr. Edgar A. Poe. He is already so well known to you that any thing more than the announcement of his name would be an impertinence from me. I feel much obliged to Mr. Poe for permitting me thus to associate myself with an incident so agreeable to both of you, as I feel persuaded your first meeting will prove.

Your friend Dr. Channing is well, though much disappointed at not receiving the promised letter from you—May he not hope soon to hear from you?

With sentiments of esteem believe me, dear Mrs. Whitman,

Yrs. very truly
M. J. McIntosh.

New York
Sept 15th. 48.

[Anna Blackwell's note in acknowledgment of a call from Edgar Poe & S. H. W. Sept. 1848.]

I regret very much, my dear friend, that I did not have the pleasure of seeing you & Mr. Poe this morning, especially as I am, as usual, so far from well, that I do not think it probable I can avail myself of yr kind invitation for this evening.

With Compts to Mr. Poe,
I am yours truly
Anna.

[She adds a P. S. crossing the note above.]

What about the "garden of roses" & are the flowers still blooming? I begin to feel *on the wing:* my passage on board the "Sarah Sands" being engaged. . . .

The death of his young wife in surroundings of pathetic misery, his own poverty, and his forlorn condition, had left Poe peculiarly susceptible to sympathy from without, and the introduction to Mrs. Whitman opened the way for a new canto in the elegy of his restless existence, accentuated in every stanza by pitiful and desperate episodes due to broken resolutions. Among the manuscripts is the page containing the lines "To Helen," which he tore out of a copy of his poems and sent to her, emphasizing the expression "On desperate seas"—a faded, pathetic sheet still fraught with the story of the two Helens whom it celebrates. Another possession of hers sacredly preserved down to the present time is an abundant lock of his beautiful chestnut-brown hair interspersed with bright strands of auburn. At this point began the romantic and tumultuous scenes of a courtship unparalleled perhaps in some of its incidents. Mrs. Whitman herself tells us Poe paid five visits to Providence, the order and events of which are not exactly known.

Poe's impassioned letters culminate in arrangements for marriage, as shown in the following documents:

[A copy of the request for the Banns of Marriage between Edgar A. Poe and Sarah Helen Whitman: found among Mrs. Whitman's papers.]

Will Dr. Crocker have the kindness to publish the banns of matrimony between Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman and myself, on

[1] The handwriting in this letter is apparently not Poe's, but was probably changed purposely by him to suit the circumstances.—Editors of Manuscript.

Sunday and on Monday. When we have decided on the day of the marriage we will inform you, and will thank you to perform the ceremony.[1]

Respy yr. Ob. St
Edgar A. Poe.

CONTRACT CONCERNING MARRIAGE BETWEEN POE AND MRS. WHITMAN

Providence December 15, 1848

To Charles F. Tillinghast Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Ruth Marsh late of Providence deceased.

You are hereby required in conformity to the provisions of the Will of the above named Ruth Marsh to pay to me the Subscriber the Whole of the Estate of the said Ruth Marsh now in your possession or control — the said Estate consisting of Bank Stocks and Notes as follows namely

Fifteen	Shares of the	Merchants	Bank
Ten	do	" Globe	"
Five	do	" Manufactures	"
Fourteen	do	" Blackstone Canal	Bank
Sixteen	do	" Arcade	Bank
Six	do	" Exchange	"

William H Cooke's Note for One thousand dollars.
Tallman & Bucklin's Note for Two thousand dollars.
Benjamin Allen: Notes for Eight Hundred & Eighteen Dollars.
Weston A Fishers Note for Fifteen Hundred Dollars.

All of which Notes are secured by Mortgage of Real Estate.

ANNA POWER
EDGAR A. POE

Signed this fifteenth day of December 1848 in presence of
HENRY MARTIN
WILLIAM J. PABODIE

Providence December 15, 1848.

We Sarah Helen Whitman and Susan Anna Power legatees named in the will of the within named Ruth Marsh and to whom such part of the principal or Interest of the Estate of the said Ruth Marsh as shall remain undisposed of at the decease of our Mother the within named Anna Power is given hereby unite in the preceding request of Anna Power that the whole of the Estate of the said Ruth Marsh now in his possession be transferred to her our said Mother for her own use.

And in consideration of such conveyance to be made by him we hereby release him the said Charles F. Tillinghast from all claims and demands which we have or may have on account of the said Estate of the said Ruth Marsh.

In Witness whereof we have hereto set our Hands and Seals this fifteenth day of December 1848.

SARAH H. WHITMAN [L.S.]
SUSAN ANNA POWER [L.S.]

In presence of.
HENRY MARTIN

Whereas a Marriage is intended between the above named Sarah H. Whitman and the Subscriber Edgar A. Poe,— I hereby approve of and assent to the transfer of the property in the manner proposed in the papers of which the preceding are copies—

Providence December 22 1848

EDGAR A. POE.

In presence of
WILLIAM J. PABODIE

The dénoûment of this pathetic affair, which Mrs. Whitman herself acknowledges to have been an engagement, is described by her in one of the following letters. There was every reason in the world to think that one afflicted with heart-disease, of which she ultimately died, should at the last shrink from a union which might involve her in continual "scenes" most trying to a chronic invalid; and there is also reason to think that Poe's common sense came to his rescue and saved him from a marriage with a lady all of whose property had just been legally transferred to his future mother-in-law.

He was hopelessly poor; Mrs. Clemm, his Virginia's mother, was helplessly dependent on him; Virginia herself had not long before died amid harrowing scenes of poverty and distress: what else could be expected from another marriage in which intense hostility on the part of his betrothed's mother and sister would mingle with these other causes of rupture and sow seeds of discord between Poe and the Powers already germinating from the very beginning?

[1] Dr. William F. Channing had the original of this.—C. F. D.

MRS. WHITMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE RUPTURE

Of course the sudden rupture of our engagement caused much gossip & the wildest & most extravagant stories were in circulation concerning it.

My mother & sister with Mr. Pabodie were present at our last interview & while I received in speechless sorrow his last passionate utterances of explanation & remonstrance, my mother, impatient at his prolonged stay and filled with anxiety lest I might be again influenced by his eloquent pleading, hastened his departure with expressions which, doubtless, long "rankled in his heart." Turning to the door he exclaimed bitterly "Mr. Pabodie, you hear how I am insulted"—They immediately left the house together & in half an hour he was on his way to New York.

Three or four weeks after this, our last parting, I received a letter from him filled with expressions of wounded feeling and with bitter indignation against my family to whose enmity he probably attributed many of the rumors at that time so widely circulated concerning his excesses and extravagances.

In this letter he entreated me by the love that had subsisted between us to write to him & assure him that *I* at least had never countenanced these humiliating reports.

I longed to comply with his request and to assure him of all that he wished to learn from me; but fearing that such a compliance would lead to the renewal of the harrowing scenes I had passed through, I resolved after long and anxious deliberation not to reply to it. I was utterly hopeless of my power to sustain and comfort him, &, while I longed to assure him of my heart-felt interest in his welfare and happiness I dared not incur the consequences of further direct communication with him.

A singular concurrence of circumstances offered me an opportunity of suggesting to him what I dared not openly express.

Israel Post, the publisher of Mrs. Kirkland's Union Mag. had engaged me to write something for a new Monthly called the American Metropolitan (of which only a few numbers were ever issued). He wrote to tell me that either the Feb. or March number (I forget which) was just going to press & reminded me of my promise; urging me to send him something *at once*.

In a hurried search among my unpublished fragments of manuscript I found a copy of verses entitled *Stanzas for Music* written *two years before*, at the request of an Italian composer of Music for the guitar and piano. Here was an intimation of what Macbeth calls "*fate and metaphysical aid.*"

I cannot doubt that these words were received by him as an olive branch wafted to him "O'er the dark heaving waters," nor can I doubt that in writing Annabel Lee—the weird, sweet song so charming in spite of its vagueness & its obscurity, that he intended *I* should read in it the veiled expression, visible to no eyes but mine of his undying remembrance.

Notice his repeated introduction of the words—"The wind came out of the cloud by night" and compare them with the words "The night wind grew cold on my desolate heart."

Mr. S. H. Arnold furnishes the following interesting reminiscence of Poe at one of his readings:

May 28, 1907.

MRS. HENRY R. CHACE,

My Dear Mrs. Chace: Since receiving your letter returning the photograph of my cousin in which you ask if I have any reminicensies of Mrs. Whitman, I have been trying to recall some incident that might be of use to you, but only one thing has occurred to me, and it happened before we were acquainted.

It was when Poe was giving a reading at Howard Hall and after he had read "The Raven," "The Bells," and other selections, in his best manner. Mrs. Whitman was seated just in front of him and my mother, my sister Rebecca and I were a little way off at the side—on his right—where we could observe both him and Mrs. Whitman and get every change of expression. This had been very interesting but became intensely so when in closing he read Edward C. Pinkney's lines —"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone"—all the while looking down into her eyes. You can imagine the emphasis he gave and how dramatic it was. I can never forget it. . . .

Yours sincerely,
Stephen H. Arnold.

In the following letters, Mrs. Clemm relates to Mrs. Whitman what she knew about the Poes, with other interesting details connected with David Poe's marriage:

Alexandria April 14th/59.

My dear friend,

I received yours the day before yesterday, and hasten to express to you my sincere gratitude. God only knows what a relief it is to me to be able to *now* procure medicines and other necessaries, in the state of my health at this time. I trust it may be returned to you an hundred fold. The family with whom I at present reside, are intimate with Mr. William Cassinoe who married Judge Stannard's daughter. From him I have ascertained that Mrs. Stannard has been dead about 26 years. She died entirely deranged, and had been so, many years. Mrs. C. her daughter is hopelessly so. She is now in a lunatic Asylum near this city. The Judge has been dead nearly 10 years. Robert married Miss Lyons of Richmond and died 4 years ago. Eddie was not in Richmond "twice." We left there in 1837, and he never visited it again since the death of Virginia, until 49. My Father (Eddie's Grandfather) was born in Ireland, but his parents left there when he was only six weeks old. My Father was so patriotic that he never would acknowledge he was any other than American. He lived in Baltimore from the time of the revolution, he took my mother there, from Pennsylvania, a bride, they both lived and died there. My Father was an officer in the army during the revolution, and was intimate with Washington & Lafayette. It is true dear Eddie did love Mrs. Stannard with all the affectionate devotion of a son. When he was unhappy at home, (which was very often the case) he went to her for sympathy, and she always consoled and comforted him. You are mistaken when you say that you believe he saw her but once in her home. He visited there for years. He only saw her once while she was ill, which grieved him greatly, he was but a boy at that time, Robert has often told me, of his, and Eddie's visits to her grave, he has pointed to her last resting place to me often, when we would visit the Cemetery. It was a favorite drive of my darling Virginia's. I think now dear friend I have answered all your inquiries. Any thing else I can inform you of concerning my beloved Eddie I will do with great pleasure—Alas my memory is *too* faithful, I often wish I could forget.—I am most happy to hear you look upon death as a happy change, God grant it may prove so to both of us. This is our lenten season, and we have church almost every day. There, and at my private devotion, I *do* and *will* always remember you. Please return the enclosed letters when you have read them. They are most precious to me. I have not heard from Mrs. Shelton for a long time, here no one knows her I cannot ascertain if she is living or no, & she has not been the friend to me that you have, and she is *rich, too*, but I will not blame her, for she I suppose is entirely estranged from me. God bless you and take you into his holy keeping is the sincere prayer of your affectionate friend,

Maria Clemm.

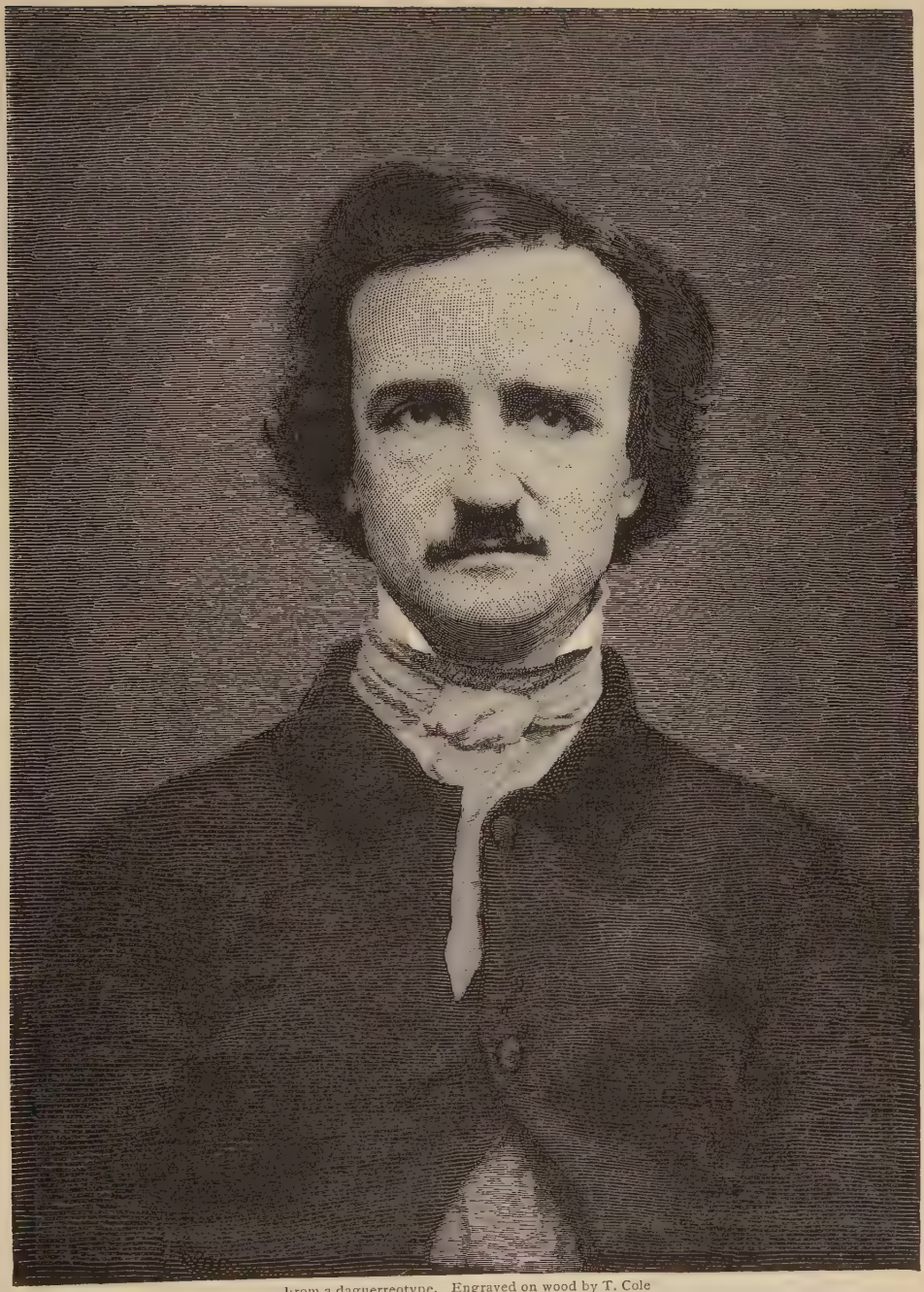
MRS. CLEMM TO MRS. WHITMAN

(*Confidential*)

Alexandria April 22/59.

My dear friend:

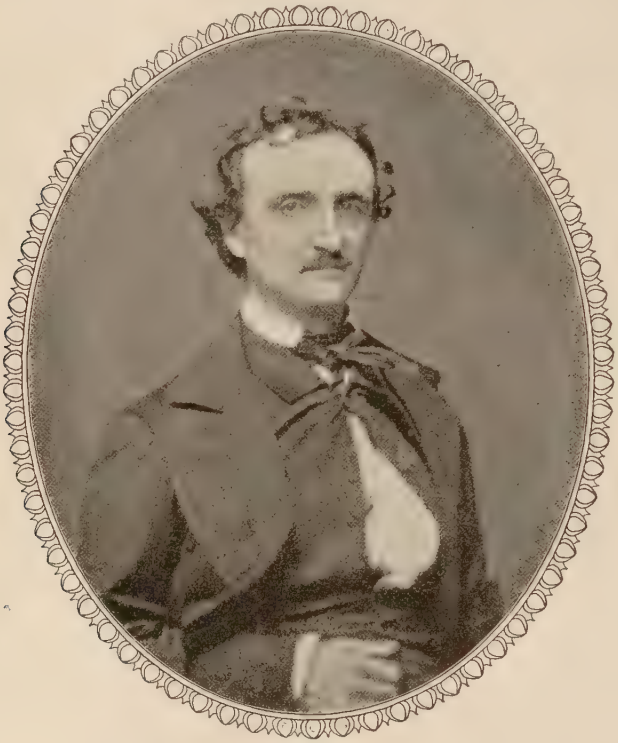
I received yours of the 17th. a few days since, and am much pleased to hear my information was gratifying to you. Eddie and Virginia were married at Richmond in 36, and Judge Stannard and his son Robert were among those who first called on us, Mrs. S. had then been dead more than 3 years. My poor Eddie never could remember dates, but always had to refer to me, and this I suppose is the mistake. You asked me in one of your letters if Eddie ever was engaged to Eliza White, *decidedly not.* She visited us and we always esteemed her as a friend. She passed many months with us at Fordham, before and after Virginia's death, but he never *felt* or *professed* other than friendship for her. I do not know who wrote that vile memoir in the illustrated work. I think it very probable that Briggs is the author, for I know he envied my Eddie so much. God forgive him *I never can.* You ask me if my dear Annie "still cherishes the memory" of dear Eddie, indeed, she does, and how sweetly she cherishes it, by her continued kindness and love to me, his desolate mother. I hear from her once in every week, I never would have left her, but for the climate, the physicians said I could not survive there. I enclose you three letters to me from her. Do not I entreat think me vain in doing so, Oh! no! I would like you to know how dearly she loves me. She has indeed always been my firm friend. My Mother was named Cairnes, and was born in Pennsylvania and a most beautiful creature she was. My brother David, (Eddie's Father) never was in England. He was a student at law with Wm. Gwynn of Baltimore, he was sent to Norfolk, Va. on



From a daguerreotype. Engraved on wood by T. Cole

EDGAR ALLAN POE

professional business, he saw and loved this beautiful young actress (little more than a child) and after a few months married her, he was not 19. My parents were so indignant they *could* not forgive him, consequently we knew nothing about her until after the birth of their first child, and as it was the first grandchild of my parents, they were forgiven and taken home to their hearts and house. have no claim on them, and they have a large family, and I fear, limited means. The friends whom I wish to go to, I know are anxious to have me with them, and they are *congenial* spirits too. But I *will* trust in God, if he thinks proper he will open a way for me. *How much I would like to see you face to face, I think I would know you among many*, for Eddie has so often described you to me, you



EDGAR ALLAN POE

From a daguerreotype owned by The Players, New York,—a copy made by Pratt of Richmond, Virginia, of an original taken by him and believed to be the last portrait of Poe.

She was a lovely little creature, and highly talented, I loved her most devotedly. They both died in their early years of consumption. I have often heard my Father say his Father was of Italian descent and their name was originally spelled Po like the river Po in that country. The cemetery you speak of was about one mile from Richmond. I think now I have answered all your inquiries, if there is any thing else I can tell you I will do so with much pleasure. I do so fear I will not be able to go to my friends in the fall, I cannot procure the means, I do not know what will become of me! The friends I am now with are exceedingly kind to me, but I little know how he loved you, and his *agony* at parting with you. Oh! how few understood my darling Eddie, I do sincerely hope we may all meet in heaven. Poor, poor fellow, he little thought of leaving me so desolate, and unprotected. If he only knew the privations I have endured since he left me. But I would rather have it thus, he never would have been happy in his contemplated marriage and to have seen *him unhappy* would have broken my heart. He was so loved by my beautiful Virginia, and always so petted, he could never have bourne an unkind look or word. Do write soon and let me know the state of your health. God grant you may

be supported through all that He sees proper to afflict you with. May our Saviour's protecting arm be round and about you, and if it is *his* will to prolong your life, may that life be devoted to him, and if otherwise, may you be accepted by Him who died for you, and rest in his bosom to all eternity is the sincere prayer of your sincere friend—

Maria Clemm.

THE following statement by Mrs. Whitman shows a passing glimpse of Mrs. Shelton, the lady to whom Poe, after many years' absence from Virginia, had first and last paid his court.

When Poe was sixteen, a student at the University of Virginia, this affection seemed very real and intense; at thirty-nine an atmosphere of unreality hangs about it and envelops it in a haze.

MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN

From a painting by John N. Arnold. (See letter below from the artist to Miss Charlotte F. Dailey.)

In the Spring of 1859, when I was preparing for publication the essay published by Rudd & Carleton, I asked Mrs. Clemm who had written me asking for an autograph of Poe, for Mrs. Shelton, as that lady assured her she had not retained a fragment of his writings, whether Poe loved the lady and was indeed engaged to marry her, at the time of his death. She replied that she could only say to me in answer to my question, by sending me two letters the last she ever received.

In these letters he spoke as if the marriage would soon take place—spoke of the lady's property as having been secured to her and her son, a boy of ten years of age, so that she could only use the income. Assured her that she would at least always have with them a comfortable home secure from the anxiety and cares she had so long endured. It had been arranged that he was to undertake the boy's education which would add to *their* resources and give him occupation. Sent a parting message to Mrs. Charles Richmond who had been so kind to himself and his mother during the preceding winter.

Perhaps if so great a point had not been made of Poe's supreme devotion to his wife Mrs. Weiss would not have brought out the story whether true or false that the marriage with Mrs. Shelton was made by Mrs. Clemm.

Mrs. Weiss excuses herself on the ground that the truth is the essential thing in biographical narrative. If she had been as careful in other matters she would not have told the story of his relation to Mrs. Shelton precisely as she has recorded it. She says he was desperately in want of money and that the lady was rich. She apparently knows nothing of Poe's visit to Richmond soon after leaving Lowell in July 1848. Nothing of the fact that he then met Mrs. Shelton for the *first* time after the interruption of his youthful devotion to her through the interference of his guardian Mr. Allan.

He returned to New York rather abruptly and explains the matter in a letter written to a lady in Providence in these words "I received your unsigned verses in Richmond just as I was about to depart on an enterprise etc, etc." The lines alluded to were an anonymous reply to an acknowledgment of his poem. In the Autumn and Winter following he made five several visits to Providence. The following year 1849 he went again to Richmond. During this visit he again renewed his attentions to Mrs. Shelton with the full knowledge that her property had been secured to her by her husband's will so as to leave her a control only of its income. . . .

THE ARNOLD PORTRAIT

Studio 19 College St
Prov. Sept. 28. 1906.

My dear Miss Dailey.

I am pleased to know that you and your sister Mrs Chace would like to have in writ-

ing the circumstances connected with the portrait which I painted of our friend Sarah Helen Whitman.

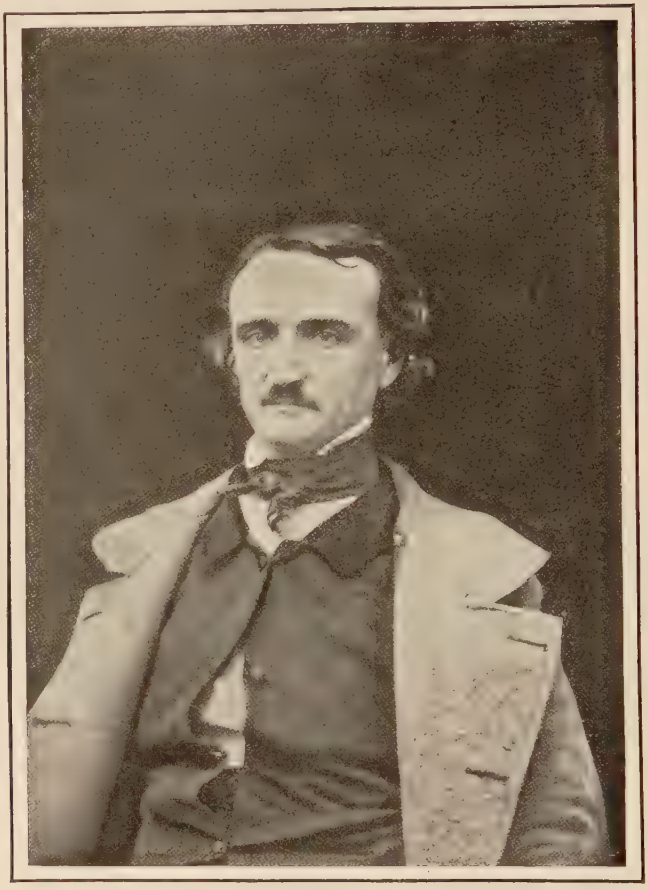
In the year 1869 Mrs Whitman came to my Studio bringing with her the portrait now in the Providence Athenaeum painted by C. Giovanni Thompson, saying that she wanted a portrait painted of herself, and that the Thompson picture would be of assistance to me as she wished to be represented at the age when that was painted but it was never finished being only a sketch in oil, and never satisfactory to her or her friends, but there were some things about it which would be of use to me in my work.

I began the picture and from the first charcoal outlines to the final finish it was under her supervision, most of the work being done while she was in the Studio.

When it was completed she expressed herself as being perfectly satisfied, saying that was the way she wished to be handed down to posterity.

She paid me for the portrait and frame and wished me to retain the picture in the Studio with the intention ultimately of presenting it to some public institution.

She had her friend Mr William Coleman photograph it and sent copies of it to her friends.



From a photograph by Coleman of the daguerreotype that was owned by Mrs. Whitman

EDGAR ALLAN POE

In her will she bequeathed the portrait of her "painted by John N. Arnold" to the Providence Athenaeum.

Through some misunderstanding of her executors the oil sketch of her by Thompson was placed in the Athenaeum instead of the picture I painted.

This in brief is the history of the Sarah Helen Whitman portrait which has hung in my Studio in Woods Building, 37 years.

Sincerely yours,

John N. Arnold.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

BEING THE LETTERS OF MRS. SALLIE COLES STEVENSON, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN LONDON, 1836–41

ARRANGED BY WILLIAM L. ROYALL

IN the year 1836, President Andrew Jackson appointed Andrew Stevenson, a distinguished Virginian, as American Minister to England, and this post he occupied until 1841. Mr. Stevenson had been Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, member of Congress from that State, and for several terms Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. He married, for his second wife, Miss Sallie Coles of Green Mountain, Albemarle County, Virginia, who was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent Virginia families. Her brother Edward Coles, although a slave-owner, became a most pronounced antislavery man, emancipated his slaves, and, taking them to Illinois, settled them upon farms. In 1822 he was elected Governor of Illinois, in a campaign which virtually settled sentiment in Illinois as between freedom and slavery.

Miss Sallie Coles was a most gifted and accomplished woman. A lady now living who saw her rather late in life says of her: "I never heard her spoken of as a beauty even by her most admiring friends. I never saw her but once, when after some years of ill health she was carried about in a rolling-chair. She then struck me as having a most intellectual face. She was tall and almost gypsy-like in her style."

The position and personal attractions of the minister and his wife soon gained them admission to the most exclusive English society in town and country, and Mrs. Stevenson's letters present an interesting and attractive picture of English homes and the inner life of the aristocracy. She was deeply religious, and a tone of devout piety runs through her letters. The following, taken from one of them written in October, 1839, from the country house of Lord Durham, describes a Sunday evening:

A QUESTION OF CARDS ON SUNDAY

"A LARGE party to dinner. After the gentlemen joined us, when the Duke of Sussex, Lady Durham, and myself were sitting together and forming a social trio, Lord Durham came in with his imperial air and said, 'I do not know whether your Royal Highness objects to cards on Sunday evening; for myself I think there is no greater harm in playing on that night than any other.' 'Nor I,' said the Duke. 'If it is wrong to play on Sunday, it is equally wrong to play on Monday or any other night.' I felt distressed. Thinks I to myself, 'What shall I do?' At that moment the Duke appealed to Lady Durham, who gave a faint assent to what he had said. I, of course, was silent, when his Royal Highness, suddenly leaning forward from the immense arm-chair in which he was half-buried, addressed me: 'I think, my dear Madam, it is considered a sin to play any game on Sunday in your country.' I replied instantly in a calm, earnest, and emphatic manner, so that, although a little deaf, he did not lose a word: 'Your Royal Highness is right. We think it a violation of that Commandment which bids us to keep holy the Sabbath day, and we also think it is setting a bad example to our

From the painting by Healy, owned by Mrs. W. L. Royall

HON. ANDREW STEVENSON, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND, 1836-41

From the painting by Healy, owned by her great-niece Mrs. W. L. Royall

MRS. ANDREW STEVENSON IN COURT DRESS

ESTOUTEVILLE, ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THE HOME OF MISS SALLIE COLES BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO ANDREW STEVENSON

dependents, who cannot so well discern between right and wrong.' The old gentleman drew himself back in his chair and remained silent for several minutes. A solemn pause ensued, and I felt almost frightened at what I had done. Still, I did not regret it. In the meantime the servants had set out the tables, but no one approached them, nor was the slightest allusion made to the subject again. The Duke did not retire until his usual hour, and continued in pleasant conversation all the evening, every now and then speaking with his usual kindness to me; and when he rose to retire he called out for me, saying, 'Where is Mrs. Stevenson?' and when I advanced from a table where I had been looking at some drawings of Lady Mary's, he shook my hand with even more than usual cordiality, as he uttered his 'Good night.' I was glad not to have offended him, for he has been very kind to us; still, I felt very grateful that I had moral courage given me at the moment to do and say what I ought, despite the fear of man."

It required moral courage as well as piety to play Mrs. Stevenson's part in this scene. The Duke of Sussex was the Queen's uncle, and we all know what deference is paid to such rank in England, and Lord Durham was a commanding figure at that time in England.

"TALK MATHEMATICS!"

As an illustration of her manner of thought, the following from a letter of February 30, 1840, is quoted:

"Yesterday we dined with the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and it was my fortune to sit by the Duke, and not far from the Duchess. His Grace was exceedingly talkative & agreeable until he had finished his dinner, when the most invincible fit of drowsiness seized him, a usual thing, no doubt, for his wife seemed to be watching him, & discovered before I did the first symptoms. She immediately leant over to me, & said: 'Pray talk to the Duke & don't let him go to sleep.' So on I floundered, every now & then

getting an unmeaning smile, with closed eyes; but the moment I ceased, the Duchess would urge me to 'Talk on, ask questions, talk mathematics!' Think of that? 'Ask him,' she said, 'what was the problem he was solving this morning.' Imagine me talking mathematics to a stupid, dosing old duke, who, if he had been wide-awake, had not a dozen ideas. I stood it as long as possible, but finding myself unequal to the task imposed on me, I spoke to Madam Rothschild [the great banker's widow], behind the Duke's chair, & said: 'For Heaven's sake help me to keep the Duke awake!' She kindly lent her aid and we talked at him with all our might; but it would not do. He gave audible signs that he had quit us and mathematics for the land of dreams, & involuntarily we both laughed outright. Bulwer Lytton, who sat opposite to me, seemed to enjoy the sport most unromantically."

A LADY WHO ASSISTED BOSWELL

In another letter, of February 23, 1839, she says:

"A few days since we dined with Hallam (the author of 'The Middle Ages') and met there the Lady Davy, the widow of Sir Humphry, and a Lady Coke, the contemporary of Samuel Johnson and the 'blessed Hannah,' as she called Hannah More. She is all intellect, and at 94 her faculties are in a tolerable state of preservation and her conversation is really very agreeable. She told us at dinner that Boswell had called on her to obtain anecdotes of Johnson, and that she 'had told him a great deal, but not one word of truth, and that he had put it all down in his book.' She told us that she was present on one occasion when a lady flattered Johnson to such an excess that he was disgusted, and turning to her, said: 'Madam, you are more than sweet: you are luscious.'"

CAROLINE BONAPARTE

Mrs. Stevenson continually brings us face to face with notable people. Thus, describing a visit that she and her husband made to Paris in 1837, she tells of meeting Caroline Bonaparte, the sister of the great Emperor and widow of Murat, King of Naples, whom the Neapolitans had shot to death when he no longer had the powerful arm of Napoleon to sustain him. She says Madame Murat kissed her upon both cheeks, according to the French fashion, that she bore the most striking resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon, and that she gave Mr. Stevenson a bronze statuette of her brother.

She tells of being at a company at which the Duke of Wellington sought an introduction to her, and that next day he called, leaving the card of "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington." She makes frequent mention of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, at that time Ambassador Extraordinary from France to the Court of St. James's, to attend the Queen's coronation.

Mrs. Stevenson, while in London, was a very active correspondent of her sisters and brothers in Virginia, and the foregoing letters and many others have come down to her great niece, Mrs. William L. Royall of Richmond, Virginia, who was Miss Page Aylett. The most interesting of these relate to Queen Victoria, both as Princess and as Queen.

Writing April 28, 1837, Mrs. Stevenson says:

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA

"I now send you one [a newspaper] giving an account of a great charity dinner in the city at which the Duke of Wellington presided, and you will see my husband was unexpectedly called upon to make a speech. The day after, at the Queen's birthday drawing-room, the Duke passed around the circle and went up to Mr. Stevenson, who stood not far from me, and greeted him most warmly, complimented him on his eloquent speech, and said it had done great good to the charity. He continued conversing with him in so animated and cordial a manner that it attracted the attention of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and Kent, and the little Princess Victoria, who, I perceived, regarded them with looks and whispers of curiosity. . . . The Duchess of Kent is quite a graceful, good-looking woman of forty-five, and the little Princess stands by her side, smiling and bowing and occasionally extending her little fingers to her future subjects. It is a pity she is so small. I am told she regrets it very

much herself. Without being handsome, she has rather a pleasing countenance, though nature has certainly not stamped the seal of 'Majesty' upon it.

In a letter of May, 1837, she says:

THE PRINCESS'S BIRTHDAY BALL

"I BELIEVE I mentioned that we had received a 'command' to attend a state ball given on the 24th in honor of the Princess Victoria's birthday at St. James's Palace. We left our house at 10 o'clock, and did not arrive at the palace until a quarter after eleven, and some of the unfortunate persons did not succeed in getting there at all, owing to the dense crowd of eager spectators who had assembled to witness the illuminations, in carriages & on foot. In the courtyard of the palace was stationed the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and the King's Guards, dressed in crimson & covered with gold lace filled the inner court, & lined all the passages. The entire suite of state rooms was brilliantly illuminated. The throne-room & the ball-room were prepared for dancing, having orchestras for the quadrille bands in both, supported by columns, the front of the orchestras being ornamented with rich draperies. We found the rooms filled with the élite of the English nobility, covered with diamonds and blazing in all the splendour of wealth & magnificence, and adorned in all the witcheries of the toilet. It was a scene of such gorgeous splendour as the eyes ached to behold, and richer than any vision of sleep. With great difficulty we made our way to the object of attraction, the fair young Princess, who was situated at one end of the room, with two state chairs in the middle. The royal family sat in the centre, and the ladies of the foreign ambassadors and a few of the highest rank sat on each side of the royal family. It was from this elevated station I had a *coup d'œil* of all this royal magnificence, and once during the evening a seat by her Royal Highness, the Princess Augusta, who talked to me with such amiable & gentle kindness that I quite forgot she was a princess. Among other things, she said she was 'unaccustomed to receive, & felt very much embarrassed.' The Princess and her mother were of course the principal objects of attention. Victoria danced two quadrilles with Prince Esterhazy & one of her noble subjects. At one o'clock the banqueting-room was thrown open, where our appetites were gratified by all the delicacies royalty could command, and our eyes dazzled by the sumptuous magnificence not only of the royal feast, but of the banqueting-place. After having partaken of the good things provided for us, we departed with some difficulty, and rejoiced to find ourselves safe at home.

"The day was kept with feasting and rejoicing throughout this realm. The Princess having attained her legal majority, in the event of his Majesty's demise, addresses have been sent to her from every part of the kingdom, dinners eaten, toasts drank, and her little Majesty's health most loyally drank by all her future subjects. The illuminations were magnificent. 'Victoria' blazed in every part of the town in all the brilliancy of variegated gas. What an interesting situation for a young and innocent creature! She seems gentle and amiable, but not at all majestic—nothing regal on her part. On the contrary, she looks like one of our fresh & ruddy American girls before she has gotten her growth."

HER POPULAR RECEPTION AS QUEEN

ON the 20th of June occurred the death of the King, and the accession of the Princess. In a letter of July 12, 1837, Mrs. Stevenson writes:

"In my last I wrote you that all England was celebrating the Princess Victoria's coming of age. Now everybody is run mad with loyalty to the young Queen. Even the Americans here are infected. In all societies nothing is talked about but her beauty, her wisdom, her gentleness, & self-possession. A thousand anecdotes are related of her goodness, and the wonderful address with which she manages every body and every thing. The poor old King is already forgotten, although we are all in black for him. He was ill at the time I wrote you, but it was kept a secret that his life was in danger."

A DINNER WITH HER MAJESTY

WE next have a letter of August 3, 1837, describing a dinner with the Queen:

"Mr. Vaux, whom we found in the

office, presented us an invitation to dine that evening with the Queen at a quarter past 7 *precisely*. Mr. S. was obliged to send an apology immediately to the Duke, whilst I went to see Madame Dedel to enquire as to the costume, etc. At 7 I was dressed all to my white crape hat with ostrich feathers, which had not arrived from the milliner's—black silk, with black crape over it, trimmed with crape and black rosettes of berries and leaves, jet ornaments, necklace, earrings, bracelets; & at 5 minutes to the time the hat arrived. And we did not get to the palace until many minutes after the *precisely* had passed. In trepidation *I ran up* the grand & magnificent staircase with as fleet a step as was consistent with my dignity, and through the superb suite of apartments, until we reached the grand receiving-room, where all the company were assembled, standing waiting for the appearance of her Majesty. In a short time the glass doors of the next apartment opened, & she came forth in deep black, attended by all her ladies in waiting, maids-of-honor, & her 'august mother' [the newspaper language], with her attendants, a goodly train. As we stood in a circle, the little Queen approached us & said something to each person with a calm and gentle dignity, as perfectly self-possessed as if we had all been statues. Her mother followed, repeating the same ceremonious courtesy, & then dinner was announced. She took the arm of Count Pozzo di Borgo (the Russian Ambassador) & led the way. The folding-doors flew open. The band, which was stationed in a marquee below, struck up, and we found ourselves in a magnificent banqueting-room, brilliantly lighted, and the table covered with a service of gold so splendid it dazzled one's eyes to look upon it. The Queen sat midway the table, with her lords-in-waiting at each end. Her little Majesty eat with a good appetite, and did full justice to the rich viands, which were always presented first to her. After the second course, the lord-in-waiting who had led me to dinner rose and drank the Queen's health. All stood up but the Queen.

"When the dinner was over, her Majesty rose and passed out first. We followed through the rich and gorgeous apartments, which reminded me of the descriptions in the Arabian Nights, until she reached the grand drawing-room, when she paused and a circle formed around her. No one must speak first to Majesty; accordingly each one waited to be spoken to. Her address was now more in the style of conversation. I told her how much I had been disappointed at not being present when she prorogued Parliament, at which she smiled and looked pleased. The Duchess's civilities always followed her daughter's. While this court of etiquette was going on, coffee was handed to us, still standing, and I must confess I cast some longing looks towards the soft, luxurious sofas and chairs. After the coffee, a folding-door was opened & the Queen, followed by her guests, passed into a magnificent picture-gallery, brilliantly lighted; but she soon returned to the drawing-room, when, feeling my Republican legs about to give out, I glided behind the door and seated myself comfortably.

"When I returned to the drawing-room, the gentlemen had returned and were taking coffee and receiving the courtesies of the Queen, who said something to each one. When this was over, she passed out of the room into one of smaller dimensions, where card-tables were set out & new sofas placed opposite to each, with tables and candles before them. On one of these her Majesty placed herself and invited the Countess Pozzo di Borgo to sit on one side of her & the Marchioness of Salisbury to take the other. The Duchess of Kent sat on the other sofa, with the Countess Ludiff on one side, and as I held off, she sent a maid of honor to ask me to sit by her. When she conversed with me very amiably, I took occasion to speak of the deep interest I had felt in the accession of her daughter, &c., and when I alluded to her being the hope and the object of prayer to the whole nation, the mother's heart, I saw, was full, & her eyes, too, but of course I spoke with *royal uneasiness*. Tea was then handed, & afterwards the Duchess approached a card-table & invited Lord & Lady Cowley (The Duke of Wellington's brother) to play, and also Mr. Stevenson. They drew for partners, and Mr. Stevenson had the honour of playing with her Royal Highness and of winning

from Lord Cowley (who was obliged to play with his wife) 14 shillings. Whilst this game was going on, I had full time to look around. The Queen had sent her lord-in-waiting, who stood at the back of her sofa, for Count Pozzo di Borgo, and directed him to place a chair near her for him. The maids of honor had retired to the farther end of the room and taken chairs. The ladies in waiting & the invited guests had found chairs near our sofa, and the gentlemen stood apart, conversing together. As I sat opposite the Queen, I had a fair opportunity of getting her face by heart. It is one of very sweet expression, though not handsome; her eyes are blue & express softness and intelligence, but her mouth, that feature which always gives so much character to the countenance, is not good. Poor young thing! Whilst I gazed upon her innocent & happy face my heart involuntarily offered up a prayer for her future happiness and prosperity. She looked so young so innocent & good, I sighed to think of the time when that fair brow would be wrinkled with care, that light heart oppressed with sorrows, and the joyous laugh be heard no more. At least, if we judge of the future by the past, such will probably be her fate. Who would have thought that Marie Antoinette's bright morning would have ended in a night of such utter darkness?

"But to return to Buckingham Palace, in all its light and splendour, & gorgeous magnificence, and to the dullness and etiquette of royalty. When the Duchess of Kent rose from the card-table, the company all rose, too, save the Queen, who waited until we had formed a circle in the middle of the room, when she came forward, spoke again to all and each, then presented her soft, white hand to the ladies, according to their rank, wished us good night, & departed. The Duchess repeated the ceremony, bowing and curtesying instead of shaking hands, and she also withdrew. When we were free to depart, after looking about and exchanging courtesies with each other, we were glad to find ourselves at our humble homes before 12. Now, my dear friends, I have given you a circumstantial account of this royal dinner which I hope may amuse you. I assure you that even here the curiosity to know how these royal entertainments are conducted is intense. But here everything this little Queen says or does is interesting to her loyal subjects, & it is amusing to think, with all this outward observance, the Queen has so little real power."

THE GREAT FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN

In her next letter, dated November 12, 1837, Mrs. Stevenson describes the great civic festival given to the Queen by the loyal citizens of London.

"Since our return to London the lovers of spectacle have had a magnificent treat in the great civic festival in honor of the Queen. It took place on the 9th day of this month, three days ago, the invitation having been given *last summer* by the citizens of London to partake of a dinner at Guildhall, the residence of the Lord Mayor. It seems since the reign of Elizabeth, her great prototype, no unmarried Queen of England has visited the municipal corporation, therefore the ceremonial of yesterday was looked forward to with eager expectation. Besides these, there were other circumstances which were calculated to enlist the sympathies of all beholders in the striking destiny of this young, amiable, & lovely Queen, in the morning freshness of her youth and innocence called upon to rule over the proudest empire in the world, to be an object for the admiring gaze of thousands, the mark at which all eyes are aiming, to feel that her glance confers distinction, and to know that her will bestows rank and honours, wealth—nay, even happiness. What a destiny for one so young, so inexperienced! This fair, young mistress of three kingdoms passed along the whole line of St. James's to the heart of the City, a distance of three miles, through a dense mass of her subjects on each side of her chariot wheels greeting her with enthusiastic cheers & blessings, whilst she did her 'gracious bendings' first on one side & then on the other, smiling with sweet and gentle courtesy on the innumerable multitude & looking as innocent and happy as a child. Alas! poor girl, who knows what may be written down for thee in the book of fate!

"I will not attempt to give you a description of this great national pageant. I

dare not even venture to give an impression of its general effect, of the vast extent of the fluctuating multitude which lined the streets and rose line over line to the roofs of every house which afforded a prospect, the general length and grandeur of the procession, the superb equipages, which exceed even our dreams of magnificence. The royal cortège consisted of at least 24 or 25 of these sumptuous carriages, each drawn by 6 noble horses that looked as proudly aristocratic as those they bore. The state coach, gorgeous with gold and the richest decorations,—drawn by 8 of the most beautiful cream-colored horses, adorned with superb trappings,—in which the 'Fair rose of England' sat like the enchanted lady in the Crystal Cabinet of the fairy-tale, the 'observed of all observers.' The illuminations were brilliant & tasteful beyond anything ever seen here before. The whole line of the streets in the Queen's progress back from the dinner presented a dazzling blaze of light. Each side was studded with a brilliant series of crowns & regal initials separately or in multiform combination."

In the next letter, dated November 19, 1837, Mrs. Stevenson describes a visit which the Queen made to the theater, and also the opening of Parliament by the Queen.

THE QUEEN AT THE THEATER

"Nov. 19, 1837.

"Last week Mr. Rush proposed our going to the play to see the Queen's reception. He procured a box, and accordingly we went—Rushes and ourselves. It was a most animating and exciting scene even to me, who am neither a queen nor a subject. When her Majesty entered her box there was a deafening burst of gratulation from every part of the house. She answered this ardent demonstration of affection with many kindly obeisances to her loyal subjects, and those near say she wept and trembled. No wonder; innocent young creature, I confess I almost wept myself when the national anthem was sung by the whole vocal strength of the theater, and by its numerous and excellent band, especially at the invocation to the Almighty to 'bless the Queen.' It is the only thing I have ever envied her. But I will send you the paper containing the description of the scene; or rather my friend Mr. Rush will do it for me.

SHE OPENS PARLIAMENT

"I saw Parliament opened by the Queen; but first I must tell you a 'capital thing.' Miss Murray, one of the Queen's maids of honour, offered me a ticket and to go with me. However, on Saturday night some difficulty arose as to the ticket, and Mr. Rush got into the carriage and went with me to the Lord Chamberlain's office; but we were told that it was impossible to secure one. In despair I was about giving up, but not so Mr. Rush. He went home, got his dinner, and came back, to devise some expedient, when Mr. S— suggested writing in his own name (the Sec'y of Legation) to the great Lord Chamberlain. Accordingly it was done, and the next day we received a very polite note, saying: 'It gave the Lord Chamberlain great pleasure to see that a seat should be provided for Mrs. Stevenson, and that no ticket was required; that I was merely to announce my name.' Accordingly I called for Miss Murray at 12, so as to have time to send the carriage back for Mr. S. & Mr. R. When we arrived, we were asked for our tickets. I merely announced my name, & again at the next door it seemed an open sesame, & on we passed. When we arrived at the door of the great hall, or House of Lords, as it is called, Lord Willoughby, the great Chamberlain, met us and led us to two benches covered with crimson cloth close alongside the throne; so there I sat by the side of the Princess Gagarini and her daughter. In a few moments the immense apartment began to fill with nobles, lords, & dukes, & beautiful ladies in court dresses (I had been prepared for this; I was in full dress). If I could have had the choice of all the seats in the house, I should have chosen the one I had. The royal dukes stood immediately by me—Sussex & Cambridge. The latter inquired of the Princess who I was, & immediately entered into conversation with me (royal persons dispense with introductions), as did also the Duke of Sussex, & then I was amused by hearing their conversation together, which I did, without any breach of good manners. Before the entrance of every person there was a flourish of trumpets, & when the Queen came in it was long & loud. With

a discharge of cannon, she entered, looking really beautiful, surrounded by all the great officers of state, Lady Landsdowne & the Duchess of Sutherland, train-bearers &c. On one side was the Archbishop of Canterbury, & on the other the Premier of England, holding the sword of state. Her dress was magnificent, and she looked sweetly placid and dignified. Once or twice a smile flitted across her countenance, but only one as near to her as I could have perceived it. She first took the oath, which was administered by the archbishop, & then read with a clear, distinct, & beautiful enunciation her speech, still seated on the throne. Lord Melbourne, whom I was very near, seemed more agitated than she was. His lips moved, and I saw he repeated after her every word. When she had concluded her speech, she paused a little, & then arose and retired as she had entered, bowing to her two uncles, Sussex and Cambridge as she passed. These two noble dukes stood just before me, or rather more to my side, & squeezed me most royally, but with all their royal power, both physical and moral, they could not help themselves, and apologized most graciously. The House of Lords is not to be compared with our noble Hall of Representatives; but these proud English soothe their pride by telling us of the magnificent structure which is about to be erected."

The following, on December 6, 1837, is very newsy, and descriptive of much that Mrs. Stevenson has spoken of before.

"*London,* Dec'r 6, 1837.

"I wrote Betty and brother about my visit to Holdham, some twenty or thirty pages in all, and cannot go over that ground. I believe I gave them some description of the great national pageant, the civic festival to the Queen on the 9th. Since then she has been endeavouring to cheer the good citizens of London under the dismal darkness of fog and smoke by the brightness of her presence. She has visited the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden in state, which is customary on the accession of a new sovereign. We were at Covent Garden, and it was really an exciting scene. The enthusiasm with which this young idol of a nation's love is received is really enough to turn her young head. I confess I was moved even to tears when the national anthem of 'God save the Queen' was sung by the whole dramatique corps assembled on the stage, the audience joining in the chorus. When the line 'Long to reign over us' was sung, a burst of enthusiasm broke forth that really seemed to alarm the young creature who was its object; but her calm and quiet self-possession is the astonishment of all who see her in such trying scenes.

"At the opening of Parliament she had a much higher part to play, and did it equally well. I was fortunate in being very near her, the seats appropriated to the ladies of the foreign embassies being within a few feet of the throne so that I saw and heard every thing.

"Her royal uncles, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, entered first with a flourish of trumpets. They stood just by our seats, and conversed with us while the trumpets and the cannon announced the approach of Her Majesty, who entered, surrounded by all her ministers and officers of state, her train borne by her pages of honor. The imperial crown was carried on a velvet cushion by the Duke of Somerset, who walked a little to her side. She cannot wear it until after her coronation. When she had taken her seat on the throne, the ladies of her household arranged themselves behind her, the Duchess of Sutherland (The Mistress of the Robes), the Marchioness of Landsdowne, Lady Barhem, &c. On her left stood the Premier, Lord Melbourne, with the sword of state, bolt upright, and on her right the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who read with her the oath of declaration, which she signed with her little gloved hand, and then read her speech with a firm, though feminine voice and the most perfect emphasis and enunciation. She neither trembled nor hesitated, nor was her color at all heightened. When it was over, a slight and twilight sort of smile flitted across her countenance, and she looked as if she thought she had done well. Lord Melbourne was much more agitated than she was, and repeated after her (not audibly) every word; I stood so near that I could perceive the motion of his lips. She then

spoke a few words to her ladies, and retired as she had entered, smiling, and giving her hand to her two uncles as she passed.

DESCRIPTION OF THE QUEEN

"Her voice is as sweet as a Virginia nightingale's, and dwells upon the memory like a spell after the sound has passed away. It is sweet, yet soft; powerful, yet melodious, and it is listened to with a sort of breathless interest, heightened, no doubt, by her extreme youth. Her size is below the middle, but her figure is finely proportioned, and a little *embonpoint*. Her bust, like most Englishwomen's, is very good; hands and feet are small and very pretty. Her face, though not beautiful, has a look of spirituality, so bright and yet so tranquil that one feels involuntarily impressed with an idea that a good and pure spirit dwells within, which is destined for heaven if earth does not spoil her by its adulation. As yet her spirit has not passed under the yoke of royalty; she has only enjoyed its pleasures, and knows nothing of its pains and penalties; her dawn of life and prosperity has not been darkened by calamity or profaned by sin; but what will she be, when, like her great prototype Elizabeth, she is called to surrender up her trust to Him that gave it?

"I dare say now you and Helen and Selina would like to know how she was dressed. It consisted of a white satin dress richly embroidered with gold and trimmed around the bottom with a deep gold fringe; the stomacher studded with diamonds; earrings and necklace of the same; a train of some yards' length of crimson velvet and gold, lined with white satin. On her hair, which is dark brown and always worn without curls, she wore a magnificent circle of diamonds. Her eyes are blue, large, and full; her mouth, which is her worst feature, is generally a little open; her teeth small and short, and she shows her gums when she laughs, which is rather disfiguring. One of her maids of honor told me the other day that she deplores with the most beautiful simplicity the slavery of sitting so much for her picture; that it has been her torment ever since she was eleven years old; that her sister (The Duchess of Kent has been married twice) wrote her from Germany, 'Do, Victoria, shut your mouth when you sit for your likeness'; but that her mother said, 'No, my dear; let it be as nature made it.' She must be an amiable, gentle creature, for all who approach her seem to idolize her, and think her, if not an angel, at least such stuff as angels are made of. She seems to me to possess simplicity with elevation, spirit with sweetness, and wonderful tact and discretion for one so young and inexperienced. She may really be said to have stepped from the nursery to the throne. She still keeps near her person the Baroness Lehzun, who has had the charge of her since she was seven years old, and is said to be entirely worthy of the high trust. The Tories do not, however, think she has either a face or mind of the beatitudes. They accuse her of very womanly propensities, such as extravagance, want of sensibility, &c.; that she gives her hair-dresser 400 pounds a year; and a woman to take care of her diamonds, put them in, and out of their cases, 200 pounds. And an American minister has $9000!

"It is so dark at one o'clock that I can scarce see to write. Last night I took Miss Murray, one of the maids of honor, to the palace. She went in to the Baroness Lehzun, whilst I made a visit to one of the Duchess of Kent's ladies in waiting, Lady May Stopford. Whilst I was sitting in her parlor (all the ladies of the Queen and Duchess of Kent have apartments in the palace), there was a tap at the door, and the Duchess entered, wrapped in a large shawl. She conversed with me as any one else would have done until I retired, knowing she must have business with Lady May. When I went out to get into the carriage it was so dark at 4 o'clock that, with all the lamps lighted in the palace yard and streets, and those also to the carriage, we could scarcely get home or see a yard before us. These fogs are really awful; they are so dense and thick that they are tangible, and it seems as if it were impossible to live in such an atmosphere. It keeps me constantly coughing and with a cold."

(To be continued)

THE ENDANGERED VALLEY

THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY IN THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

BY JOHN MUIR

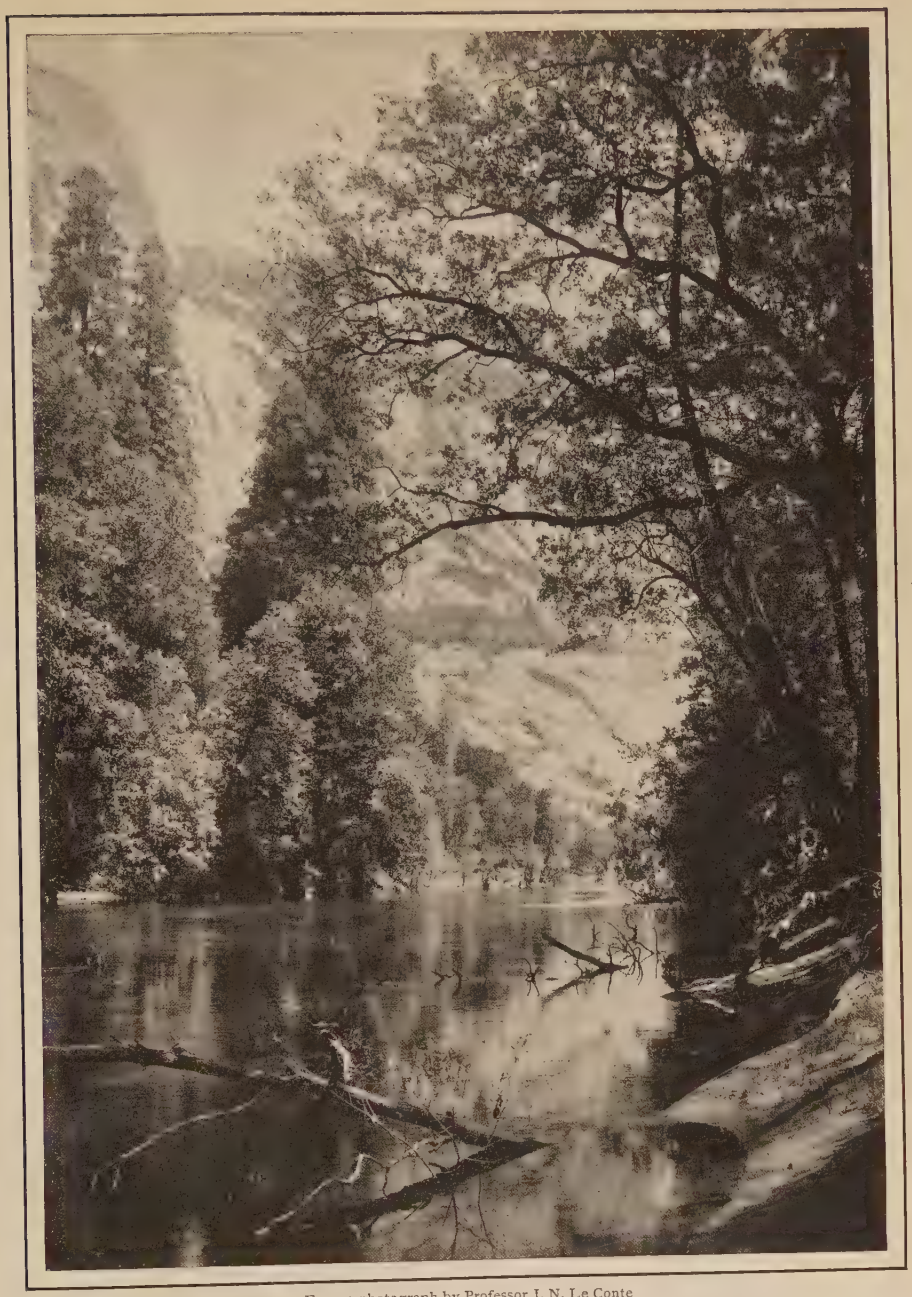
Author of "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," etc.

In The Century for August, 1908, in an editorial article entitled "A High Price to Pay for Water," attention was called to the grant last May by the present Administration to the city of San Francisco of extensive portions of the great Yosemite National Park for use as a water supply. The agreement between the city authorities and the Government provided, among other conditions, that the voters of San Francisco should accept the grant by a two-thirds vote; that before the valley is utilized the resources of Lake Eleanor, to the north of it and also within the Park, shall first have been used and found insufficient; and that the city shall acquire all private titles within the allotted territory, which it is now engaged in doing. The acceptance of the grant was opposed on the ground that other sufficient sources are available and because of the great expense of construction. The vote of the city was taken November 12, and resulted in a majority of 6 to 1 in favor of accepting the grant. We cannot but feel that an unfortunate precedent has been established in the diversion of a large part of the Park —with the watersheds, nearly half of it—from the use of the whole public to the service of a city. It is almost as though the grant of a water-power privilege at Niagara should shut out the public from the enjoyment of the wonderful cataract.

The few photographs here shown and Mr. Muir's brief description will serve to suggest to the reader the great beauty of the valley.—The Editor.

THE fame of the Merced Yosemite has spread far and wide, while Hetch-Hetchy, the Tuolumne Yosemite, has until recently remained comparatively unknown, notwithstanding it is a wonderfully exact counterpart of the famous valley. As the Merced flows in tranquil beauty through Yosemite, so does the Tuolumne through Hetch-Hetchy. The floor of Yosemite is about 4000 feet above the sea, and that of Hetch-Hetchy about 3700, while in both the walls are of gray granite, very high, and rise precipitously out of flowery gardens and groves. Furthermore, the two wonderful valleys occupy the same relative positions on the flank of the Sierra, were formed by the same forces in the same kind of granite, and have similar waterfalls, sculpture, and vegetation. Hetch-Hetchy lies in a northwesterly direction from Yosemite at a distance of about eighteen miles, and is now easily accessible by a trail and wagon road from the Big Oak Flat road at Sequoia.

The most strikingly picturesque rock in the valley is a majestic pyramid over 2000 feet in height which is called by the Indians Kolana. It is the outermost of a group like the Cathedral Rocks of Yosemite and occupies the same relative position on the south wall. Facing Kolana on the north side of the valley, there is a massive sheer rock like the Yosemite El Capitan about 1900 feet high, and over its brow flows a stream that makes the most beautiful fall I have ever seen. The Indian name for it is Tueeulala. From the brow of the cliff it is free in the air for a thousand feet, then strikes on an earthquake talus and is broken up into a ragged network of cascades. It is in full bloom in June, and usually vanishes toward the end of summer. The Yosem-



From a photograph by Professor J. N. Le Conte

VIEW IN THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY, SHOWING THE TUOLUMNE RIVER

ite Bridal Veil is the only fall I know with which it may fairly be compared; but it excels even that wonderful fall in airy, swaying grace of motion and soothing repose. Looking across the valley in the spring, when the snow is melting fast, Tueeulala is seen in all her glory burning in white sunfire in every fiber. Approaching the brink of the rock, her waters flow swiftly, and in their first arching leap into the air a little hurried eagerness appears; but this eagerness is speedily hushed

From a photograph by Professor J. N. Le Conte

VIEW UP HETCH-HETCHY FROM THE LAKE ELEANOR TRAIL

in sublime repose, and their tranquil progress to the base of the cliff is like that of downy feathers in a still room. The various fabrics into which her waters are woven are brought to view with marvelous distinctness by the instreaming sunshine. They sift and float from form to form down the face of that grand gray Capitan rock in so leisurely and unconfused a manner that one may examine their texture and patterns as one would a piece of embroidery held in the hand. Near the bottom, the width of the fall is increased from about twenty-five feet to a hundred feet, and is composed of yet finer tissue, fold over fold—air, water, and sunbeams woven into irised robes that spirits might wear.

A little to the eastward, on the same side of the valley, thunders the great Wapama or Hetch-Hetchy Fall. It is about 1700 feet high, and is so near Tueeulala that both are in full view from the same point. Its location is similar to that of the Yosemite Fall but its volume of water is much greater, and at times of high water may be heard at a distance of five or six miles or more. These twin falls are on branches of the same stream, but they could hardly be more unlike. Tueeulala, in sunshine, chanting soft and low like a summer breeze in the pines; Wapama, in gorge-shadows, roaring and booming like an avalanche. Tueeulala whispers that the Almighty dwells in peace; Wapama is the thunder of His chariot-wheels in power.

There are no other large falls in the valley. Here and there small streams, seldom noticed, come dancing down from crag to crag with birdlike song, doing what they can in the grand general harmony. The river falls about twenty feet into a surging trout pool at the head of the valley; and on Rancheria Creek, a large tributary that comes in from the northeast, there is a series of magnificent cascades, broad silver plumes like those between the Vernal and Nevada falls in Yosemite, half-leaping, half-sliding down smooth, open folds of the rocks covered with crisp, clashing spray, into which the sunbeams pour with glorious effect. Others shoot edgewise, through deep, narrow gorges, chafing and surging beneath rainbows in endless variety of form and tone.

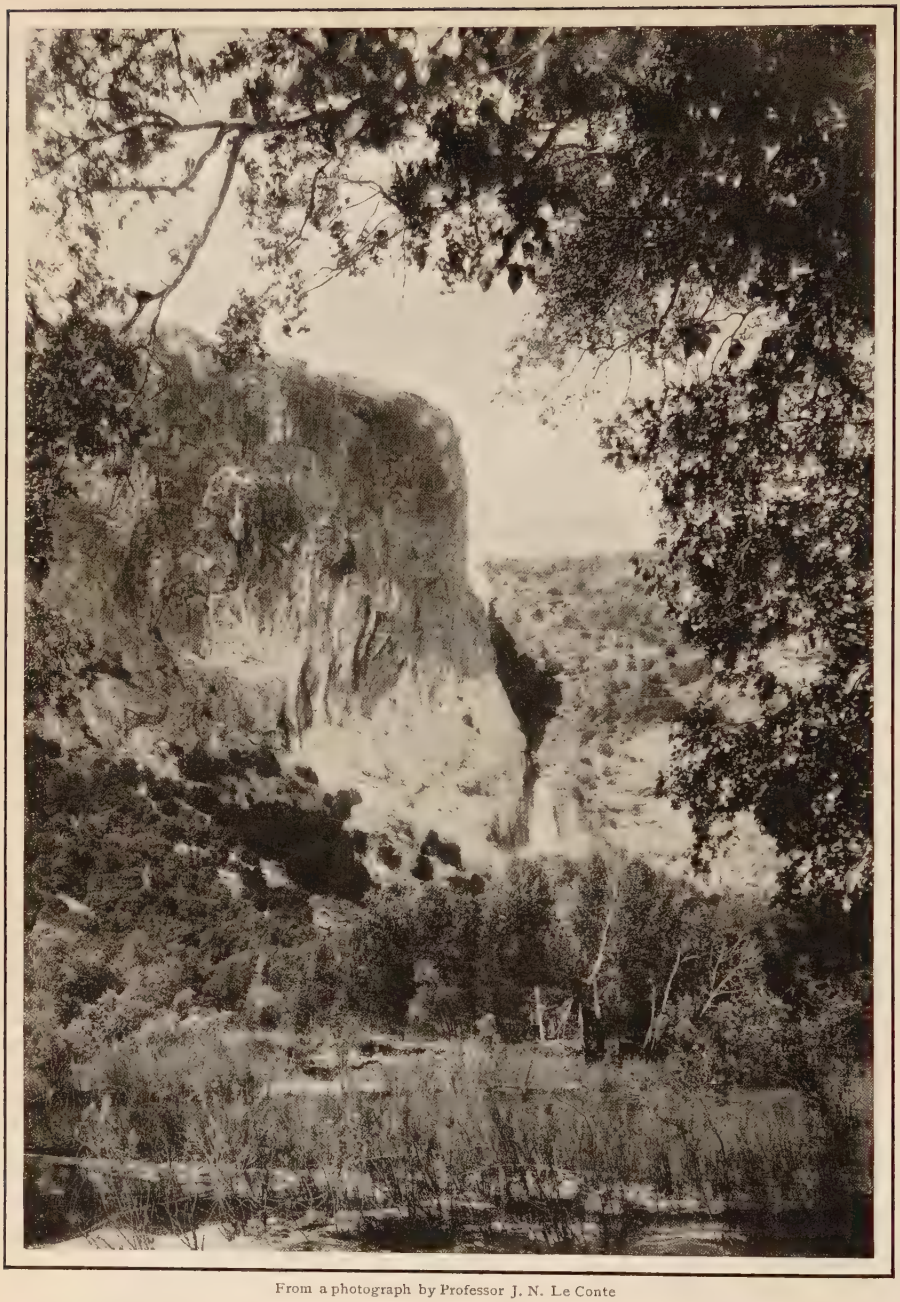
From a photograph by Professor J. N. Le Conte

THE UPPER CLIFFS FROM THE UPPER MEADOW

The floor of the valley is about three and a half miles long, half a mile wide, and is partly separated by a bar of glacier-polished granite across which the river breaks in rapids. The lower part is mostly a grassy, flowery meadow, with the trees confined to the sides and the river-banks. The upper forested part is charmingly diversified with groves of the large and picturesque California live-oak, and the noble yellow pine, which here attains a height of more than two hundred feet, growing well apart in small groves or singly, allowing each tree to be seen in all its beauty and grandeur. Beneath them the common pteris spreads a sumptuous carpet, tufted here and there with ceanothus and manzanita bushes, azalea and brier-rose, and brightened with mariposa tulips, goldenrod, tall mints, larkspurs, geraniums, etc., amid which butterflies, bees, and humming-birds find rich pasturage. Near the walls, especially on the earthquake tali that occur in many places, the pines and California oak give place to the mountain live-oak, which forms the shadiest and most extensive groves. The glossy foliage, densely crowded, makes a beautiful ceiling, with only a few irregular openings for the admission of sunbeams, while the pale-gray trunks and the branches, gnarled and outspread in wide interlacing arches, are most impressively beautiful and picturesque. The sugar-pine, sabine pine, incense-cedar, silver fir, and tumion, occur here and there among the oaks and yellow pines, or in cool side cañons, or scattered on the rifted wall rocks and benches. The river-bank trees are chiefly libocedrus, poplar, willow, alder, and flowering dogwood.

Hetch-Hetchy weather is delightful and invigorating all the year. Snow seldom lies long on the floor, and is never very deep. On the sunny north wall many a sheltered nook may be found embraced by sun-warmed rock-bosses in which flowers bloom every month of the year. Even on the shaded south side of the valley the frost is never severe.

A good many birds winter in the valley, and fill the short days with merry chatter and song. A cheerier company never sang in snow. First and best of all is the water-ouzel, a dainty, dusky little bird, about the size of a robin, that sings a sweet, fluty song all winter as well as in summer, and haunts the wild rapids and



From a photograph by Professor J. N. Le Conte

THE HETCH-HETCHY FALLS FROM THE RIVER

falls with marvelous constancy through all sorts of weather. A few robins, belated on their way down from the upper mountain meadows, make out to spend the winter here in comparative comfort, feeding on mistletoe berries. The kingfisher also winters in the valley, the golden-winged woodpecker, and the species that stores acorns in the bark of the trees, as well as jays, wrens, sparrows, and flocks of bluebirds and snowbirds, which make lively pictures in their quest for food.

Toward the end of March the sprout-

ing grasses make the meadows green; the aments of the alders are nearly ripe, the libocedrus is sowing its pollen, willows putting forth their catkins, and a multitude of swelling buds proclaim the promise of spring. Wild strawberries are ripe in May, the early flowers are in bloom, the birds are busy in the groves, and the frogs in pools.

In June and July summer is in prime, and the tide of happy, throbbing life is at its highest. August is the peaceful season of ripe nuts and berries—raspberries, blackberries, thimbleberries, gooseberries, shadberries, currants, puckery choke-cherries, pine-nuts, etc., offering royal feasts to Indians, squirrels, and birds of every feather. Then comes mellow, golden Indian summer, with its gorgeous colors and falling leaves, calm, thoughtful days, when everything, even the huge rocks, seems to be hushed and expectant, awaiting the coming of winter and rest.

Excepting only Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy is the most attractive and wonderful valley within the bounds of the great Yosemite National Park and the best of all the camp-grounds. People are now flocking to it in ever-increasing numbers for health and recreation of body and mind. Though the walls are less sublime in height than those of Yosemite, its groves, gardens, and broad, spacious meadows are more beautiful and picturesque. It is many years since sheep and cattle were pastured in it, and the vegetation now shows scarce a trace of their ravages. Last year in October I visited the valley with Mr. William Keith, the artist. He wandered about from view to view, enchanted, made thirty-eight sketches, and enthusiastically declared that in varied picturesque beauty Hetch-Hetchy greatly surpassed Yosemite. It is one of God's best gifts, and ought to be faithfully guarded.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AMERICAN LEADERS

THE announcement that President Eliot had resolved to lay down the burden of Harvard's presidency, on a certain date, did not indicate a withdrawal from his larger function of public leadership. It is one of our national safeguards that the Republic always has uses for disinterested, intelligent, wise and courageous counselors, whether they hold high place, or speak simply as citizens.

In recent years circumstances have drawn attention to certain features of American life of a most unhappy nature. Strong, but unscrupulous men have occupied the public mind to such an extent that we sometimes lose sight of the strong men of scruple,—of the men of light and leading,—with whom the country is fortunately blest.

Of such were the late Daniel C. Gilman and Charles Eliot Norton;—each in a different way, and in somewhat separate fields, standing for the noblest things in the life of the American people. None can "despair of the Republic" when characters like these are bred amid our institutions, and so easily gain hearing and influence. Nor, again, when men of the equipment and character of William H. Taft and Charles E. Hughes are elevated by the suffrage of the people to the highest places in the public service.

SAVING THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS

IT was good news to the whole country that the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission had resolved to take active measures toward the permanent defense of the scenery of the Hudson River against such injuries as are to be feared from forest destruction and blasting and, let us hope, from vulgar advertising and all the other forms of desecration by which beauty is sacrificed to commercialism. General Stewart L. Woodford, President

of the Commission, has shown this purpose, initially, in the appointment of a special committee on the subject under the chairmanship of Judge Alton B. Parker, whose distinguished legal ability will be of signal service in drafting such legislation as may be desirable. Hon. Frederick W. Seward, Chairman of the Plan and Scope Committee, has also expressed himself favorably to the idea. There could be no worthier form of memorial to the famous first navigators of the Hudson by sail and steam than to place its noble beauty once and for all beyond the power of private parties to impair what should continue to be part of the heritage of humanity.

In arriving at what is the best method of legal procedure, the Committee, which is acting for the whole country, would have the support of the press and the public in voicing the general desire that the action should not be tentative but in its ultimate purpose final. There must be an exploratory operation but the decisive one, to follow, must be planned for. There should not be any delay in framing a complete and workable plan. The public interest and good as related to our forests, our navigable rivers and our great scenery are immediate and paramount and public opinion has been sufficiently educated to come to the support of the Commission, just as it did in the matter of the saving of the Palisades. The State of New York is a trustee of the Highlands for the nation and must see that they do not suffer injury.

If there is one false notion which more than another has masqueraded under the name of liberty it is that of "private rights." Owners of property which is being used to the detriment of the public health and welfare cry out against any supervision as confiscation, when it is they who are the real confiscators, taking from the people something which should not inhere in private ownership. The country is waking up to this, and judicial decisions in Maine and New Jersey have laid down a wider area of operation for the principle that you must not injure another's rights in the enjoyment of your own—that other being in these instances the general public.

It is to be hoped that the lawmakers of New York will see their opportunity this winter to embody the public demand so firmly in legislative action that the State may enter with pride upon the celebration of next autumn, conscious of having thus "builded a monument more lasting than brass" as a memorial of the great personages whom we are called upon to honor.

SALVINI AT EIGHTY

WHO that harks back to the great days of the tragic drama can be indifferent to the fact that on the first of January Tommaso Salvini will have completed his eightieth year? In Italy, where genius of any kind takes precedence in the public mind of both rank and wealth, the celebration of the day will have the character of a national fête, and all over the world, among those who have witnessed his superb impersonations, the evidences of regard for the great tragedian, though necessarily less demonstrative and public, will be not less sincere. Not to have been a contemporary of Salvini's activity is indeed to have been born too late! The impressions of his grand manner, his exhaustless resources, his keen intellectual penetration and his command of the emotions are of that vital and permanent kind which beget in one the desire to convey these impressions to his children. "It cannot be," one says to himself, "that my son may never know as I have known the noble majesty of *Othello* before the Senate, or his titanic rage against the throttled *Iago,* or follow the growth of jealousy in his mind from seed to malefic flower; or hear the exultant cry of *Hamlet* when in that drama of failure his ruse with the players comes to its success; or see the foreboding hesitation of *Macbeth;* or be startled by the upbraiding of *Orestes* by *Pylades,* like thunder out of a slow-gathered cloud; or know a hundred other great moments that remain in the memory as exponents of a score of rôles of profound, elaborate and finished art."

Now and then a critic found fault with the fact that Salvini's interpretations did violence to the more philosophical traditions of the Anglo-Saxon schools. But this temperamental difference held in it at least the excellence of awakening the last quarter of the nineteenth century to a realization of a new greatness in Shakspere. But even the critics who held that it was "not Shakspere's" *Ham-*

let or *Othello* that Salvini gave us never complained that he failed to sustain the illusion, which is the first if not the chief duty of an actor—a power not to be dismissed as mere technique, for it alone is what gives to technique the breath of life. Browning said of the *Hamlet* that in it "the entire lyre of tragedy sounded magnificently." One critic spoke of it as a restoration of the "lost *Hamlet*," and George Henry Lewes thought it of all the Hamlets he had seen "the least disappointing."

Merely as actor,—in person, gesture, and wonderful voice, in range, in intensity, and in the dramatic conveyance of human nature,—Salvini is the greatest of his time; indeed, it is difficult to believe that there ever could have been a greater. His contribution to the history of the imagination, so to speak, has been immense.

THE CENTURY, to which he did the honor to contribute not only his "Recollections," but also illuminating studies of several of his characters, speaks for thousands of Americans in sending him their greetings, with our own felicitations on his honored age, and the hope of hale and happy years to come.

OPEN LETTERS

Hobart Nichols

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

IN his youth Hobart Nichols was a scientific draftsman in the United States Geological Survey in the city of Washington, where he was born and devoted his spare time to the study of art. In 1900 he resigned his position to accept an appointment on the United States Art Commission to the Paris Exposition, where he found ample opportunity to broaden his art education. Since then he has been able to devote himself to painting and has spent much time abroad in travel and study. In the old town of Katwyk, on the north coast of Holland, he found the motive for his picture "Vespers: Katwyk," which is the frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY. Working with equal facility in the two mediums, of water-color and oil, Mr. Nichols has on several occasions been awarded prizes offered by, and under the auspices of, the Corcoran Gallery of Art for pictures of both kinds. For many years he has been an exhibitor in the leading exhibitions of the country. Since his return from abroad he has lived in New York.

A Lost Kipling Poem

A FEW years ago I noticed that Professor Frederick Jackson Turner of the University of Wisconsin prefaced his well-known essay on "The Influence of the Frontier on History" with a beautiful and apt quotation of poetry. It was credited to "The Foreloper" by Rudyard Kipling, and ran as follows:

"And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and a king;
And he shall come back o'er his own track, and by his scarce cool camp;
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand
Till on his last won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand."

Those lines were peculiarly appropriate in the discussion of the influence of the frontier. They have also proved stimulating to one studying and lecturing upon themes of history in this far-away Old Oregon country. Having grown fond of the lines, I asked Professor Turner where he got them, and whether the rest of the poem was as good as this sample. He astonished me greatly by declaring that he not only did not know the rest of the poem, but that he had been unable to find the lines in any of the works of Kipling.

Having my interest aroused, I also made a search through a collected edition of Kipling's works, but could find no "Foreloper," nor any lines that could exactly fit the ones we had. Then I wrote to Mr. Kipling at Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, England, and in due time received this astonishing reply from his secretary, E. M. Blaikie:

"In answer to your letter of May 6th, Mr. Kipling has asked me to say that the lines to which you refer are his, but he can-

not remember when or where they were published or what the rest of the poem is."

The poem was undoubtedly published in full somewhere at some time, and there is surely enough interest in the man and his work to start a search that will bring the lost poem back to its author and to the many readers who enjoy such stirring lines.

Edmond S. Meany.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by W. B. Gilbert

LEAP-YEAR AMBIGUITY

HE: If somebody had any money, this would n't be a bad place to propose.
SHE: If somebody did n't care anything about money, this would n't be a bad place to propose.

Verra Weel!

SOME men may fear their consort's ire;
I know just how they feel,
But what if they were once to hear
My wife say, "Verra weel!"

On matters great an' sma' I hear,
A'maist wi' every meal,
My wife's cold voice sae crisp, sae sour,
As she says, "Verra weel!"

Sometimes I want to hae my say,
I own wi' faltering zeal,
On some sma' thing about the hoose,
But hear her, "Verra weel!"

"Now here 's Jack Johnston out fra toon,
An', wife, I hope you 'll feel
Like giein' us a cup o' tea,"
How short her "Verra weel!"

It 's no tae kirk I 'll gang the day—
In vain I would conceal
My tremblin' fear to have it o'er,
Her crusty "Verra weel!"

Sometimes the Thistle—that 's my club—
Keeps me sae late I 'd kneel
To ask her pardon when I come,
But she says, "Verra weel."

I ken I 'm a puir, sinfu' man,
But I 'd rather face the diel
Than have her with that stony glare
Say shortly, "Verra weel!"

Frances Grant Teetzel.

Old Calhoun[1]

A VOICE FROM THE PHILIPPINES

THERE 's an old log hut in the elbow of a hill,
Back in old Calhoun,
Where through all the long June evenin's
you can hear the whippoorwill—
Back in old Calhoun.
There the moon comes up the mountain when
the sun goes down,
And the coves are drenched with silver till
the laurels drip and drown,
And the wood-dove stops her moanin' and
the owl takes up the soun',
And the chirrin' of the crickets chills the dew
out of the groun'—

Back in old Calhoun—
That 's the place that I was born in;
Back in old Calhoun—
That 's the place for which I 'm
mournin';

[1] Calhoun County, West Virginia

There is something fair to see there—
There is something sweet to me there;
And I 'm wearyin' to be there—
Back in old Calhoun!

There 's a little girl a-standin' just within the cabin door,
Back in old Calhoun.
There 's an old man in the corner and a baby on the floor—
Back in old Calhoun.
There 's a look that I remember underneath her lashes black,
And it haunts me and it hurts me, till my heart is on the rack—
For it 's hungry for her kisses and the happiness I lack,
And I 'd marry her to-morrow, if I only could get back—

Back to old Calhoun,
When the spring is just a-wakin';
Back to old Calhoun,
When the white frost's hold is breakin'.
Here it 's summer till I hate it.
Ah, I would not so berate it,
If I could but await it
Back in old Calhoun!

There 's a crazy porch hangs over, where the big road bends,
Back in old Calhoun—
Covered up with morning-glories that a white-haired woman tends—
Back in old Calhoun;
And a gray house leans and loves it for the tendrils that have clomb
Up a roof the rain has rotted from the eave-trough to the comb. . . .
My eyes ache with the sun-glare—far away my glance would roam—
This whole blessed bunch of islands is n't worth one sight of home!

Back in old Calhoun,
I can see the cornfields yellowin';
Back in old Calhoun,
I can smell the Bellflowers, mellowin'—
Hear the cider-presses streamin';
Glimpse the white wheat-stubble gleamin';
But I 'm only in my dreamin'
Back in old Calhoun!

On the coast, or hikin' inland, it is all the same to me—
(Back in old Calhoun!)
The homesickness is upon me and I only want to be
Back in old Calhoun.
Strange the country all about me—strange the faces on the street;
I 've my fill of "fightin' niggers"—of the hardship and the heat.
God! I b'lieve they 'll let me die here, 'fore I know again the sweet
Breath o' locust blooms above me—the red clay beneath my feet—

Back in old Calhoun!
(What 's the use of all this grievin'?)
Back in old Calhoun!
—See, the transport is a-leavin'.
Leaves some of us kind o' starey.
. . . I'd die happy, if they 'd carry
What there 's left of me to bury
Back to old Calhoun!

Frank Preston Smart.

The Waiting-Room

A MONOLOGUE

(Scene: The anteroom of a doctor's office. Several dejected-looking women sitting around. One leans over and addresses her neighbor.)

"EXCUSE me. Have you ever had any lockjaw in your family?

"I 'm *so* sorry you have n't! Oh, not sorry in that sense, of course; I hope I 'm not that sort of person. And if I were capable of wishing misfortunes to anybody, it certainly would n't be to anybody who was n't even a friend of mine. No, indeed! But I do so want somebody to tell me just what the premonitory symptoms are. Awful disease, is n't it? I 'm more afraid of it than of anything in the world except hydrophobia. It 's that I 'm here for now. No, not hydrophobia; lockjaw. I stuck a sewing-machine needle in my finger last week, and this morning it seemed to me that my face had a curious feeling. But I did come very near having hydrophobia once, if I did n't actually have a touch of it. 'T was then I started my blessing box.

"You don't? Why, you just get one of these paper boxes with a slit in the top, or one of tin, or iron, or china would do as well, and you drop in a piece of money for charity whenever you are especially glad of anything. My youngest child had a desperate attack of croup about that time, and my husband was in a railroad wreck, and our house nearly burnt down; and so, with one thing and another, I got together quite a nice sum.

"Why, I don't see what is curious about it. Oh, of course, it is principally for things that don't happen. After that dog bit me, I used to have such dreadful feelings every time I thought about it, that often and often I would expect the next minute to break out

barking. And I never did; which, of course, was a great relief.

"Yes, I have n't a doubt myself that it was mad. It never had bitten anybody before,—the woman it belonged to told me so herself,—and why, if it was n't mad, it should have started up and bitten me, I don't see. I wanted to see her about doing some washing for me, and I would n't go into her yard until I had called to her to know if she kept a dog. And she said she did n't. But when I went in there was a yellow dog, and I asked her what she meant by saying she did n't have a dog; and she said she did n't call that a dog, because it never had bitten anybody in its life. And it does seem to me that it stands to reason that it must have been mad, or it never in the world would have bitten me in that ferocious way, when, by the merest accident, I stepped on its tail.

"Oh, of course, it may not have understood that it was an accident, but I have n't a doubt that its tail had been stepped on times without number, and why it should have picked out *me*—

"No, it was n't very much of a bite; I don't think it had more than two or three teeth, on account of being old; but it does n't take much of a bite to give you hydrophobia. It 's like lockjaw in that—so deceptive. That is what I tell my husband when he laughs at me about being uneasy about sticking my finger. One of the surest signs of these really awful things is thinking nothing is the matter. I 'm not sure yet that I won't hear from that bite. It 's been nine years now, and nine years, I understand, is the favorite time.

"Yes, I had it killed at once; though the woman would n't consent to it until I gave her ninety-five cents. She said it was a thoroughbred hunting-dog, and asked a dollar; but I would n't hear of that imposition, and persuaded her to take ninety-five cents, which my husband said was ninety-five times what it was worth without suspicion of hydrophobia, which, of course, ought to have made it cheaper. He said while he was buying a dog, if he 'd been me, he would have bought one without hydrophobia, even if it had cost a little more. He pretended to think that I just thought I was getting a bargain. He said he might have known I could n't resist buying a dog with hydrophobia if it was marked down, which, of course, is perfectly ridiculous. By the way, that is really a remarkable sale of silk at Hofmeyer's this morning between 10: 45 and 11: 45.

"Oh, no; nothing like over; it has n't begun. I have n't a watch, but I am sure of that as I am of anything. If I was n't, I would n't be sitting here this way. As I was saying, I paid the woman ninety-five cents and had the dog killed; but I was rather sorry I did afterward; not on account of my husband, for every married woman knows you simply cannot listen to what men say about things, but because if it had gone on living it would either have proved it had hydrophobia by dying, or it would n't; and either way it would have been a relief.

"You don't? Oh, I don't know; anything is better than uncertainty.

"Yes, indeed, that is what makes waiting here so hard. What I do is always to prepare myself for the worst. Oh, well, the worst is *generally* pretty bad. Appendicitis? No, I never have had it myself; but I have lost several friends with it, which is almost the same thing; and I can't help being drawn to everybody that has it. Yes, I know the symptoms by heart as well as any doctor; I have only too much reason to know them.

"Yes, that is the very spot. Yes, indeed; I was just going to ask you if you ever had that feeling; that is right; I mean that shows it is all wrong. Very often it runs on a long time before it becomes acute; but always in the end— So long as that? Oh, you ought to have had it seen to long ago, then. Nine tenths of the cases are lost because they are put off too long; all the doctors say that. Oh, of course, it may not be too late in your case; I do hope it is n't. I was just thinking of a dear friend of mine. One of the saddest cases! Yes, she was operated on; but it was a mere form; there was n't any hope from the first, though she did n't at all realize her true condition, and was so hopeful of getting well! Oh, you must follow my friend's beautiful example and look on the bright side. You 'll have twice the chance of pulling through if you can be hopeful and cheerful and expect the best.

"No, of course she did n't; but think how much suffering she escaped by not knowing!

"Yes, I understand exactly how you feel. It is only natural that you should be nervous. I 'm sure I should be in your place, a great deal more so than you are. But then I am really foolish about appendicitis; I have such sad associations with it. I often feel that if I was ever taken with it I would simply set my house in order, and—and— By the way, *can* you tell me of a really good man to take up and shake carpets and do that kind of work?

"Yes, that is certainly so. If there is any such thing as a good one, I have n't succeeded so far in finding him, either. If they don't bother you in one way, they will in another. If they don't jerk the carpets up and make a hole for every tack, they are morally certain just to pretend to shake them, and fold them up with half the dust in them. But they do say dust is a preventive of moths.

"Have n't you? I thought everybody had heard that. I can't really say myself. If it is, it is the only one there is. I 've simply lost faith in moth preventives. It seems to me that there is just a fate in it. If moths are going to get in anything, they are going to get in, and if they are n't, they are n't.

"Why, yes, I suppose it is more or less so about everything, which, of course, ought to be a comfort to us. There is everything in the way you look at things. Now, I 'm always saying to my husband— Oh, you go in now? Remember my friend, and be very hopeful. So glad to have had this little chat with you."

(Moves over to another lady.)

"QUITE a trial, is n't it, to be kept waiting so long with one's fate hanging in the balance? And, besides, I have a most important engagement between 10:45 and 11:45; at least, not an engagement exactly, but— Oh, you have a watch? Thank you. That is just about the time I thought it was. I do hope the lady who has just gone in won't be long. I really have n't very much time to spare. She is here for appendicitis, and dreadfully nervous. I tried to cheer her up all I could; but I 'm just as nervous as I can be myself. Do you suffer much with your nerves? Well, you are blessed, indeed; but of course there are many more serious things. Oh, indeed? You are fortunate if it is so slight. Taken in time, and with proper attention to diet, and exercise, and all that, you may even get over it altogether, though I must confess I 'm tempted sometimes to think that there is n't really any cure for anything. That is one effect of reading patent medicine advertisements. Oh, of course, they say so; and there are the pictures of the people. Did you ever notice, by the way, how much alike they are? Every man that patent medicine cures has the very same flat curls at the top of his forehead, and the women all hold their heads exactly alike—sort o' stiff and sideways. Yes, they do claim wonderful cures; but it does stand to reason that by this time there would n't be any sickness left if all of them could do all they say they do. And it does make your regular doctor rage so if you take patent medicine.

"Oh, yes, now and then, when a new one comes out. It is the advertisements of the ones that you have tried and that have n't done you a bit of good that discourage you so—of course not the brand new advertisements; and I do occasionally. Yes, that is what my husband says. He says that when you take one of these things that undertake to cure everything, it sets to work to cure all sorts of things you have n't got, and upsets everything that was n't wrong to start with. And maybe it does, which would certainly be an objection. I suppose they guard against that by not really making it to cure anything. That would be the only safe way. Yes, I really take very little interest in patent medicine myself; but when you don't know just what is the matter with you, and you are not sick enough to go to the doctor, it is rather convenient to take something that does n't have to be for any particular thing. And, anyhow, it is something like a lottery: if it does anything, it may do wonders; whereas those things without any names that the doctor gives you certainly won't. The most that you can expect of them is to put you back in your usual condition; which, as a general thing, is n't so very desirable. I don't know whether you 've had much sickness in your life—

"Ah, indeed? Well, the average amount is bad enough. There is n't any blessing like health. Whenever I hear of the sickness of anybody I know, I always feel so thankful. Oh, you have your watch out? And it is now— Thank you. How the morning is slipping away!

"Don't you? That must be the strain of waiting, though it does n't affect me so. Still, the suspense is dreadfully trying on a nervous person like I am. You say you are not at all nervous? But then it seems to me that nobody can help being apprehensive about what a doctor is going to say.

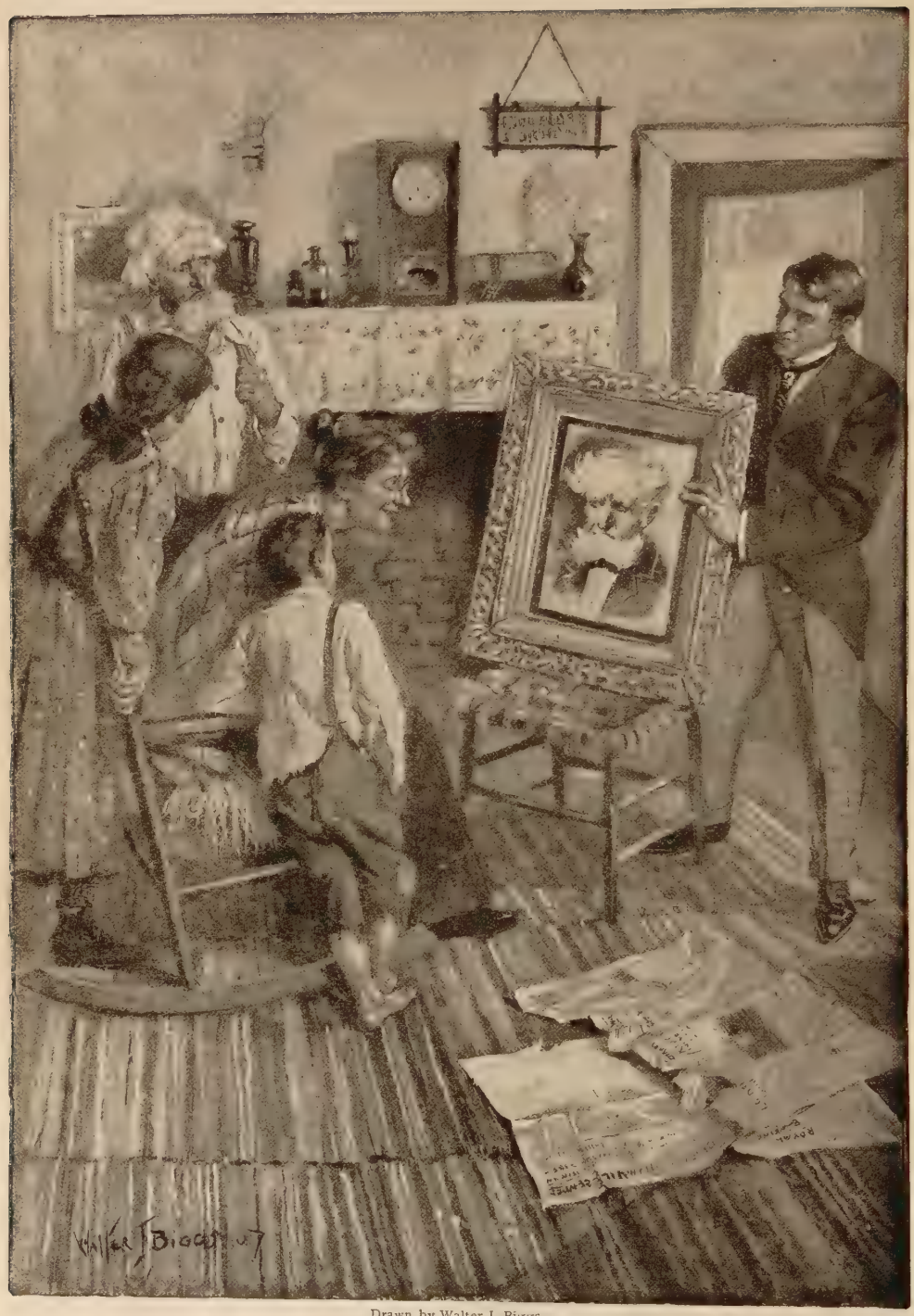
"Well, I hope sincerely it will turn out to be as simple as you think. It is a good thing anyway to look on the bright side, though hopefulness is n't generally a characteristic of dyspepsia. It is strange how much more hopeful really hopeless diseases often are. It is almost a sign of them, I think. There is n't anything more mysterious than sickness, is there? I invariably quake when I tell a doctor the smallest symptom, because the simplest and most insignificant thing may mean all sorts of horrors; and I feel as if I might be sealing my doom unawares. Now, this stiffness that I felt this morning in my jaw— Tired? Why, that is what my husband said! But what could make it tired? No, I can't help thinking it is the beginning of lockjaw.

"Oh, do you really and truly think there 's *no* reason to be uneasy? If I just could think so! I 'm so anxious to get away in good time. It is at least eleven now.

"Eleven five? Thank you. Then I really must go. What is to be, is to be. If it *is* lockjaw—

"Oh, I can't be as sure as all that; but it is lovely of you to be so consoling. Anyhow, the lockjaw will keep for another time; and those silks at Hofmeyer's won't. Good-by; and thank you *ever* so much!"

Annie Steger Winston.



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

THE CRAYON ARTIST

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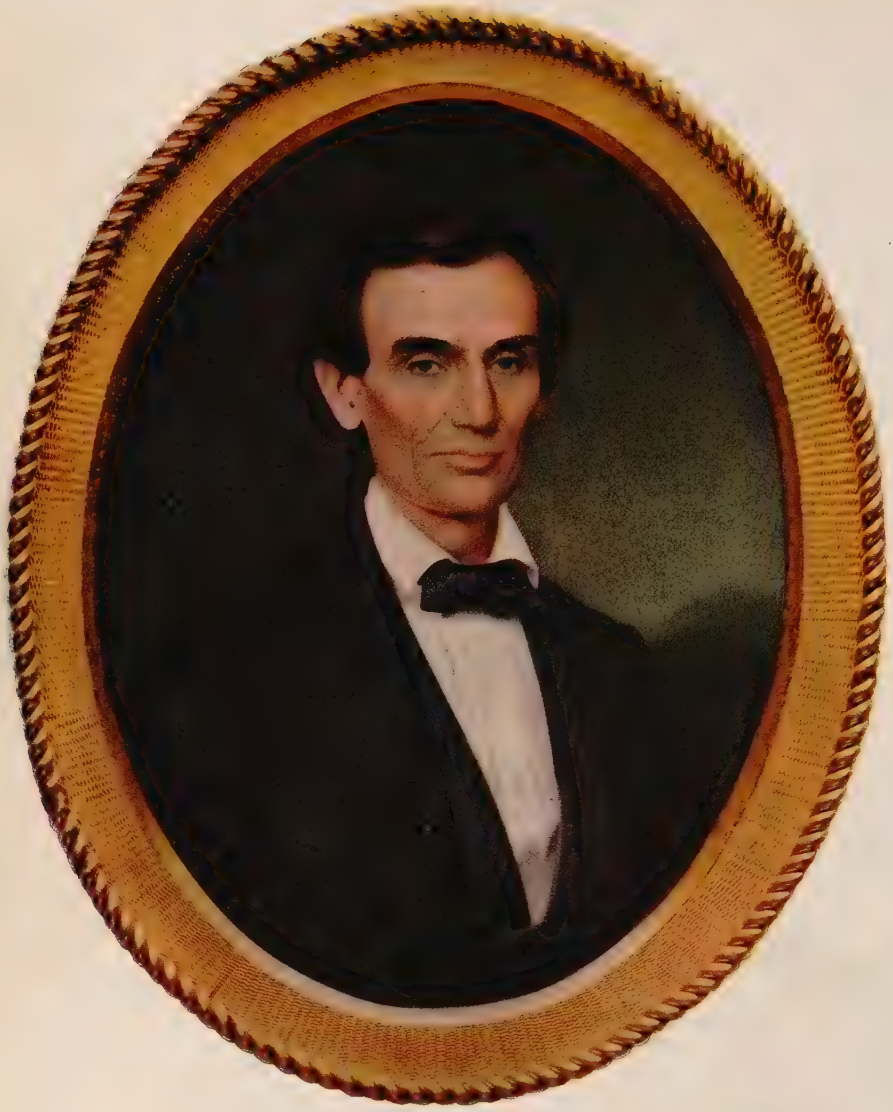

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Miniature (size of the original) painted on ivory from life at Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, by John Henry Brown, at the request of Judge John M. Read, of Philadelphia. From the original owned by the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVII FEBRUARY, 1909 No. 4

LINCOLN THE LEADER[1]

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

"GREATER AND GREATER"

IT was not many years after the Civil War that I first came to New York. There I met, with youth's curiosity and admiration for genius, among other literary lights of the day, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who had struck out that dynamic lyric on Ossawatomie Brown, prophetic of the war; who had addressed to the President the demand for a captain, —"Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!"— a demand which it took Lincoln so long and through so many disappointments to satisfy; and who had written the ringing sonnet on the assassination, in which Lincoln is described as "the whitest soul a nation knew"; Bayard Taylor, who had been of special service to Lincoln at the important court of St. Petersburg; Richard Grant White, who had interpreted the Union cause in his "New Gospel of Peace," and had gathered the war-songs into a unique volume; Richard Henry Stoddard, who had written an eloquent ode on the death of Lincoln; Dr. J. G. Holland, who had written a life of the President, the first of any moment to be put forth after his death; Noah Brooks, who had been close to Lincoln in Washington; Bret Harte, author, among other famous pieces, of certain memorable lyrics of the war; George William Curtis, who had taken part in both the conventions that nominated Lincoln, and officially notified him of his second nomination; and, a seldom and picturesque revisitor of his beloved Manhattan, Walt Whitman, who had written "Captain, My Captain," and the passionate chant on the death of the President, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." A majestic figure of the time was the poet Bryant, who had presided on the occasion of Lincoln's Cooper Union Speech, when each had been greatly impressed by the other, Lincoln saying "It was worth the journey to the East merely to meet such a man," and Bryant becoming, soon after, one of Lincoln's chief supporters for the Presidential nomination.

A certain young journalist and author in the literary group greatly attracted me. I remember writing to him in those days a boyish, enthusiastic letter enrolling him in the company of "good fellows"—the

[1] Read before the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion, at Minneapolis, February 12, 1907.

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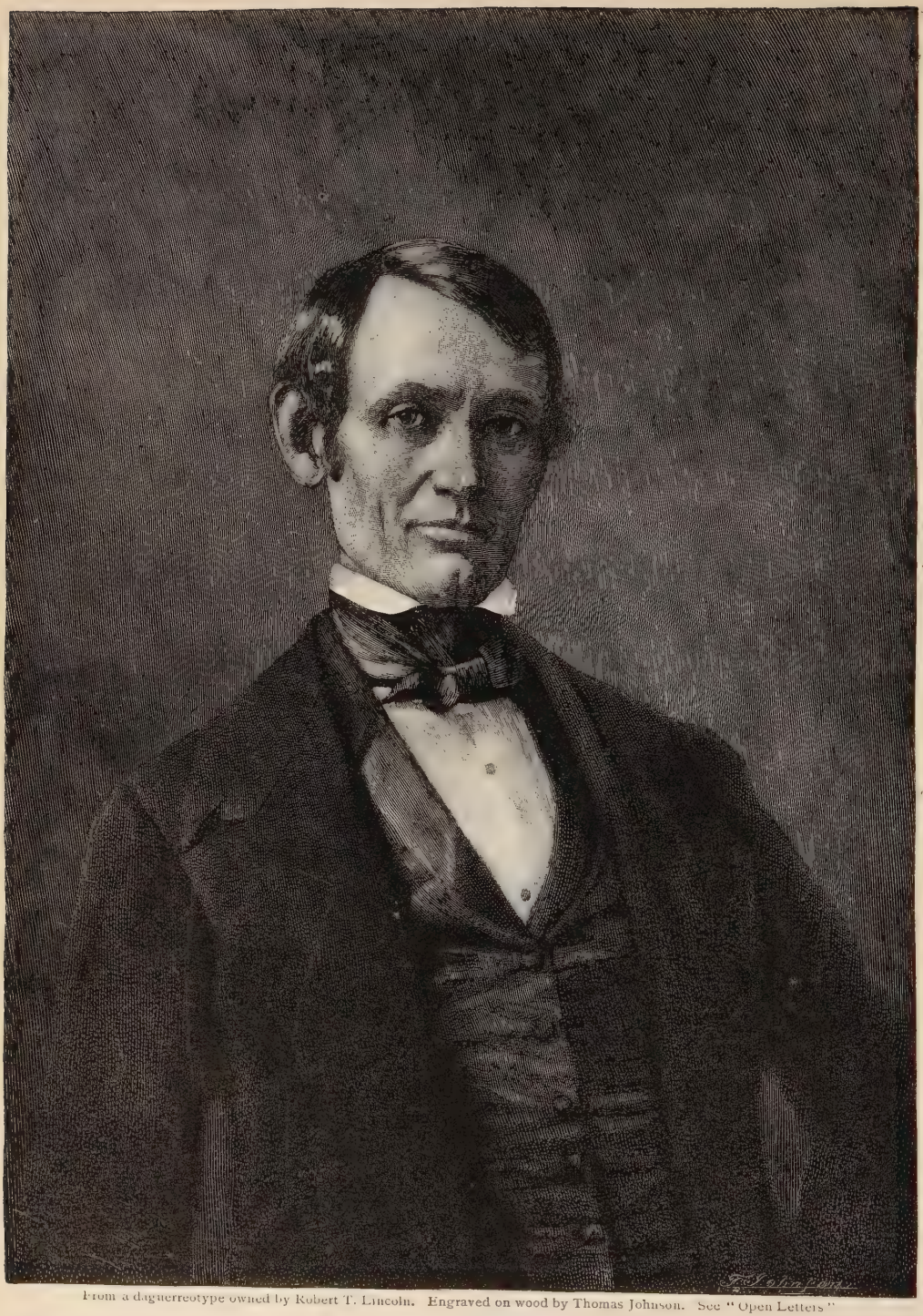


From a daguerreotype owned by Robert T. Lincoln. Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson. See "Open Letters"

LINCOLN AS LAWYER

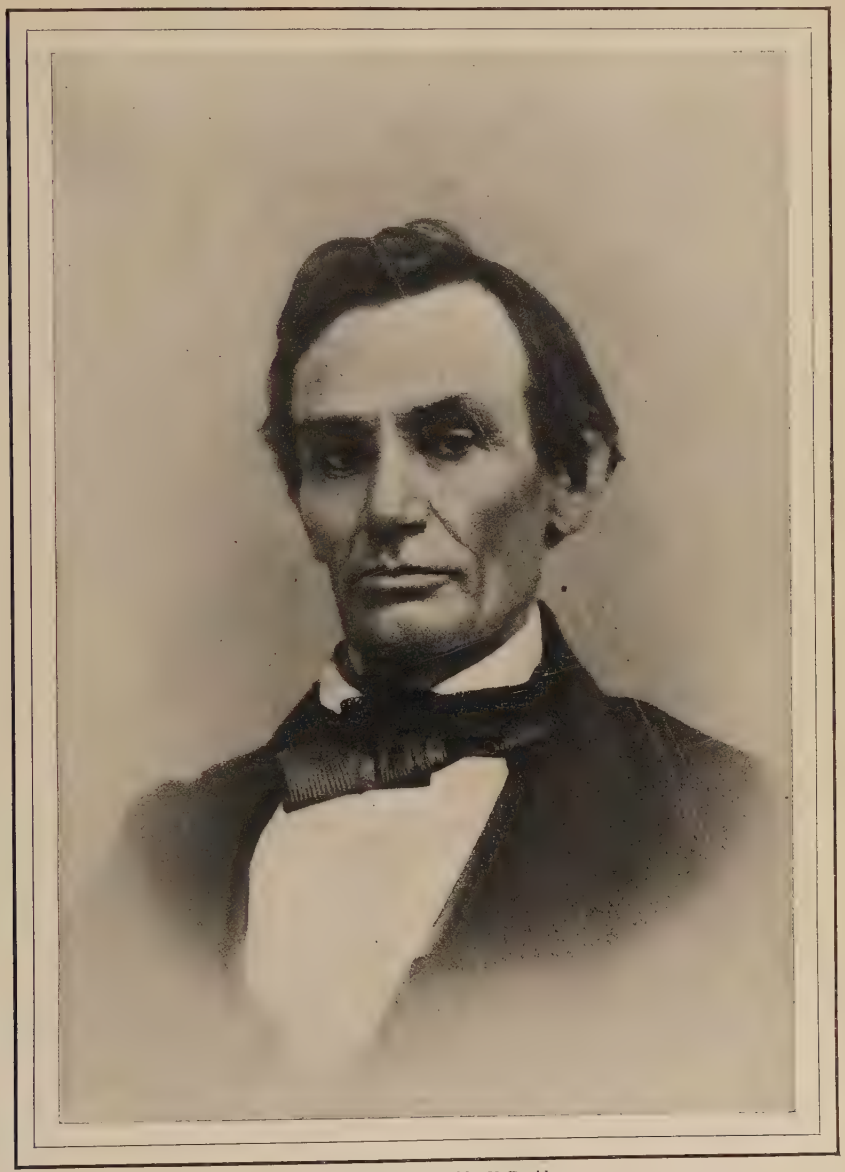
Mr. Robert T. Lincoln is of the opinion that this portrait was taken between December, 1847, and March, 1849, during his father's one term in Congress.

good-hearted, the art-loving, the genial. There was a special fascination about him. He had a quiet, intense sense of humor; a wit that was genial, though it could be stinging; and a piquant poise and reticence. He was as self-confident as he was courteous and modest.

To him I said one day, "Colonel, as you continue your study of Lincoln, and your writing about him, does he seem to you larger or less?"

To this,—and I remember the seriousness of his manner,—John Hay answered: "As I go on with the work, to me Lincoln grows greater and greater."

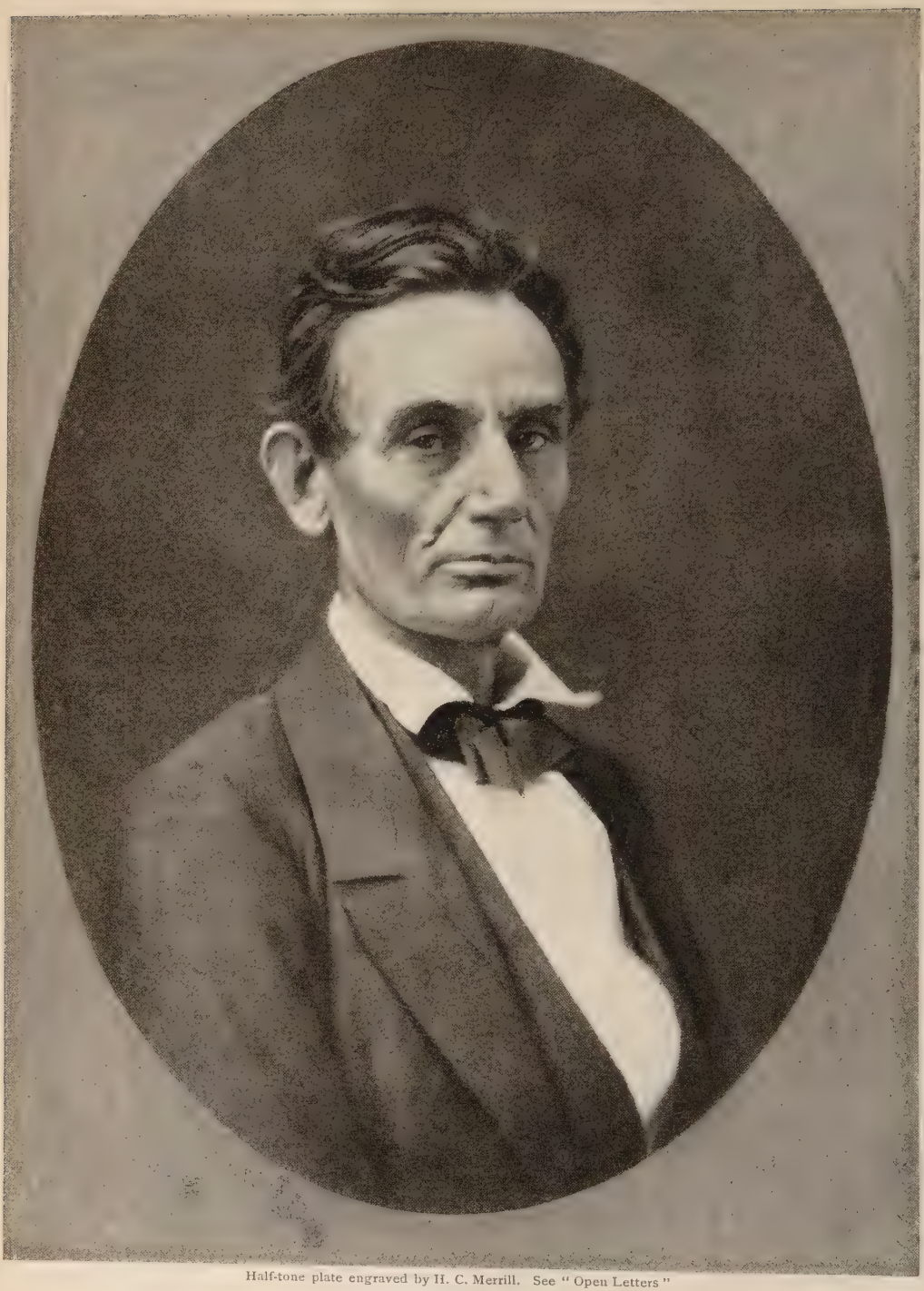
Since then, as the historical students and the people of his country and of the world have studied and better known his



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

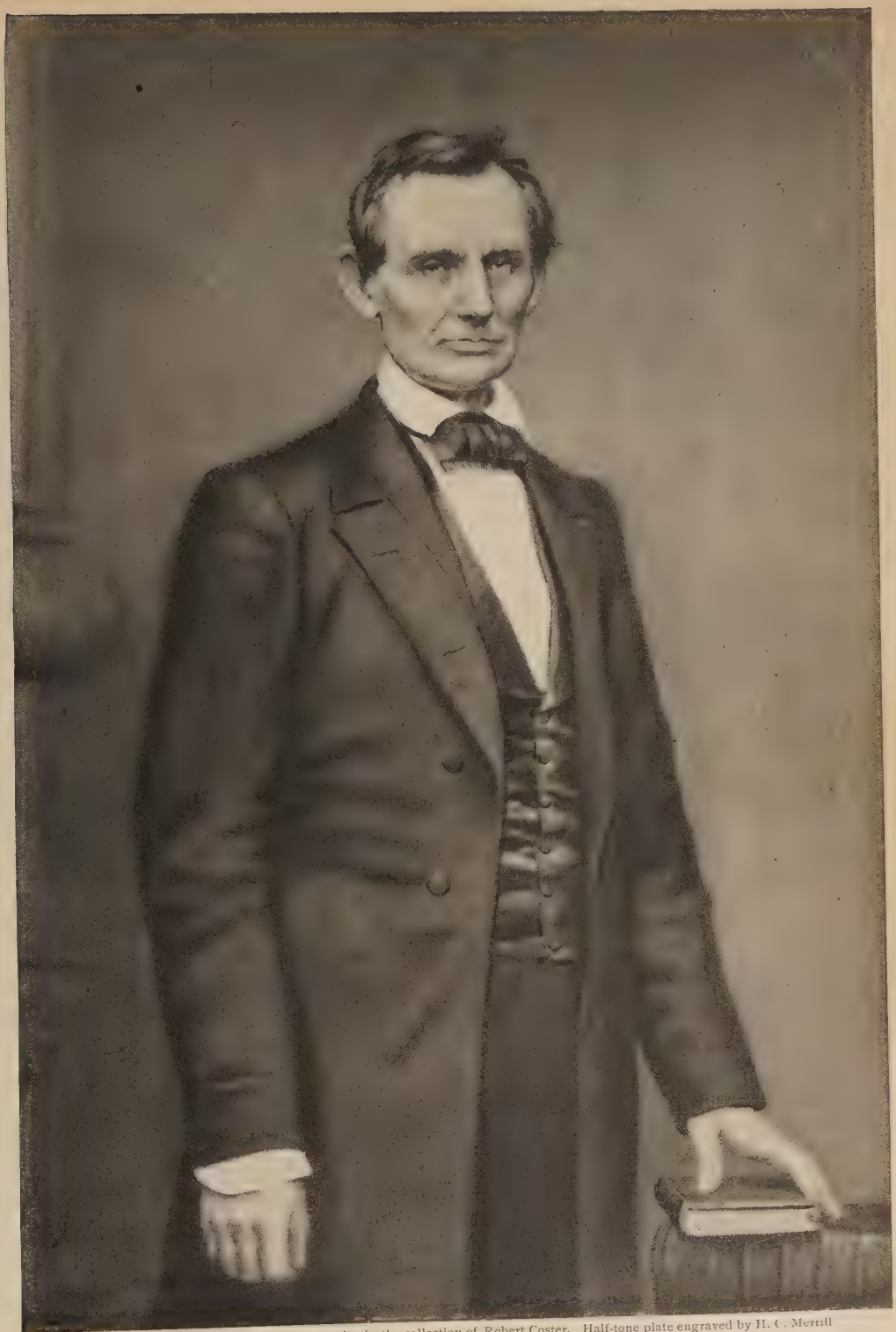
From an ambrotype made a few days after the debate at Galesburg, Illinois, October 7, 1858.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill. See "Open Letters"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

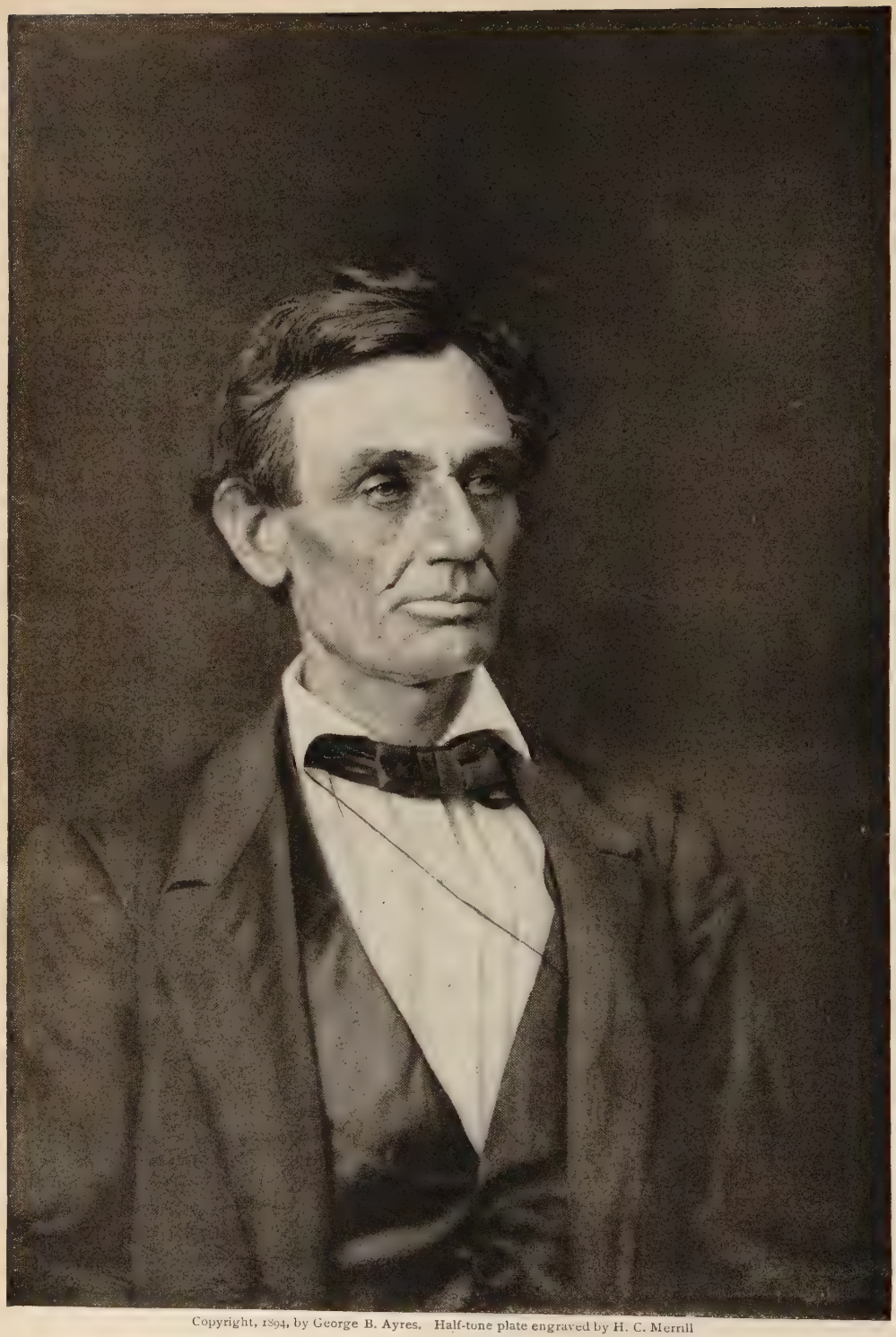
From a photograph owned by William Lloyd Garrison, made by Fassett of Chicago in October, 1859.



From an enlargement of the Brady negative in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This photograph was taken just after Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, February 27, 1860, and is called the "Cooper Institute portrait."

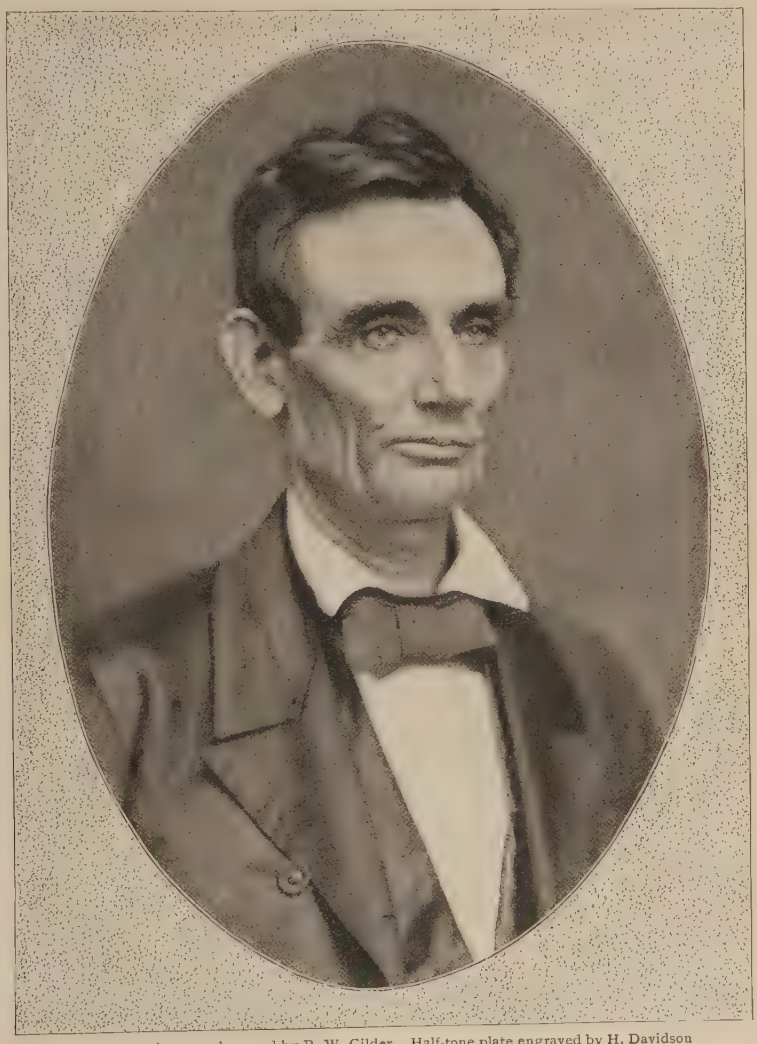


Copyright, 1894, by George B. Ayres. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

From a negative taken at Springfield, Illinois, in June, 1860, immediately after his nomination.

commanding personality, Abraham Lincoln has grown greater and greater in the estimation of mankind. Very greatly, indeed, has the writing of John Hay himself, and of the elder devoted co-biographer, John G. Nicolay, helped in this better living day. A man of light and leading in our Southern States told me lately that to him Lincoln was one of the three most interesting personalities in all history, one of the others being no less than "the man of Galilee."



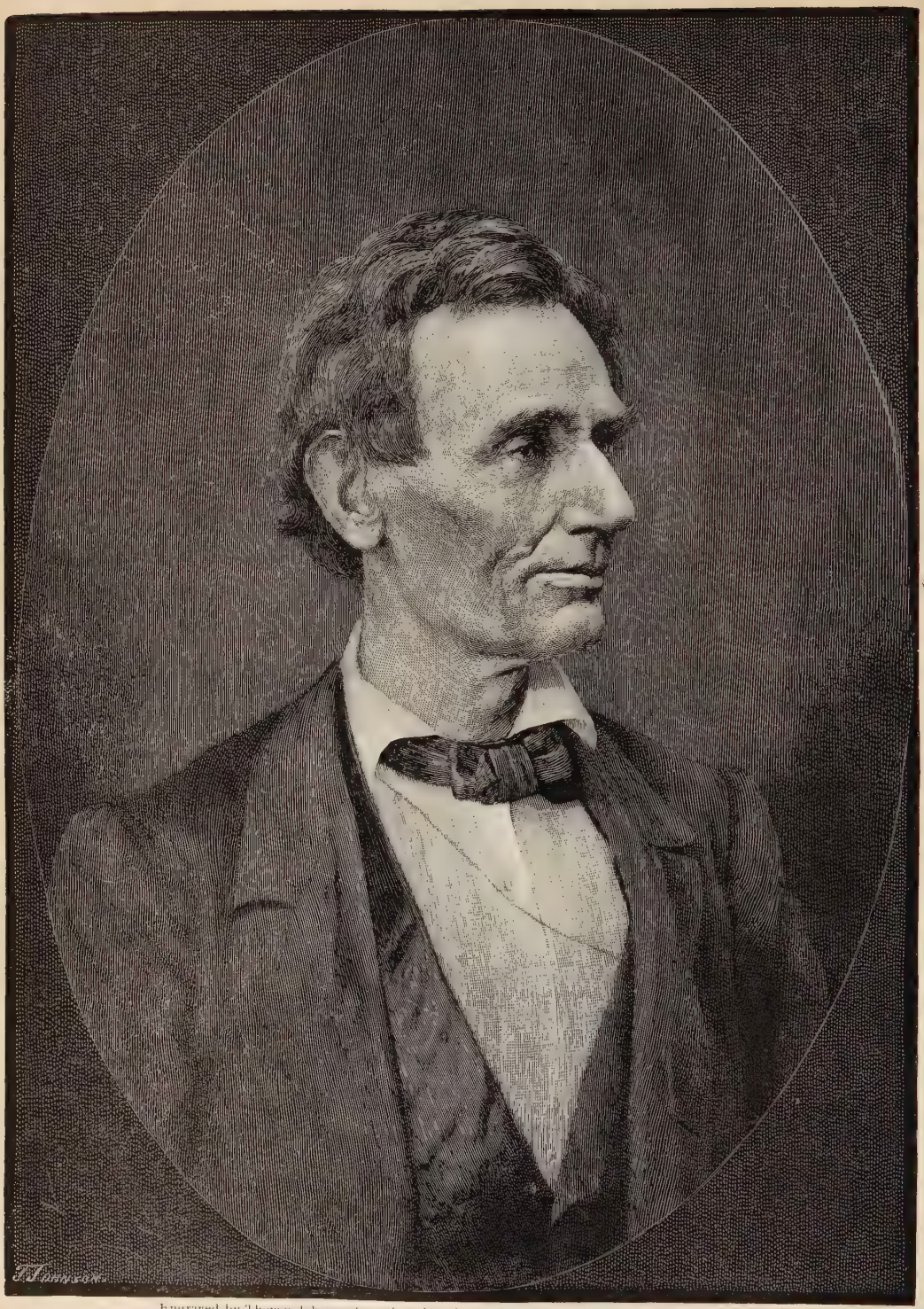
From a photograph owned by R. W. Gilder. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

understanding. Lincoln's praises are multiplied in all lands by statesmen, historians, orators, poets. Added to the common admiring regard in which he is held, one constantly comes upon a peculiar interest in him, an absorbing affection for him on the part of all sorts of people, some of whom were his contemporaries, and some children during his life, or born since his

POWER OF EXPRESSION AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESSFUL LEADERSHIP

It is natural that a writer should be specially attracted to Lincoln by a study of his recorded utterances; in other words, by an interest in his literary style. Too young to appreciate what may be called the artistic quality of his speeches



Engraved by Thomas Johnson from the original negative. Copyright, 1881, by George B. Ayres

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This photograph was made by Hesler in Chicago, about 1860.

and writings at the time of their delivery, it was after the war that I awoke to a full appreciation of Lincoln's power of expression—a power which was one of the main elements of his strength as a leader.

It is not strange that an unusual faculty of expression should be found to belong to those who have risen to leadership among men. This expressiveness may be of various kinds. Lincoln and Gladstone having been contemporaries, born in the same year, and each rising to the highest leadership in the two great English-speaking nations, it is natural that they should be compared as to their use of language spoken and written. Gladstone's elaborate and persuasive eloquence, his manifold learning and well-stored memory, the copiousness of his diction, and the dignity, as well as the fire and energy of his forensic appeals—these were among the wonders of a good part of the last century. But lately, on separate occasions, I asked of two of Gladstone's most eminent parliamentary supporters and admirers, without contradiction, and, indeed, with full agreement on the part of both, whether it was not one of the miracles of genius that notwithstanding Gladstone had enjoyed all that culture could accomplish,—by means of university training, and familiarity with the art and literature of the ancient and modern world, and long training and leadership in public life,—he had not left a single masterpiece of English, hardly one great phrase that clings to the memory of men; while Lincoln, without any educational advantages whatever, growing up in the backwoods, with scarcely a dozen books of value at his command, and ignorant of the literature and art of modern Europe, as of ancient times, had acquired a style of higher distinction than that of Gladstone, and had bequeathed more than one masterpiece to the literature of the English tongue.

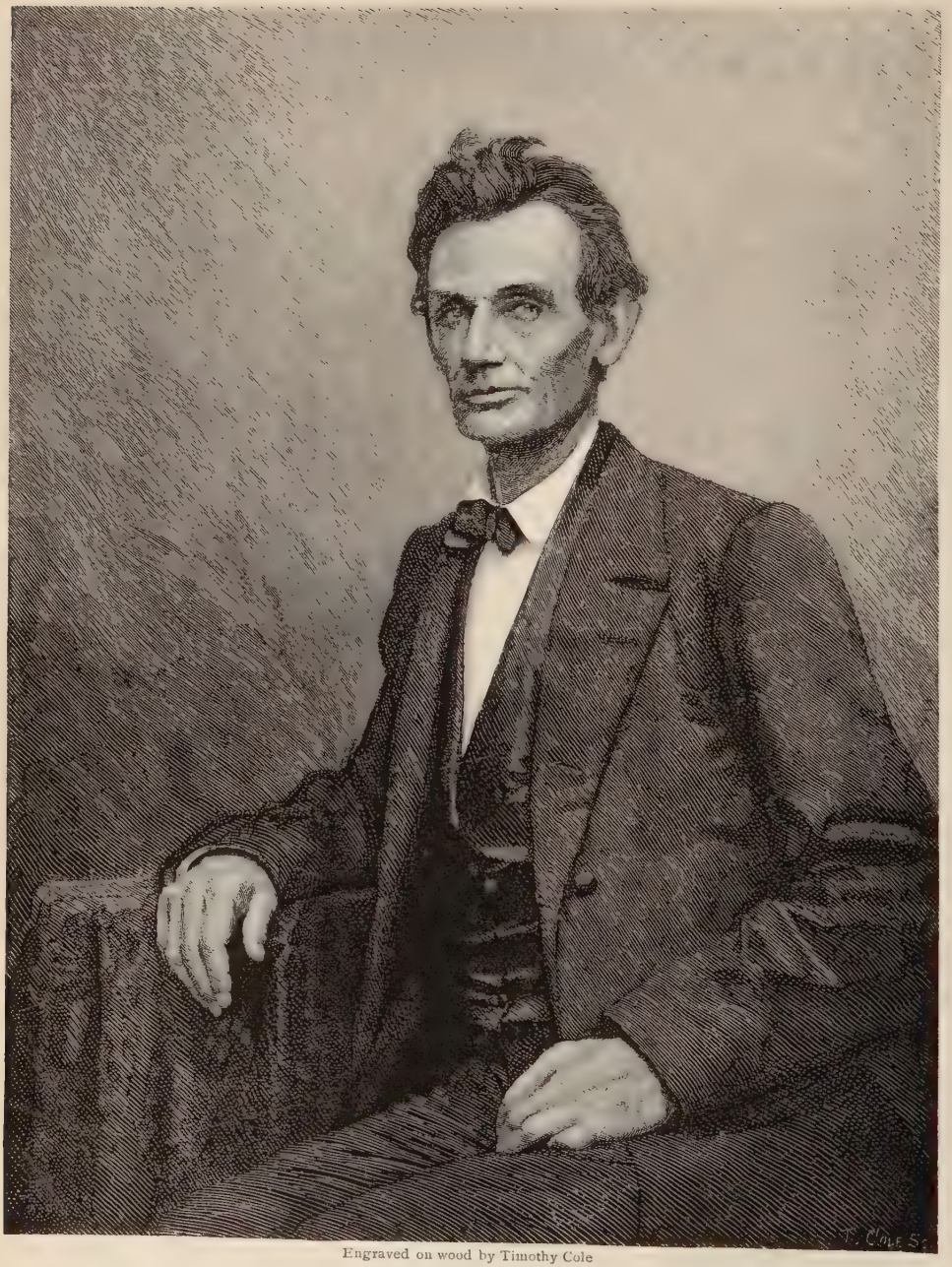
Lincoln's style in speech and writing is the same sort of miracle that gave us the consummate art of Shakspere, the uncolleged actor; of Burns, the plowman; and of Keats, the apothecary's apprentice, son of a livery-stableman. It is not easy to analyze a miracle, but in discussing the leadership of Lincoln it is interesting to find certain qualities in his literary style that are traits of his character, and thus elements of his leadership.

Notwithstanding that the country has been ransacked for every record of his public speech, and every scrap of paper to which he put pen, there has been found from him absolutely nothing discreditable, and little that can be criticized in the way of expression. Without the aid of any teacher, he early learned to be moderate and reasonable in statement, so that on the part even of the obscure young politician there is a complete absence of that kind of public speech which is described in a passage he loved to quote, where it is said of the orator that "he mounted the rostrum, threw back his head, shined his eyes, and left the consequences to God."

LINCOLN'S SENSE OF HUMOR

LINCOLN'S relish for a phrase like this recalls his extraordinary sense of humor. Probably no great historical figure in the realm of action ever had Lincoln's intense humorousness, combined with so keen and racy a wit. Lincoln's laugh was something amazing. His face, in repose, well-balanced and commanding, with the grimace of laughter is said to have become a surprising thing. Many anecdotes relate the boisterousness of his appreciation of a humorous situation or story. Hay tells of his cheery laugh, which filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. "Homeric laughter," Hay says it sometimes was; adding this genial touch, that it was "dull pleasure" to Lincoln "to laugh alone." Some visitors at the White House were filled with wonder at the quick transition from unbridled mirth to pathetic seriousness. What wonder that "the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year, the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased," and, as Hay says, and his pictures and the two contrasting life-masks show, he rapidly grew old.

Lincoln's sense of humor, which flavored now and then his speeches and writings, and constantly his conversation, went along with a homely wit which frequently brought to his argument quaint and convincing illustration. His sense of humor



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an ambrotype taken May 19, 1860, the day after his nomination for President.

was, indeed, a real assistance in his leadership, having many uses: it relieved the strain of his strenuous labors; it helped to attach the masses to his personality; and it assisted him out of many difficulties. We did not fully know till lately that he himself so keenly appreciated the part that story-telling played in his career. Colonel Burt reports a strange interview with Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home at a time of keen anxiety and when a person present had rudely demanded one of his "good stories." "I believe," said Lincoln, turning away from the challenger, "I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense; for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

TRAITS OF LINCOLN'S STYLE

THE most striking characteristic of Lincoln's style may be found in the record from the beginning. Candor was a trait of the man, and not less of his verbal manner. His natural honesty of character, his desire to make his meaning clear, —literally to *demonstrate* what he believed to be the truth with mathematical precision,—this gave his expression both attractiveness and force. The simplicity of his nature, his lack of self-consciousness and vanity, tended to simplicity and directness of diction. An eminent lawyer has said,—perhaps with exaggeration,—that without the massive reasoning of Webster, or the resplendent rhetoric of Burke, Lincoln exceeded them both in his faculty of statement. His style was affected, too, by the personal traits of consideration for those of a contrary mind, his toleration, and large human sympathy.

But Lincoln's style might have had all these qualities, and yet not have carried as it did. Beyond these traits comes the miracle—the cadence of his prose, and its traits of pathos and of imagination. Lincoln's prose, at its height, and when his spirit was stirred by aspiration and resolve, affects the soul like noble music. Indeed, there may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive—the *Leit-motif*—in musical drama; a strain of mingled pathos, heroism, and resolution. That is the strain in the two inaugurals, in the "Gettysburg Address," and in his letter of consolation to a bereaved mother, which moves the hearts of generation after generation.

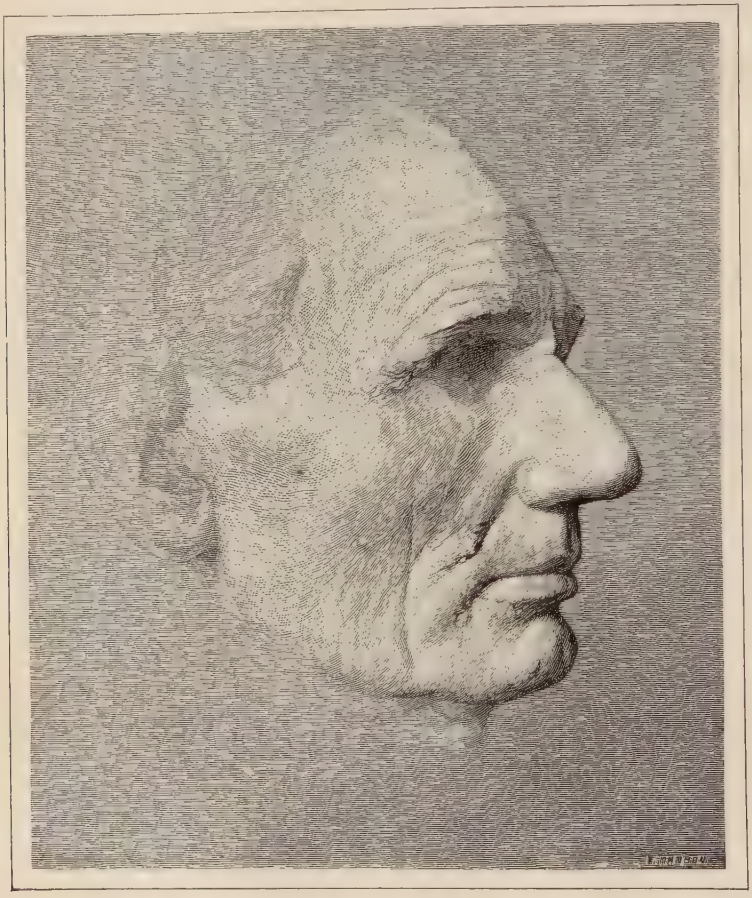
Lincoln's power of expression was evidently one of the most effective elements of his leadership. The sympathy and toleration which made his writings and speeches so persuasive assisted his leadership not only in convincing his listeners, and in endearing him, the leader, to individuals and the masses, but helped him as a statesman to take large and humane views, and to adopt measures in keeping with such views. To that sympathy and that toleration a reunited country is under constant obligation not merely for the result of a successfully conducted war,—successful in the true interests of both antagonists,—but for the continuing possibility of good feeling between the sections. To think that in the preparatory political struggle and during the four years of the hideous conflict, Abraham Lincoln, though his spirit was strained almost beyond human endurance by the harassments of his position; though misunderstood and foully calumniated by public antagonists, and thwarted and plotted against by some of his own apparent supporters, uttered not one word of violence or rancor,—not a phrase which, after the cessation of hostilities, might return to embitter the defeated combatants, or be resented by their descendants!

HIS TOLERANCE AND SYMPATHY

THIS extraordinary forbearance of the President's has often been spoken of as an amiable trait of the man; but do we fully realize the value to the nation of this trait, and the worth of its example in public leadership? After so tremendous a conflict, the world abroad wonders at the quickness of the return to sympathetic relations—to closer relations than ever—between the sections so lately at war. But we of the country know that the obstacles

to true union after the war were not so much the events of the war,—though some of them naturally enough left a trail of bitter resentment,—as events succeeding the conflict of years, in that period of experimental reconstruction, when things were done in the name of the dominant powers

A striking illustration of his sympathy for the people of the Confederate States was his attempt, earnest and ineffectual, in the last days of hostilities, two months before his death, to convert his own cabinet to his generous and long-cherished scheme of compensated emancipation.



Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

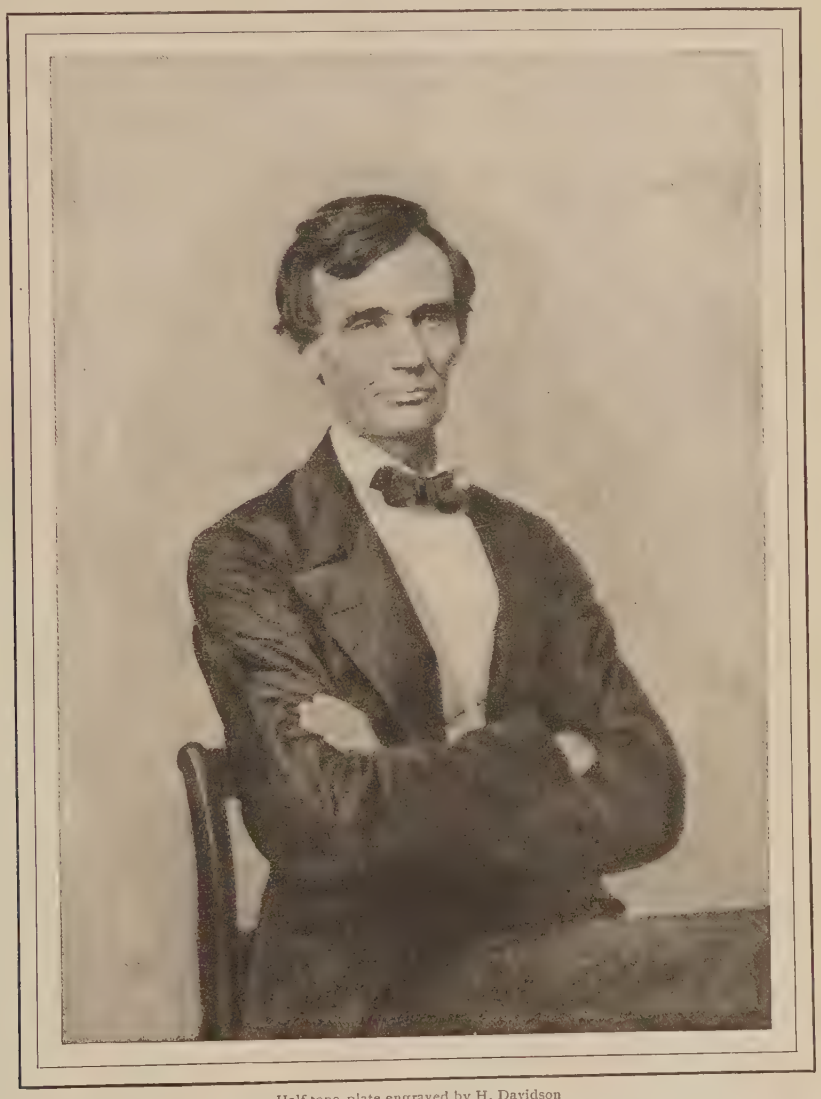
LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This mask was made in Chicago in April, 1860, a month before the nomination for President, by Leonard W. Volk, who described "The Lincoln Life-Mask and How it was Made," in this magazine for December, 1881.

which the South has found it hard to forget, and the North ardently wishes could be blotted from all remembrance. Lincoln's attitude toward the South, when fully comprehended, helped to obliterate the acid stains of the reconstruction period. In other words, we are to-day a truly united country not only because Lincoln conducted the war to a successful issue; but because of his wise and tolerant and sympathetic leadership during that war. That he failed pathetically to carry through this plan, upon which his heart was set, illustrates, also, the fact that uninterrupted success is not necessary to the fame of the great figures of history. Lincoln's failure to win support for this humane policy deeply grieved him, but the misadventure is not held against him in the estimate of his greatness. On the contrary, the fact that he made the attempts counts in his favor, and to-day especially

endears him to multitudes of his countrymen, and is one of the very bonds that hold the country together.

But Lincoln's sympathy and tolerance, his forgiveness, his distaste for personal contention, his lack of resentment, his among his nominal supporters whose zeal led them into positions of open or concealed antagonism. The opposition to him in his own party was much more intense than is generally known to the present generation.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

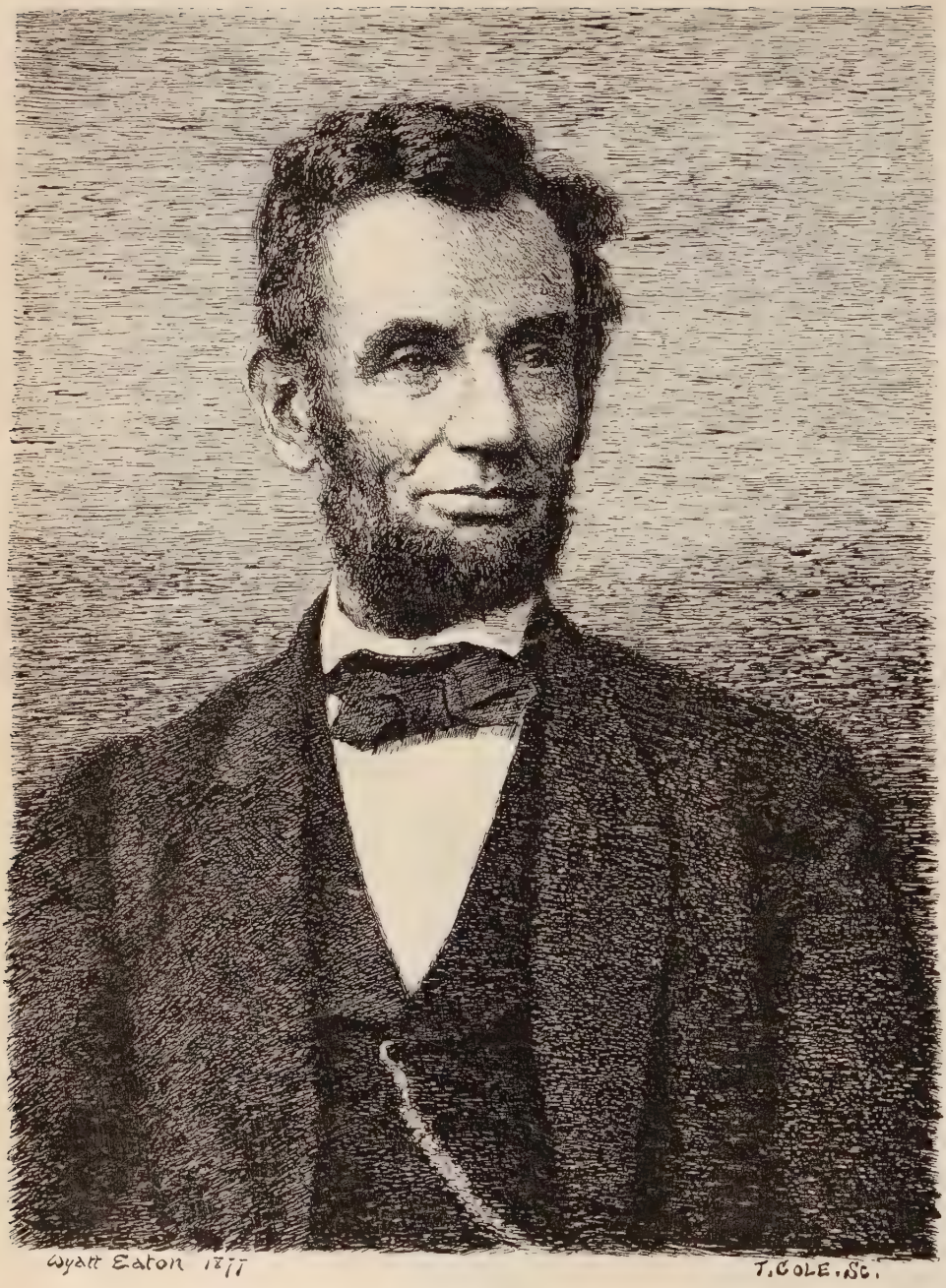
ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860

From an ambrotype owned by Major William H. Lambert, which is one of the two ambrotypes made at the request of J. Henry Brown as guides to that artist in the painting of the miniature which is the color frontispiece of this number of THE CENTURY.

great heart, were shown not only in his attitude toward those whom,—for their own good, as he believed,—he unrelentingly opposed with all the forces at his command; but also toward his political opponents in the North, and toward those

HIS MANAGEMENT OF DIVERSE PERSONALITIES

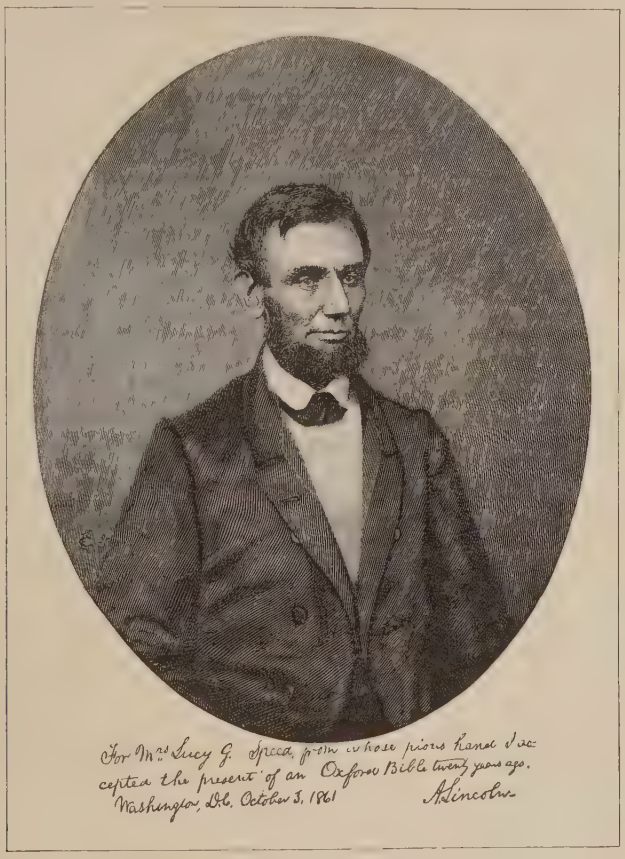
As to his masterly management of the personalities whose followers he placated and whose peculiarities and diverse abili-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A pen portrait made by Wyatt Eaton, from photographs, for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in 1877. Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole.

ties he skilfully utilized for the common cause, this part of his leadership is illustrated by a hundred stories either true in fact or typically true. Here came into play his sense of humor, his insight into motive and character, in a word, his tact, along with that tolerance and that sympathy of which I have spoken as affecting Lincoln's leadership of the irascible and faithful Stanton was a simpler matter; here the President's inexhaustible patience and his abounding sense of humor were both required to save the situation, though looking back on the relations of these strong and utterly divergent personalities, one feels that the sense of humor was per-

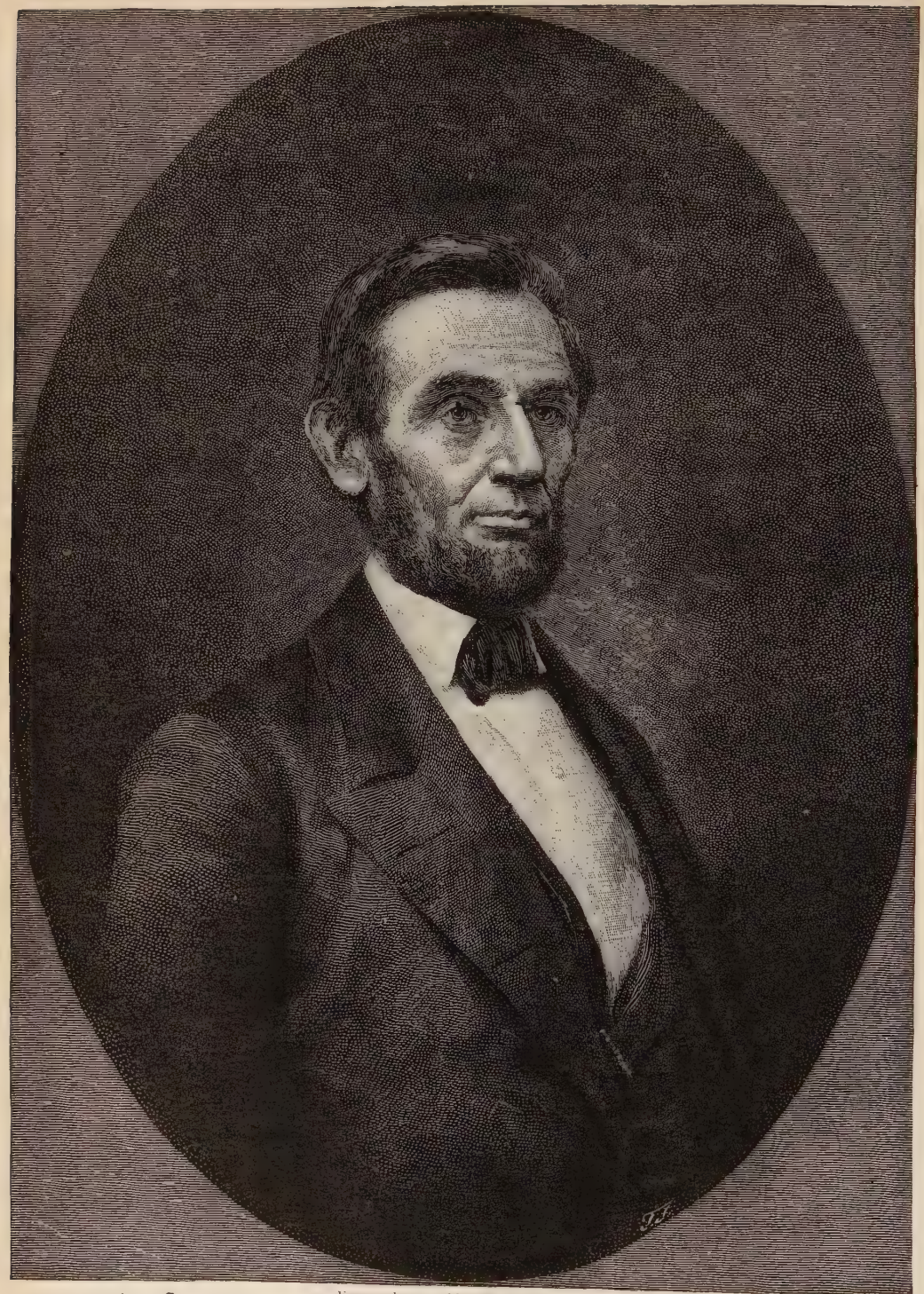

For Mrs. Lucy G. Speed, from whose pious hand I accepted the present of an Oxford Bible twenty years ago.
Washington, D.C. October 3, 1861
A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph with autograph which the President sent to Mrs. Lucy G. Speed in October, 1861.

his habit of oral and written expression. That he could manage to hold so long together four such individualities as his own, Seward's, Stanton's, and Chase's, proves a genius of leadership truly exceptional. It is now known, as it was not till Nicolay and Hay revealed the fact, how Seward learned to respect and loyally acquiesce in the leadership of one whom he at first not unnaturally expected to lead. haps the saving grace. As for Chase, and his convinced and enthusiastic following, it was inevitable that some such rallying-ground should exist, in a time of stress, for those who, as in the case of Chase himself, were temperamentally unsympathetic with the personality and methods of Lincoln. But Lincoln's leadership did not fail him here, as the story of the second nomination and election abundantly testifies.[1]

[1] His most perplexing and unfortunate entanglement was with Cameron, the inner history of which episode is not fully known.



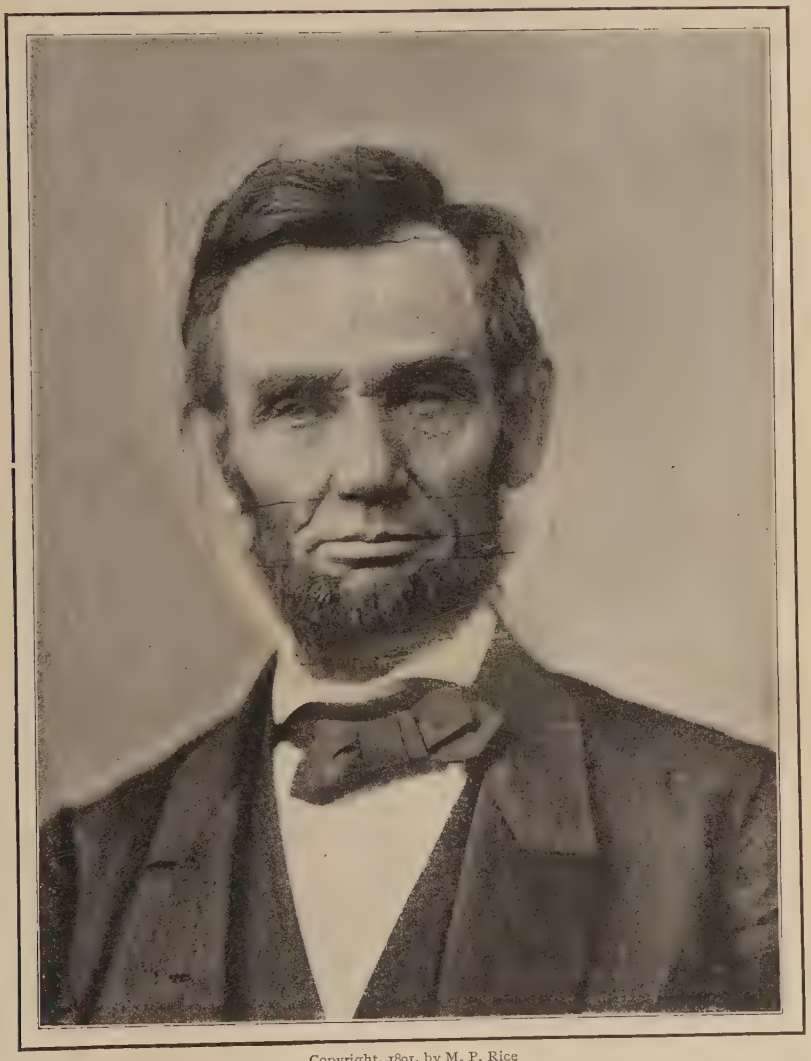
Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

A. Lincoln. January 26. 1861
Springfield, Ills.

OTHER TRAITS OF LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP

LET it not be omitted in the enumeration of the elements of Lincoln's leadership that he did not disdain to learn from experience. In his first Inaugural, while stating the policy of the Administration with regard to acts of violence against the authority of the United States, he definitely announced that the course indicated would be followed "unless current events and experience" should "show a modification or change to be proper," and that in every case and exigency his best discretion would be exercised "according to circumstances actually existing." Lincoln, like other great leaders and administrators, would rather be right than be consistent. His was a consistency of principle rather than of program. His aim was justice, and if he could not reach it by one path, he would push on by another.

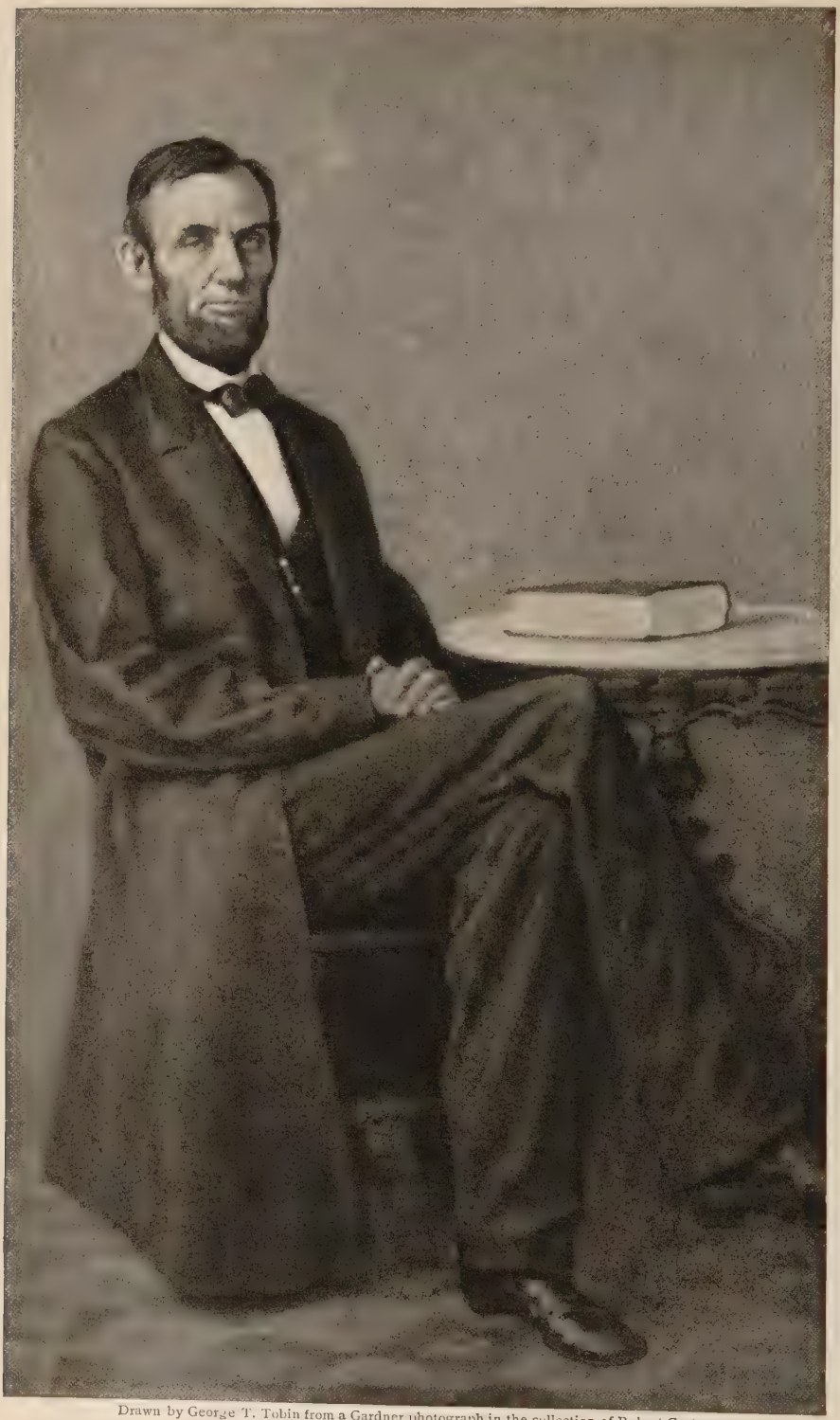
Special features of his leadership were



Copyright, 1891, by M. P. Rice

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an original, unretouched negative made in 1864, at the time the President commissioned Ulysses S. Grant Lieutenant-General and Commander of all the Armies of the Union. It is stated that this negative, with one of General U. S. Grant, was made in commemoration of that event.

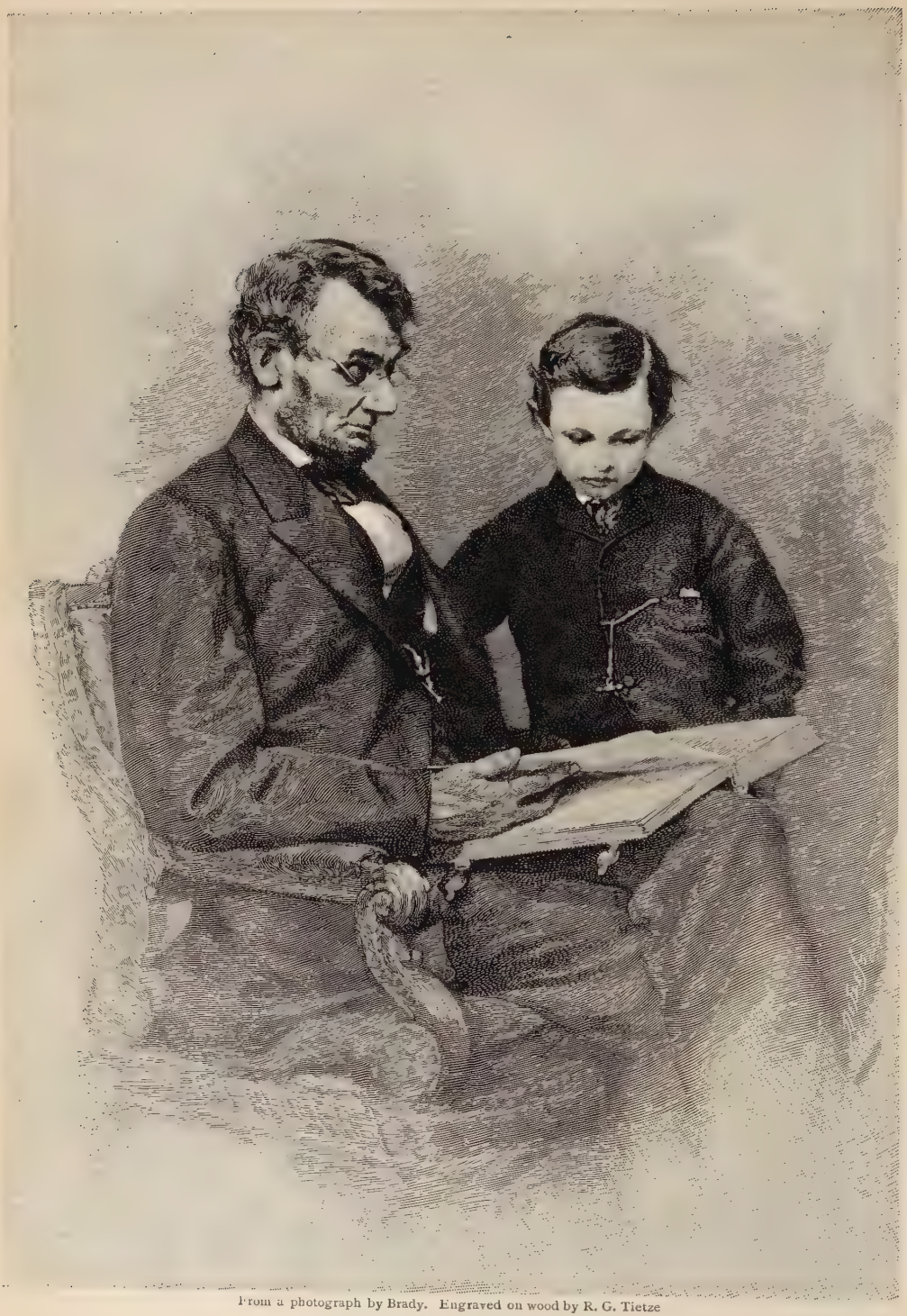


Drawn by George T. Tobin from a Gardner photograph in the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME

From a photograph by Brady in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



From a photograph by Brady. Engraved on wood by R. G. Tietze

LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

Lincoln's youngest son, Thomas, familiarly called "Tad," was born April 4, 1853, and died in Chicago, July 15, 1871.

two acquired skills and two acquired knowledges: the skill and knowledge of the long-practiced lawyer, which helped him immeasurably in his executive decisions, as Frederick Trevor Hill has clearly pointed out; and his quickly and almost instinctively acquired skill and knowledge of military strategy. His letters to generals in the field are those of a master of strategy who should use the symbolism of Æsop and the irony of Socrates.

An intensely important feature of Lincoln's leadership would be omitted if nothing were said of the effect upon his thought and conduct of his belief in and conscious communion with an almighty, mysterious, and beneficent Power, concerning itself not less with human affairs than with the march of seasons and the sweep of constellations. The deity was to him an ever-present, ever-regnant influence. There was nothing of theology or dogmatism in his religious opinions; but he lived in the spirit. The strange silence of the Almighty Sovereign perplexed him; and he sought with passionate eagerness to read the decrees of Providence in the unfoldings of events, sometimes taking definite action in accordance with his interpretation of divine indications. And always the belief in God was to him a challenge to singleness of purpose: to the All Pure he lifted clean hands and a pure heart.

Lincoln the Leader possessed sterner and higher traits than those to which I first called attention. He had the lofty qualities of spiritual insight, of moral conviction, of solemn resolution, of undying courage, of complete devotion, and of faith and hope unfailing. He saw deeply, he felt intensely, he spoke at times with the voice of a poet-prophet.

Fate—or is it some world spirit of comedy—plays strange pranks with human affairs now and then, and nothing more singular ever happened in history, or was invented in romance, than the giving of imperial powers, the destiny of a race, the leadership of a nation, the keys of life and death, to a sad-eyed, laughter-loving, story-telling, shrewd, unlettered, great-hearted frontiersman,—the one great humorist among the rulers of earth.

Leader always he was, from the day when he, a youth, commanded a grotesque company of motleys in an Indian frontier campaign, to the time when at Washington he led public opinion in a field as wide as the world; controlled the movements of fleets and armies; and held in his strong hands the lives of hundreds of thousands of men.

That inordinately tall countryman, with a shawl thrown over his gaunt figure, crossing alone the little park between the White House and the War Department, if appealed to by some distressed private soldier or citizen could order justice done by a written sentence as surely as could any Asiatic autocrat by issued edict. While often yielding to the dictates of his pitying heart in individual cases, and showing constantly almost abnormal patience, those who mistook his charity for weakness were liable to sudden enlightenment. The fact was only lately published that Colonel Hay once saw the long-suffering Lincoln take an office-seeker by the coat-collar, carry him bodily to the door, and throw him in a helpless heap outside.

And here is the wonder; this merciful man, daily saving the lives of deserters so as not to increase a melancholy list of widows and orphans; this tender-souled, agonizing, consecrated leader, looking out upon armies encamped and a suffering people, was as stern as fate in demanding that battle should be made, and war, with all its horrors, resolutely continued, till right should be accomplished and eternal justice done. Here is the true leader, as gentle and affectionate as any woman and as averse to violence, yet able to meet with unflinching spirit the unwelcome duty of sword-bearer!

THE GREAT TEST OF LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP

THE great test of Lincoln's leadership came in his dealing with the fundamental question of slavery as related to the compact of the States, the perpetuity of the Union, the very existence of the nation. The important part of his political career before the war had to do with this complex question. This double problem made the war itself, and was dominant throughout its course. As he called it, the "perplexing compound—Union and slavery," had become indeed a "question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides," even among those who were for the

From a Brady photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME

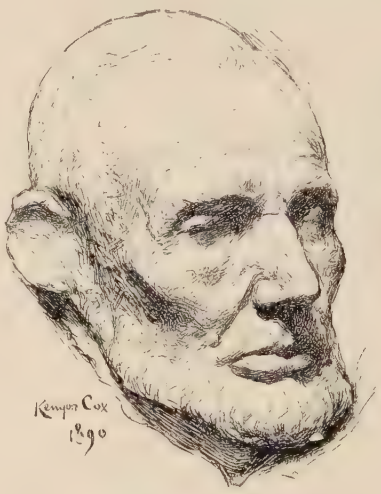
From the portrait by Healy. Owned by Robert T. Lincoln. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This portrait was painted probably about 1871, from sketches made at City Point early in 1865, just before the close of the War.

Union, saying nothing of those who were against it.

"There were," he said, "those who were for the Union with, but not without slavery,—those for it without, but not with; those for it with or without, but who preferred it with; and those for it with or without, but who preferred it without." Here was the maze through which he must needs find his way; these were the conditions from which he was to work out salvation for the nation, with the profound conviction that whether slavery was or was not immediately extinguished, its death-warrant was already signed. Lincoln's view of slavery was, from the first, not unlike Washington's and that of other founders of the Republic. His attitude was unyielding as to principle. He looked upon the institution as intrinsically evil: inimical to the interests of free labor; anomalous, and impossible of perpetuity, in a politically free community; something to be thwarted, diminished, and ultimately made to cease by just, constitutional, and reasonable means. He satisfied the extremists on neither side of the great debate; for while he would never compromise as to principle, he was too profoundly the statesman to refuse to compromise as to details of time and method.



Drawn by Kenyon Cox from a copy of the mask made by Clark Mills in February, 1865

LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The original mask was owned by the late John Hay, who in an article on "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln" (printed in this magazine for November, 1890), after characterizing the mask on page 490, as "a face full of life, of energy, of vivid aspiration," said by way of contrast: "The other is so sad and peaceful in its infinite repose that the famous sculptor Saint-Gaudens insisted, when he first saw it, that it was a death-mask." He continues: "A look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-sufficing strength. Yet the peace is not the dreadful peace of death: it is the peace that passeth understanding."

Lincoln the Leader in dealing with the chief perplexity of the situation,—this complex question of slavery and the Union,—was helped by his own intensely human make-up. The average traits of mankind were in him strongly developed. He was in close touch with his kind; he sympathized with men on the plane of humanity, and regarded them in the spirit of philosophy. He was called a great joker; but Lincoln's "seeing" of "the joke" meant a good deal more than with ordinary minds; it meant, frequently enough, that he saw through pretension and falsity. And the jokes that he told often had the wisdom of the ancient parables.

Lincoln's democracy was a matter more of instinct than of reason. He comprehended human motives, human prejudices, littlenesses, and nobilities. It was he who once described honest statesmanship as the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. Acquainted with humanity, he knew how to bear with its infirmities, and he moved toward his inflexible purpose, over what to others would have been heart-breaking obstacles, with a long-suffering patience that had in it something of the divine.

A STATESMAN WITH THE HEART OF A PROPHET

As memoir after memoir of the war time has come to light, his countrymen year by year have been better able to obtain a knowledge of the workings of Lincoln's mind, and the marvelous skill and wisdom of his leadership during his Presidency. That which his chief biographers long ago declared of him we now more certainly know to be the truth; namely, that, "with the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft."

Descended upon him from the North delegations of abolitionists to tell him that unless he at once freed the slaves his administration would be shorn of moral support, and the war would end in failure and disgrace. Hastened to the White House from the Border States

their governors and congressional representatives to warn him that if he touched slavery, they could not keep their constituencies on the side of the Union; and the Border States, he knew, held the balance of power. Hurried back from Spain, Carl Schurz,—that gallant figure, a contribution of the best of the Old World to the service of the New in its hour of need,—hurried Carl Schurz from his post at the Spanish court to inform the President that, according to his belief, there would be great danger of the recognition of the Confederacy unless there were prompt military success, or some proof that the war would destroy slavery; while other warnings from over the sea were to the effect that if the President should stir up the slaves against their masters, the sympathy of European friends of the North would be justly forfeited.

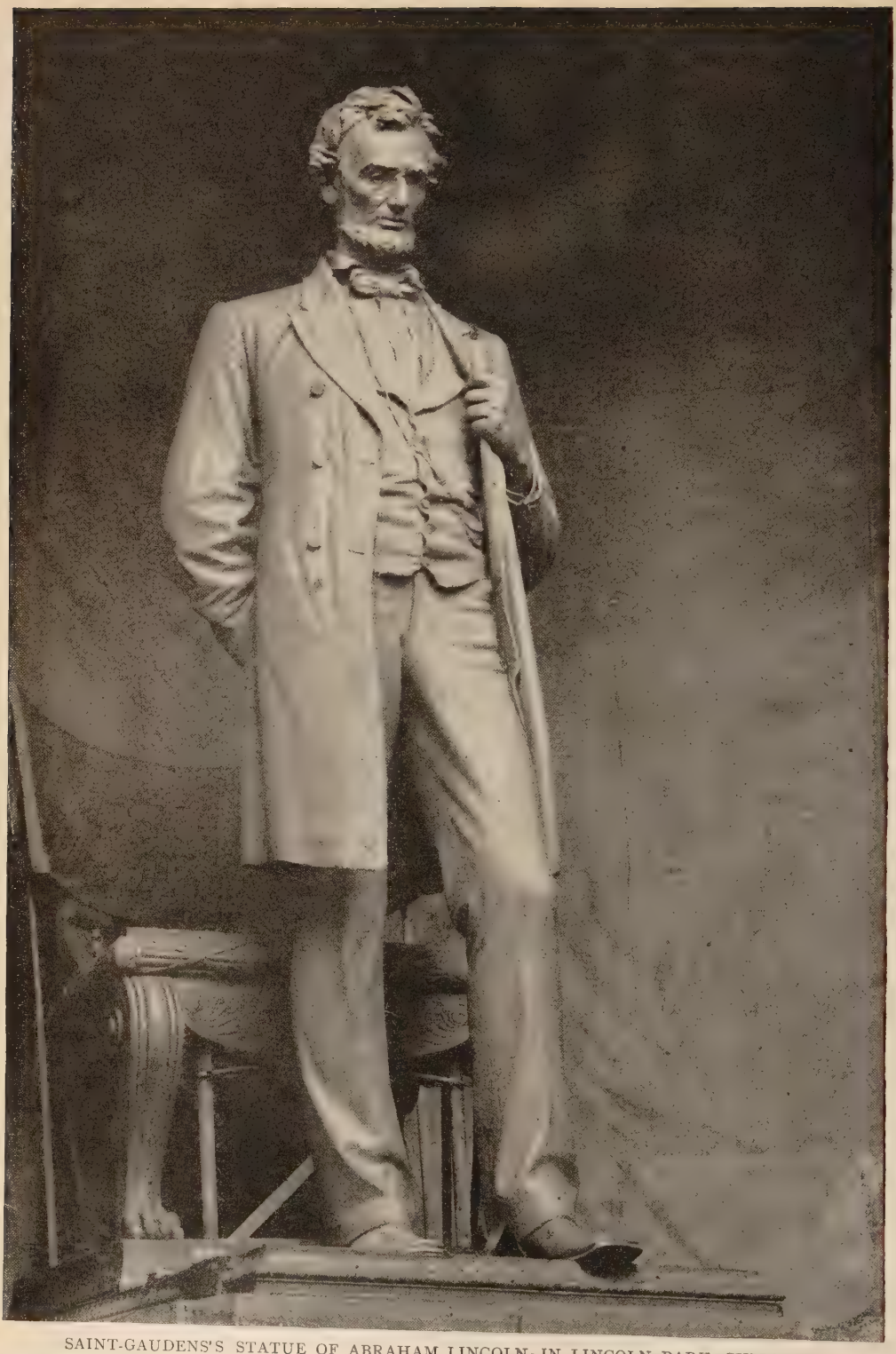
Through all this divergence of counsel Lincoln watched, waited, prayed, and incessantly worked toward the end which his own intellect, his own heart approved. It was, as we have said, a highly important element of his leadership that he had had the training of a lawyer, by a practice of many years and many kinds. His knowledge of men had thus been greatly increased; while his grasp of legal principles was of vast help when his talents and experience were enlisted in a mighty cause. It was no petty construction of legal obligation that made him strenuous as to the literal fulfilment of his oath to execute faithfully the office of President, and preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. He found no constitutional authority to emancipate the slaves except as a military necessity, and he steadfastly refused to free the slaves till with an honest mind he could declare that the necessity had arisen, knowing, then, also, that the time had at last arrived when public opinion would sustain his action.

In his famous letter to Greeley in 1862, he stated his position and explained his policy with absolute lucidity. "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that." Like statements were made to others in formal and informal utterances, and he explained to impatient critics and counselors that the condition of public opinion would not justify the course they demanded.

But the deep lesson of his leadership lies in the fact that while year after year he carefully studied public opinion,—that supreme element in all matters of government and all the affairs of men,—he studied it not to yield to it as his master, but in order so to act in respect to it as to accomplish his own well-considered purpose; to act upon it; to bring it powerfully to the help of his cherished plans; in a word to lead it, and to lead it right.

And what is true leadership of the people? Is it to be carried away by a popular wave; to avoid opposing it, not in order to circumvent it,—to save one's strength for its later direction,—but solely and selfishly to avoid being submerged by it? Is it to change when it changes, in order to retain place and the semblance of power? Is he truly a leader who listens to "the sacred voice of the people," in order to learn which way to leap? Not thus Lincoln. His was not the leadership that, in order to be popular, changes its mind, but a leadership that changes the minds of others. He kept "near the people,"—he kept his "ear to the ground,"—through his sympathy with human beings and his interest in them, in order to learn the moods of many minds, and gradually to lead thought and action in the line of his own profound convictions. Lincoln respected public opinion,—he declared that "public opinion in this country is everything,"[1]—but he was not opinion's trembling slave. He understood human prejudices, limitations, the effects of heredity and environment; but he never considered a wrong public opinion final. Not unknown to mankind is the statesmanship that resists public opinion when it disapproves of it—resists till the waves beat threateningly, and then turns with the tide. This is the statesmanship of Pontius Pilate—that hesitant and tragic figure who stands before the eyes of all mankind washing ineffectually his guilty hands, while he releases Barabbas and sends the Christ to Calvary.

[1] In his Columbus speech, September 16, 1859.



SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

"DON'T SPARE ME"

No book praising Lincoln has lately been issued which has brought to me a clearer idea of his method with public opinion, as well as his wisdom and his self-sacrificing devotion, than one by a man whose life was a romance of devotion to ideals,—a Southern-born abolitionist, —who did not hesitate to dispraise the President. He was opposed to war, and held that "no drop of blood would have been shed if the President," at the beginning, "had proclaimed freedom for every slave." Yet even he would have protected the centers to which the slaves would flee, as if that itself would not have been an open invitation to war! In 1862, he, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, went to the White House with the Rev. W. H. Channing to urge personally upon the President the emancipation of the slaves. Pathetic was the sweet reasonableness of the President in explaining to these good and insistent men, as he had so often done to men of like scruples and beliefs, not only his own great desire for emancipation, preferably with compensation, but the fact that perhaps they did not know so well as he the temper of the entire public. He showed them that those who were working in the antislavery movement would naturally come in contact with men of like mind, and might easily overestimate the number of those who held similar views. He gave it as his observation that the great masses of the people at that time cared comparatively little about the Negro. And at the end of the interview he said,—can we not hear him say it?— "We shall need all the antislavery feeling in the country, and more; you can go home and try to bring the people to your views; and you may say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't spare me."

Do we seize all the bearings of his strange situation: He who is known now as the Great Emancipator set before him as the one indispensable aim not the immediate freedom of the slave, but the immediate salvation of the Union,—the integrity of the nation,—though when the time came for emancipation to assist Union, how joyfully and confidently he put forth emancipation! With what courage, and in the face of what heavy risks! In many thoughtful minds the fact that Lincoln's policy was the Union first, and abolition next, remains his highest title to world-wide fame—that his saving of the nation is the gigantic feat that lifts him to the companionship of the most momentous characters of universal history. "This Union," says John Coleman Adams, "is the consummation of all the struggles of all men toward a state of universal peace. It is the life and aspiration of the world organized into a nation." The threat to undo the Union was a "peril to mankind." That Lincoln instinctively felt this, and strained every nerve to the supreme task of preserving the nation, and this with success, gives him rank among the greatest. That he did this, and destroyed slavery also, proves his genius and doubly crowns his stupendous accomplishment.

He did all this, so far as we may attribute to any single person the guidance of affairs so tremendous,—though in this case the personal preponderance is exceptionally evident,—he did all this, and he assumed no virtue for having done it; not a thought of vanity or undue exultation ever crossed his candid mind. To a lesser nature the temptation would have been great as, at the last, success followed success, remembering the reproaches he had so long silently borne, and, most trying of all, the suspicion and spiritual scorn,—the look from above downward,—of those who, working for the same ends, regarded him as less sensitive morally and less faithful to that cause to which he had dedicated every energy of his soul.

It is pleasant to know that this kindly, much-burdened, and harassed ruler had at least for a few days before his taking-off the satisfactions of full success. He who knew more than any other the awful dangers—as Godkin said while Lincoln still was living—was perhaps the only man in the North who had "never wavered, or doubted, or abated one jot of heart or hope." He had "been always calm, confident, determined; the very type and embodiment of the national will, the true and fit representative of the people in its noblest mood"; the ideal "leader of a democracy." Said lately one who knew him, and who confesses that it has taken years of reflection and retrospective consideration to become convinced

that in the matter of the proclamation as a war measure, Lincoln was right and he was wrong—"Through the ages to come the history of the Union and freedom under the Union will hold up to the admiration of mankind, as the greatest saving influence in our greatest danger, the character, the firmness, the homely sayings, the freedom from passion, the singular common-sense, the almost divine charity, of Abraham Lincoln."[1]

LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP AS A STANDARD

In these times of new conditions, new advantages, and new dangers, in every community of our country, and in the national field, the cry to-day is for leaders. Nor are we without them; some long-known and well-beloved; some just emerging into prominence, and being tried by the first tests of responsibility. Some are leaders in the best sense, and to some we may be inclined to apply the name not of leaders, but of misleaders. It would be absurd to be looking now here, now there for "another Lincoln," for a reincarnation of that rich and most individual personality. We shall not see again that extraordinary combination of sympathetic qualities with the sterner virtues, such rare gifts and abilities, such sense of humor, such mixture of buoyancy of spirit with moods of gloom, such tendency toward contemplation, and such power of action, all united in one character. It would be unfortunate, moreover, to judge present-day executives and leaders by comparing their opinions and acts in detail with those which were characteristic of entirely different men and conditions. We are living in a very different world from that of the middle of the nineteenth century. For one thing, the relation of public men to the merit system in public office is not that of the days of the Civil War, and many questions are now pressing which were only faintly imagined forty or fifty years ago.

But nothing has outworn the fundamental principles of Lincoln's leadership. We have the right to demand in our leaders equal sincerity, disinterestedness, and devotion. We have a right to point, as a perpetual standard, to his moderation; to his conscientious consideration of all interests and views; to his wise and patient tolerance and open-mindedness; to his freedom from rancor, and avoidance of personal contention; to his moral courage; to his sense of justice; to his essential democracy. We may well ask of our leaders that they should imitate his manly attitude toward public opinion; that they should disdain to poison its sources by violent and unproved assertions, and by the forced uses of our modern enginery of publicity. We may well insist that they should not meanly follow, nor falsely and selfishly mold the sentiment of voters; but direct aright and to no ignoble ends the opinions and the suffrages of the people. We have a right to resent leadership based either upon conscienceless advocacy of supposedly popular programs, or, still more shameless, upon the wholesale use of money. It is our duty to warn against the spurious leadership that deals in indiscriminate denunciation, awakens a feeling of class, and of class hatred, forgets the bonds of a common citizenship, spreads distrust and despisal of the nation, and sows the very seeds of anarchy and assassination. We have a right to scout the demagogues who take the name of Lincoln upon their lips, and in their lives, and in their parody of leadership, set at nought every principle of his nature.

Our needs, our conditions, are different, but the principles of justice and of human liberty are the same, now and forever. In the recurring and necessary readjustment of laws and methods in the related realms of industry, of economics, and of government, let us demand the respect for rights, the acknowledgment of mutual duties, the striving for justice, the understanding of humanity, and the love of fellow-men which make Lincoln's leadership, like the leadership of Washington, the standard of a patriotism broader than the confines of commonwealths, and fit for emulation and guidance throughout all the centuries of earth.

A NIGHT OF 1865

Let me close with the memory of a night of the spring of the year 1865, in the time of the blooming of lilacs, as says the wonderful poem. I was waiting in Philadelphia for Lincoln's funeral train

[1] George H. Yeaman.

to start, as it was my duty to accompany it to Newark. I had and have little desire to look upon faces from which the light of life is departed; but suddenly it came upon me that I had never seen the great president, and must not let go by this last opportunity to behold at least the deserted temple of a lofty soul. To my grief I found it was too late; the police had drawn their line across the path in front of Independence Hall. But my earnest desire prevailed, and I was the last to pass in by the window and behold, in a sudden dazzle of lights and flowers, the still features of that face we all now know so well. Then I went my way into the night and walked alone northward to the distant station. Soon I heard behind me the wailing music of the funeral dirge. The procession approached—the funeral train moved out beneath the stars. Never shall I forget the groups of weeping men and women at the little towns through which we slowly passed, and the stricken faces of the thousands who, in the cities, stood like mourners at the funeral of a beloved father. Thus, as came the dawn and the full day, through grieving States was borne the body of the beloved chieftain, while the luminous spirit and example of Lincoln the Leader of the People went forth into all the earth along the pathway of eternal fame.

NANCY HANKS

BY HARRIET MONROE

PRAIRIE child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
Far horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time.

These, and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
Under the ground;

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew;

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
And the victor's bays!

QUEEN VICTORIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

BEING THE LETTERS OF MRS. SALLIE COLES STEVENSON, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN LONDON, 1836–41

ARRANGED BY WILLIAM L. ROYALL

ANOTHER DINNER AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

[Letter of December 6, 1837]

"I WROTE you[1] a slight description of a dinner soon after her little Majesty's accession to the throne. This [other dinner described below] very much resembled it, differing only in being larger and more splendid, and the Queen seemed more at her ease.

"We passed up the same grand staircase, lined with liveried servants, who bowed and signed the way (no one is announced at the Queen's dinners), through the same magnificent suite of apartments, to the grand drawing-room, where we stood like soldiers on duty. My republican pride a little revolted at this act, I thought, of supererogation, and I proposed to the ladies of the diplomatique corps that we should sit until the entrance of the Queen. Accordingly we took possession of a sofa, and the peeresses soon followed so comfortable an example; but it was really amusing to see the alacrity with which we all resumed our feet when the mirrored doors flew open to admit Her Majesty with all her attendants. Among them was the beautiful and magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. After passing around the circle, and giving her tiny fingers to be pressed by the ladies, a gentleman-in-waiting (the Marquis of Headfort) whispered the Count Pozzo di Borgo that he was to be the honored person (as ambassador, he ranked all the others). At the same moment a powdered gentleman announced dinner. The band struck up, and we followed after, the foreign ministers' ladies taking precedence of every one but royalty. I was led by Baron Guensloff and seated nearly opposite the Queen, the Baron only between the Duchess of Sutherland and myself. I determined to take a more particular look at everything than I had done before; but when I raised my eyes to look upon all this royal magnificence, the thought occurred to me: 'If I gaze about, they will say, "Look at that wild American, how she is staring at every thing! I dare say she fancies herself in one of the enchanted castles of the Arabian Nights."' So with Indian-like caution I only cast furtive glances around, and endeavoured to bear myself as though it was all as familiar to me as my every-day comforts. In consequence of this prudent determination, I cannot tell you much more than I did before. The room was large, lofty, and so brilliantly lighted that the rich gilding and gorgeous decorations of the ceiling and wall were as distinct as they could have been by daylight. Opposite to me hung two full lengths of George the III & IV in royal robes, and over the table were suspended three golden chandeliers, with twenty-four wax lights in each, and on the table there were ten or twelve candelabra holding 5, 7, & 9 lights in each. There were vases of beautiful flowers, supported by figures of such graceful forms as we may have supposed Pheidias could

[1] See THE CENTURY of last month.

have sculptured. Thirty-nine guests sat down to table, and there was a servant to every two chairs. Behind the Queen stood two well-dressed gentlemen, *out* of livery, who handed her all she eat. It might have been ambrosia for aught I know, and that to which she helped herself, and which I thought was port wine and water, might have been nectar. She certainly eat very like a mortal—heartily, but with the delicacy and high breeding which distinguishes all the English aristocracy at their meals. She was dressed in crimson velvet, with a lace scarf light as gossamer, pearl earrings, no necklace. On her head she wore a crimson net studded with diamonds, which confined, without concealing, her hair. The Duchess of Sutherland, so celebrated for her beauty, grace, and splendid dressing, presents in her person a striking contrast to her royal mistress. She is a tall, commanding figure of the most perfect proportions, her deportment graceful and dignified, with a little touch of English reserve; her features are regular, with soft blue eyes; and when she converses there is a brightness in her smile which gives great animation to her countenance. Her complexion, for an English woman, is rather pale, though, like her countrywomen, very fair; hair & eyebrows black as the raven's wing, and blazing with diamonds. She had at least *50*, maybe 100, diamonds in her hair, as large as a *fourpence* & one of a superior size as a *fermoir;* on one side of her head an ostrich feather twisted to fall in a graceful curve to her face; on the other, a bunch of roses, the leaves with a diamond in each, like a dewdrop, and the same on her bosom; her dress of rich white satin. The evening wound up much as before. We stood, and when the Queen was pleased to sit, we were informed we might do the same. Poor Madame Dedel (the lady of the Netherland's minister) had been ill, and I said to her after the Queen retired, 'How do you feel?' 'Ah, Madame Stevenson, *très malheureuse!* I shall be too happy when I get into my bed. I think I shall be obliged to lay *dere* all day to-morrow.' Poor lady! I presume she survived it, as I have not seen her death announced in the papers. Such, dear Julia, is the penalty to be payed for a glimpse at royalty. She, poor girl, full of life & hope and may be ambition, says she *likes* to be a queen; she likes business; and I suppose likes to be cheered, followed, admired, and to feel herself the observed of all observers."

A VISIT TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR

In the winter of 1837–38 Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were invited by the Queen to pay her a visit of several days at Windsor Castle, and in the following letter, dated January 2, 1838, Mrs. Stevenson gives a most interesting account of the visit:

"Nothing could be more gratifying and flattering than our visit to Windsor. Mr. Stevenson was requested every day whilst we stayed to lead her Majesty to dinner, and occupied the seat of honor at her right hand between the Queen and the Duchess of Kent. I have been often struck since I came to this country to see in every trying situation in which Mr. Stevenson has been placed how he has always risen equal to the occasion, and it amused me, who sat opposite, between Ld. Albemarle & Ld. Howick, to observe the progress of his tête-à-tête with these two illustrious persons. At first it was all etiquette, but soon it took a more easy and conversational turn, and before the dinner was over, *she had asked him* to take wine with her, and conversed without the slightest restraint of manner. Her laugh is to me particularly delightful, it is so full of girlish glee & gladness, whilst her countenance beams with such an expression of innocence & sweetness, so blended with the dignity and majesty of the Queen, that it would be impossible for a person ignorant of her high destinies not to be struck and impressed by her manners and appearance. But Mr. Stevenson has written so much about her to Mr. Ritchie & drawn so just a portrait of her that I must refer you to him. I think it deserves to be published.

"We arrived at the castle about half-past 5, too late to see this glorious monument of the olden times & of royal magnificence. The lights, which gleamed from every part of the building, gave us the impression of its immense extent, and I felt an involuntary awe steal over me when I entered this royal residence, interesting not only from its historical associations and its magnificence, but as having been the theme of the historian and the

From an engraving of the painting by Thomas Sully in the Wallace Collection, Hertford House, London
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

QUEEN VICTORIA, IN THE ROBES AND JEWELS OF STATE

inspiration of the poet. Little thought had I when with girlish delight I pored over Pope's beautiful verses addressed to

> Windsor, and its green retreats,
> At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,

that I should ever be an honored guest under its royal roof. But so it was, and I followed the respectful female who met us at the door with a beating heart. She led the way to a beautiful drawing-room, which she said, 'Is yours, Madam,' then on to a bedroom; 'Yours, Madam'; then on to another one, which she said was Mr. Stevenson's, with a dressing-room; and on a little further still a larger and more magnificent drawing-room, which she added was for His Excellency. These rooms, it seems, are always appropriated to the King of Belgium and his family, and are considered the handsomest in the castle except Her Majesty's.

"We put on our best bib and tucker. Mr. Stevenson was dressed to perfection, and with Miss Murray, a maid of honor, to show us the way, we reached the receiving-room about 15 minutes before the Queen came out, followed by all her attendants. She approached me, and, extending her tiny white fingers, welcomed me to London, then Mr. S., and sent her gentleman-in-waiting to him to say she requested him to lead her to dinner. As she moved off, the band struck up, and it played all dinner-time, and, indeed, at intervals, all the evening. The party was large, although we were the only foreign ministers. All her home ministers were present, and Lord Melbourne sat on her left, and ate as heartily as though he was only seated by a milk-maid.

"After dinner, she conversed with me about our friends in Scotland, &c. When the gentlemen came in, card-tables were set, and Mr. S. played at that with the Duchess of Kent. I had a seat near the Queen, and played chess part of the evening with Miss Murray. The parties here are much more informal than at Buckingham Palace. Her ladies all sat by a round table at work, and there was more conversation than in the parties at London. When she retired for the night, she requested Lady Tavistock, her lady-in-waiting, to return and say to me that she hoped I would take care of my cold, and have my breakfast in my rooms, if I preferred it. What charming courtesy and thoughtfulness in a royal woman, who is never allowed to have a thought for herself!

"Feeling, however, anxious to see everything, I went out to breakfast, and found a pleasant party of some 24 or 30 persons, dropping in as they were ready. The Queen and the Duchess never appear until after lunch, when they come forth equipped for their ride or drive. After breakfast, Lady Tavistock took us with a large party to see the castle. Of all I saw I shall say nothing here; the castle is open to so many travelers that any one can tell of the windows, of the plate, of the rooms, and pictures, library, &c., but the private life of the Queen at London is a subject of interest and curiosity even to her own subjects of high rank who have not been among the chosen few. At 2 o'clock she came forth, and mounted her beautiful Arabian, and dashed off, followed by her numerous train, Mr. Stevenson among the number. Twenty miles in two hours! But such groaning and twisting for a week after you 'never did see.' Lady Tavistock (Ld. T. is the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford) and Lady Albemarle (Ld. Albemarle is the Master of the Horse, and I whispered him in private to order Mr. S. a gentle horse) and myself followed in a close carriage, in consideration of my cold. After following for a little while, we struck off to Virginia Water, and visited the pavilion built by the luxurious George IV.

"I had much conversation with the Baroness Lehzun, who always had the charge of the Queen. She says she is a most extraordinary person, and that her heart is as good, as pure, and innocent as her countenance indicates, and that she has a strength and vigor of intellect which is developing itself every day. Whilst we were talking about her on the second night of our stay, she approached and addressed me with an inquiry if I would play chess with her Master of the Household, the Hon. Mr. Murray. Miss M. had played with me the night before, and when I had seated myself near her, I said, 'I hope I have Your Majesty's good wishes.' To which she replied with the most sweet and winning smile. She

said, when taking leave of us, that she was happy to have received us at Windsor, and hoped we would come again. We saw also a stag-hunt whilst we were at the castle, and a thousand other things I could tell you, but write in great haste and with many interruptions.

A CHRISTMAS FÊTE

"I HAVE seen the two things I most desired in England—Windsor Castle *as a visitor,* and Christmas gambles in the country. On Christmas eve we had every sort of Christmas games—danced Jim Crow and quadrilles with the children, played at the 'Emperor of Morocco is dead,' made a 'Knight of the Whistle' of Mr. Sheridan, the son of the celebrated man of that name, cut at the flour pudding, and it fell to my lot to put my mouth and nose in, snap-dragon, loto, &c. We children of the larger growth were quite as happy as the little ones. This is a delightful season in this country. My heart is open to charity, to love, and all the endearments of social and domestic life. Last night we were invited by the children to their schoolroom, which we found beautifully decorated with evergreens and flower-pots, &c., and a long table with little works made by the children as presents. We, the strangers in a strange land, were not forgotten, and had our offerings presented with such grace and kindness that my heart was quite touched. How beautiful is all this, and how many virtues are cultivated by the observance of this custom—industry, generosity, the forgetfulness of self, the desire to please and give pleasure! If I had time, I could moralize for an hour upon this subject; but I must leave you for other things, and I dare say you are tired of all this."

VIRGINIA APPLES FOR HER MAJESTY

ON the southern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Albemarle County, Virginia, a pippin apple is raised which is perhaps the most delicious apple raised anywhere. Mrs. Stevenson, in a letter dated February, 1838, gives the following account of sending some of these apples to the Queen:

"And to you, my other dear and precious friends on the Green Mountain, I must offer our united thanks for your kind remembrance of us. On our return from Paris we found here three barrels, one containing hams, which we have tried and found excellent; the others, apples. One was good for nothing, the other, which was *wrapped* in *paper,* every *separate apple,* came in as good a state of preservation as we have them generally in Richmond, and never did a barrel of apples obtain such a reputation for the fruits of our country. They were eaten and praised by royal lips, and swallowed by many aristocratic throats. Mr. Stevenson proposed sending two dozen to the Queen. Accordingly, they were put into a beautiful basket he had given me, and one of the maids of honor presented them. In a day or two I received through the Countess of Durham the royal acknowledgements, and the assurance of their having been much admired; and dining with Lord Durham soon after, he told me my apples had created a great sensation at the palace; that it had been feared they would have been the death of the Premier, Lord Melbourne, who, after the Queen retired, had actually eaten *two* of immense size, and that all who had seen him perpetrate the rash act had considered him as a dead man. But, lo! he liveth unharmed. I said, 'So much for their being Virginia apples.' We sent also two dozen to the Duke of Sussex, one to Lord and Lady Sherbourne, ½ dozen to Lord Palmerston, & six to a score of other people, not omitting my friend and poet Rogers and his amiable sister. After having given them all away, we dined with Mr. Ellice (a person of high tone, whose wife was sister to Lord Grey), and he asked me, if I had *one* left, to send it to him. I was gratified on my return home to find *three* very inferior, which, however, I sent him. . . . I must not fail, however, to tell you the Duchess of Kent took such a fancy to my nice little basket that she asked permission to keep it, thinking it American manufacture."

AT THE QUEEN'S BALLS

IN the following, dated May 15, 1838, Mrs. Stevenson shows us the Queen dancing most industriously through a whole night:

"I wrote you, beloved sisters, on the

27th of April, just before I went to Mrs. Marryat's, where I spent four or five days very pleasantly, and returned much improved, but not quite well enough to stand three or four hours on my feet at the drawing-room, so that I was forced to disappoint Mrs. Ludlow, who had her dress all ready for the presentation. I have, however, been dining out occasionally, and ventured out to the Queen's ball on the 10th, which was very crowded and brilliant. We retired before 12, but Lady Lansdowne told me she remained with the Queen until 4 o'clock in the morning, and that the sun was shining beautifully as she returned through Hyde Park about 5, *half dead*. The Queen danced every quadrille, and said the next morning that she had enjoyed herself very much. She received me very graciously, and said she was delighted to see me looking so well. The Duchess of Kent gave me her hand and said, 'Do take care of yourself this cold night,' and inquired after my health as if she really took an interest in it."

We get a glimpse of a ball given by the Queen in the following, dated May 20, 1838:

"I continue, however, to save myself as much as possible by being out to midnight routs as little as I can to save appearances, then staying as short a time as possible, although that is not in our power, as it happened to us the other night at Lansdowne House, where we were kept until after three o'clock in the morning before we could get away. We were one hour (some persons two) getting to the door, one more in squeezing our way through crowded apartments to the grand statue-room, where we found Lady Lansdowne and some members of the royal family. Many persons who were there did not see the hostess at all. We were more than one hour in getting from this room to the *salle à manger,* where a sumptuous supper was provided. The most agreeable incident in the evening was the introduction to Bulwer the novelist. We searched an hour in the unrobing-room for my wrappings, and then waited until it was broad day for the carriage. Sixteen hundred invitations were sent out. And this is pleasure! All this fatigue I endured after being in the drawing-room in the morning,—the birthday,—and the most splendid that has been given. The display of diamonds and jewelry was beyond my power of description. There was a Count Zethy, an Austrian, literally covered with precious stones, and even in that splendid assembly he was gazed upon as a lion. The little Queen looked very sweet, and when I presented myself, she said: 'I am so happy to see you. I hope you are better, and took no cold at my ball.' She is acquiring a great deal more of confidence and ease of manner, and has won golden opinions from all parties. The wonder is how she can be so discreet—so self-possessed and so thoughtful of others. You saw the account of her ball in the 'Court Journal' I sent you. Dear little thing! She danced with all her heart, and said the next day she had been 'so happy.' Poor Lady Lansdowne, who was in waiting, said she was half-dead. I dined with her a day or two after at the Marquess of Sligo's, and she told us that she had never seen St. Paul's to advantage until the morning after the Queen's ball, when she had admired it from St. James' Park at five o'clock in the morning. We met a very distinguished party at the Marquess'; and Mr. S. and myself became so much acquainted with the Duke of Cleveland that he invited us to one of his splendid castles on the way to Scotland."

In the same letter she gives the following account of a ball given by the Queen:

"By the by, I think I must give you some description of a court ball, having in my last letter given you a court dinner. We have been to two balls this season. To the first Mr. Stevenson went with us, and he was in such a hurry to be off we saw nothing; but to the last he refused to go, and Messrs. Rush, Vaux, and Livingston went with me. All of us resolved to see everything and enjoy everything we could; accordingly we found ourselves at the palace gates before they opened at half-past nine. (Royal parties are always early.) We waited until a few carriages of the nobility had passed in, and then we made our appearance at the entrance. We found some acquaintances on the grand staircase, and followed fast behind the Duchess, Countess, and her daughter, the Countess of Surrey. The former inquired if the young gentlemen who were with me were Americans, and I asked permission to introduce them. Mr. Rush she had known

during his residence here, & was very civil to his son. She enquired, after a little while, if I would like to see the finest diamonds in the world, & when I answered in the affirmative, she introduced me to the Marchioness of Westminster, who had diamonds in her ears as large as ninepence, & one in the front of her dress as large as a quarter of a dollar, besides necklace, & a tiara on her head. On something being said about the fear of losing anything so valuable, the old Duchess jested most amusingly upon the chance of her getting them for me to exhibit in America. We had the pleasure of promenading through the splendid apartments and of seeing all the well-dressed dames & demoiselles, and then we enjoyed the luxury of a sofa until just before the Queen appeared, when all the company formed into two lines from one door of the grand saloon to the other, so that when the Queen entered by the mirrored door at one end she passed down the file of persons on each side. We of the embassy stood together and received her particular notice. When she had passed into the next room, we followed, and saw the first quadrille danced. Her Majesty chooses her own partners and those who are to stand opposite to her, that her hand may not touch that of any one but those she likes. She danced with Prince George of Cambridge, & the Princess Augusta of Cambridge stood opposite, with some high sprig of nobility as her partner. The Queen danced very gracefully & without effort, and her little person appears to great advantage from the perfect taste in which she dresses. She always wears the Order of the Bath over her bosom, which is fastened on the left shoulder with a band of diamonds & looks graceful and royal. Indeed, there is a queenly dignity, a lady-like sweetness in the air and manner of this young Queen that is very striking. She is always attended in public by two little pages, sons of noblemen, who are dressed in the court costume, with swords at their sides; besides her officers of state, the gold stick and the silver stick in waiting. Noblemen of rank, who have rods, which they hold before them, and Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain always precede her when she moves from room to room. All this seems very ridiculous to us republicans, but royalty, after all, you know, is but a pageant, & take from it the pride, pomp, and circumstance of state, & what would it be? In both the ball-rooms there were places elevated for the seats of the royal family, in front of which the Queen stood to dance, & when it was over, she ascended to her chair, & received the homage of her subjects. But I have bought another 'Court Journal' to send you, which will give you a better account of all these things. At one o'clock the Queen made a move towards the supper-room, and the band struck up 'God save the Queen.' At two, immediately after the supper, I made my escape, after loitering an hour in admiring the decorations of the tables, wine, &c., and talking to such of my acquaintances as I met there, among the number Lady George Murray, dressed in an Irish dress of such brilliant texture that it attracted my attention, in the midst of so much splendor. When I approached her, & met her smiling, benevolent face, I exclaimed, 'Can this be you!' 'Yes,' she replied; 'I shall be seventy-seven my next birthday & I have strength and spirit still to enjoy this scene.' Shortly after, I encountered Lady Clarendon, some few years Lady George's *senior,* with a figure as good and as youthful as any woman of twenty in the room. But, alas! the poor old lady is rather blind, & she puts on her rouge in a daub from her eyes to her chin. So you see, my dear sisters, if you will come to old England, we shall all become Hebes again."

THE CORONATION

In the following letter, dated July 15, 1838, we have an admirable account of the coronation of Queen Victoria:

"It would be impossible for me to give you an idea of the excitement through which we have been passing. Such a whirl of splendors and gaiety, such riding and driving, so much to hear, to say, to do, such noise and bustle! What would have become of me if it had occurred two months sooner! But it has pleased Heaven to give me health and strength sufficient for the day. . . . I wrote you an account of the events which preceded the coronation, of the crowds of Americans who were here morning, noon, and night, to obtain tickets of admission and of the arrival of the ambassadors

and other persons, among whom was Mr. John Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren accompanied us to our carriage. The weather has been threatening for several days, and the morning was overcast, but about nine it became clear, and continued so for the rest of the day and night, as if Nature smiled upon England's hope, and the fair object of all this enthusiasm. We left our door about half-past eight. Our equipage was thought to be in fine taste—a pale yellow chariot with white silk linings, hammer-cloth of deep blue, brass harness, with yellow roses and frontlets, two footmen behind in new livery—blue coats with yellow buttons and the eagle; yellow short-breeches, with silk stockings and buckles on their shoes; white gloves and bouquets on their coats; round hats, with the American cockade and yellow eagle. Every one else had cocked hats, but Mr. S. thought it better suited to his republican taste and habits to have the plain round hat. The attachés followed in a carriage of the same colors and liveries. Marshal Soult lives just opposite to us, and when we went out, the street was filled with spectators to look at his silver carriage. As he passed along, we could only wonder where all the people came from that filled the streets so that we could only move at a snail's pace and feared being too late to join the procession; but all the carriages having the same difficulties to encounter, we were safe. Barriers had been raised to prevent the people crowding into the street through which the procession was to pass, therefore as soon as the barriers were passed, our way was unobstructed. Then a spectacle met our eyes that was really magnificent. The houses presented almost one solid line of human faces, peering one above another, and such smiling, rosy faces, that it looked like a beautiful bed of flowers. For many days previous to the coronation workmen had been busily employed putting up galleries for this mighty mass of human beings, and seats sold for several guineas. Mr. V. B. was quite overwhelmed with admiration. It was indeed a magnificent sight, and much did I wish for those dear friends I loved best to share the pleasure with me.

"When the Queen left the palace, it was announced by the firing of cannon, and also her arrival at the Abbey. Her progress was known by the cheering of the multitude which thronged her carriage. The streets from Buckingham Palace were completely filled, except the line kept open by the police for the carriages, and as she moved on, the countless multitude, high and low, united in one continuous cheering, loud and long, and for the whole of the distance of more than two miles this young creature continued to bow and smile to her loving subjects, all anxious to catch a glimpse of her and too happy to have a smile. We reached the Abbey about eleven and entered through files of soldiers and men-at-arms, dressed in their gorgeous uniforms, and bearing in their hands their badge of office. The Abbey, like most of the old churches, is, as you know, in the form of a cross. We entered at one end, and at the other extremity was the altar, so that on entering we had a *coup d'œil* of the whole scene of magnificence. Imagine this immense building adorned with the richest draperies, crimson and gold, and covered with costly carpeting, and filled in every part with persons in the most brilliant dresses, the peers and peeresses glittering in all the pomp of velvet and ermine, the ladies sparkling with diamonds, the peers occupying the south and the peeresses the north transept. When the sun shone upon the latter, it was really dazzling to look upon them. It was a gorgeous scene, and which no eye could witness without calling up in the heart mingled sensations of pleasure and astonishment. Mr. S. and myself entered together; Van Buren, Vaux, and Livingston followed close behind. My husband never looked better or moved with more dignity and grace. I cannot tell you how many people have told me since that he was the finest-looking man in the Abbey. His countrymen expressed themselves as proud of their representative. We ascended the tribune, and took our seats, Mr. S. on the right of Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), and I by his side. The ambassadresses were blazing in diamonds, and Prince Esterhazy was literally covered with precious stones. (It is said that he never wears this dress without losing a hundred pounds worth of jewels.) Mr. S. and myself, like our equipage, were handsome and genteel, without being fine. He wore a new coat, which I hope to show you some day; I, a white satin dress with

blond lace, bare neck and arms; a rich scarf I purchased in Paris of blue and gold, with a slight mingling of crimson and green, very handsome; on my head a gold turban with a diamond star, with necklace, earrings, and a breastpin of same stones. Such was the demand for diamonds on that day that one of the great jewelers told me he had not one left in his shop and that he had hired one set for twenty-five pounds.

"Our situation was decidedly the best in the house both for seeing and hearing. To a flourish of trumpets the Queen entered, preceded by all of her officers of state, and accompanied by the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, Lady Lansdowne, Barham, &c., her train borne by six young girls of her own age, dressed all alike in white satin, with lace over it, with bunches of pale-pink roses in front of their dresses, on their heads a string of diamonds with blush roses. These girls were of the highest rank in the kingdom. The Queen advanced up the entire nave until she reached the first chair, where she knelt at her private devotions. The striking part of the ceremony was the crowning. When the superb crown was put on her head, at the very moment a roar of cannons announced it to her people,—by signal I suppose,—and at the same time all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets. It was a grand scene, but the most touching part to me of this grand national pageant was when the fair young creature knelt at the altar before receiving the sacrament, with her head uncovered, looking so young, so innocent, and helpless, that involuntarily my heart was raised to Heaven in supplication to the Great Giver of all good that the little head that then bowed down in such seeming humility before the footstool of His mercy-seat might at last receive a crown such as no mortal hand could bestow.

"She was crowned in St. Edward's chair, which I formerly described in a letter to B., and I also related to her the tradition which accounted for its being always used on such occasions. It was covered with crimson and gold, and I should not have recognized my old acquaintance in its new dress. In the centre of the Abbey, immediately under the central tower, a platform was erected of a circular form, with five steps. The summit of the platform and the highest step leading to it were covered with the richest cloth-of-gold, and in the centre a chair was placed, in which she received the homage of the peers. The royal dukes first knelt, kissed her hand, and touched the side of her crown. I was struck with the manner of the Duke of Sussex. He kissed her hand repeatedly, and when he touched her crown, it was more the caressing action of a father than the homage of a subject. A little incident occurred during the ceremony of the homage which created quite a sensation. An old peer, Lord Rolle, very infirm, in attempting to ascend the steps, the weight of his robes and his own feebleness caused him to fall and roll down the steps. The Queen half-rose from her seat as by a sudden impulse, and when he was put upon his feet and attempted again to ascend, she rose and met him. The house cheered. All felt the action to be an indication of her amiable disposition. Some one in speaking of it afterwards said that it was the best act of his life thus to tumble down and give the Queen an opportunity to show the kindness and benevolence of her heart. It is said that she exhibited great sensibility on her arrival at the Abbey. When she went into the robing-room she wept so passionately that her attendants were alarmed lest she should be unable to go through the ceremony. I remarked when she retired that she was very pale, but calm and self-possessed through the whole ceremony. She seemed much affected when a hundred instruments and more than twice that number of voices united in 'God save the Queen,' 'Long live the Queen,' 'May the Queen live forever.' The loud anthem, and then the applauding shouts of the multitude of spectators, had a most thrilling effect even upon my democratic nerves, and I dare say drew royal tears from royal eyes. After the Queen retired, the rush to get out was immense, and I thought I should stand a chance of being crushed, when suddenly a stentorian voice proclaimed, 'Not a peer or peeress can leave the Abbey until the foreign ambassadors have passed out," and in an instant I found myself passing through an avenue made for us, beside Marshal Soult, and the procession returned as it had come, the patient spectators still waiting to behold again the gorgeous show.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BALL

"We reached home half-starved and fearful that we should find nothing to eat, but our skilful little cook had ready a fricassee of chicken, which revived me so much that after resting a while, I had courage to dress and go to the Duke of Wellington's grand ball; the noise and bustle, and the brilliancy of everything would have rendered it impossible for me to sleep. The whole city was a blaze of light. Marshal Soult had a brilliant transparency just opposite, and we shone forth the American eagle. We reached the duke's noble mansion through crowds of people. On his gate was a splendid illumination, and the whole house lighted up so as to turn night into day. In giving a description of one London party you will have a good idea of all. In approaching a long file of carriages, you find the streets lined with curious spectators (for I believe the English people have more curiosity than any other people in the world) who are peering into your carriage as if it contained an ourang-outang. You enter through two rows of liveried servants, who announced in voices of thunder, 'The American Minister and Mrs. Stevenson,' which is repeated all the way up the magnificent staircase, which is always brilliantly lighted and ornamented with rich vases of flowers, statues, &c. The lady and gentleman of the house receive you at the door of the first apartment. After a curtsy and a few words, you pass through suites of apartments, brilliantly lighted, perfumed with flowers, and adorned with all that art and luxury can supply, and crowded with well-dressed persons of both sexes. If you are so fortunate as to penetrate into the ball-room, you have the pleasure of seeing fairy forms wheeling in the waltz or gliding gracefully through the mazes of the quadrille to the music of Strauss or Werpert's band. You curtsy low to royal dukes and duchesses, and if you have strength and patience to wait for supper, your eyes may be dazzled by the blaze of gold and silver and your palate feasted with all the luxuries and delicacies of the season. At the Marchioness of Westminster's the other night, they had, besides the exhibition of this splendid mansion, the whole garden illuminated with white and colored lamps. It was beautiful, and looked as if the firmament was beneath your feet."

A ROYAL REVIEW

In a letter, dated July 24, 1838, Mrs. Stevenson gives an account of a review of troops by the Queen:

"In my letters to them I told you of my improved health & strength, notwithstanding the severe trial both were undergoing in the progress of a London season the gayest and most brilliant of the last century. The representatives of all civilized nations of the earth (except *poor* America) have been vying with each other in the magnificence of their fêtes in honor of the Queen's coronation. One thing has succeeded to another in such rapid succession that we have scarcely time for the necessary repose of nature. The Queen commenced with a grand ball at which all the foreigners, ambassadors & ambassadresses, shone forth in a blaze of diamonds, & all that was rich, costly, curious, & magnificent in the way of dress that the earth affords, and everything which money, taste, & English pride could do was accomplished in adorning and embellishing Buckingham Palace in honor of its fair young mistress, who passed through the glittering throng, standing up to receive her, bowing and smiling to all, & speaking with gentle graciousness to her august visitors (that 's the style) as she passed into the ball-room to the elevated platform raised for her at one side of the apartment, over which was a gilded canopy wreathed with flowers, &c. She dances very gracefully and without effort, & as soon as the quadrille is over, she steps back to her seat, a large arm-chair on each side of which sat the royal family & her attendants, the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Lansdowne, &c. She sends her gentleman-in-waiting to the person she means to honor with her hand, and our republican prince Van Buren was, or effected to be, afraid of the honor of being selected; but I suspect he has nothing to hope or fear, as there are so many representations here from crowned heads. The Queen's ball has been followed by one from some of the royal family, which her little Majesty has honored by her presence. The Duke of Sussex's commenced before the arrival of the

foreigners, but the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, after the coronation,—all very magnificent, but, like all royal parties, very dull and formal. We did not stay to supper at either place, but made our escape as soon as we had made our obeisance to the Queen. The foreign ambassadors and many of the élite of the English nobility are now giving dinners and fêtes every day, and sometimes two and three on the same night. But the most magnificent spectacle yet exhibited (according to my notion, but not Mr. S.'s) was a review in Hyde Park soon after the coronation. For three days after, this park was occupied with a fair, which appeared to be the most curious exhibition of everything odd and ridiculous, as seen from the ring; but I did not venture in, as many ladies did. At the expiration of the three days allowed by law, the whole pageantry disappeared as if the wand of a magician had passed over it. I suppose it was all removed in the night. A few days after, the review took place.

"I was afraid at first I should not see it, as it was said only royal carriages would be admitted; but the night before, I received a card to admit 'Mrs. Stevenson's carriage' (the 's' added to please milady), and as all the gentlemen of the embassies were to go on horseback, I had three seats to offer my friends, no small favor when the greatest duchess in England could not get in. I invited, for Angelica's sake, Mr. Preston, and a Mr. Gibbs from Baltimore, who tells me he is acquainted with all Julia's family, and married the daughter of the rich Mr. Oliver,—she will know whom I mean by this,—and Miss Benett, who came in to pass the evening with me. I should have given the preference to my own countrywomen, but as I could only take one, I did not know how to make a distinction. We went early, at nine o'clock, and got a most excellent situation not far from the place the Queen was to occupy. At eleven the firing of a royal salute from the artillery announced her arrival. As soon as she entered the lines, accompanied by the Duchesses of Kent and Sutherland, the royal standard was hoisted, and the whole of the troops presented arms. After the staff and noble foreigners had paid their respects, she proceeded in her open landau, followed by another carriage containing her ladies-in-waiting, with the whole of the splendid cortège, down the lines, each body of troops presenting arms as she passed, and the immense multitude cheering her with an enthusiasm, as though they would (in the language of the 'Journal') have thrown their hearts instead of their hats into the air. It was a most picturesque and animating scene. Imagine 150,000 spectators, who stood outside the lines, and who crowded the balconies and tops of houses and trees, around the park; and inside the lines, a body of 6000 troops from the various military departments, in their splendid dresses and accoutrements; the officers and foreigners in their different uniforms curveting on their graceful and richly caparisoned chargers; the tasteful dresses of the ladies, with their waving plumes. The presence of the great by rank and deed, and the animated question of 'Who 's that?' and the exclamation of pleasure and admiration, altogether created a sensation of enjoyment and exhilaration I have rarely felt. The gentlemen and Miss Benett were perpetually exclaiming, 'How shall I thank you for bringing me here!' Oh, dear Bett, I thought of thee all the time, and if I had had a wishing-cap, or Prince Houssein's tapestry, you would soon have been alongside of me. But to go back to the review. We had a mock battle, which made the earth tremble under the roar of the cannon, and the multitude were so terrified that they began tumbling over each other to get out of the way, breaking scaffolding, and screaming as though they were veritably wounded. The firing along the lines lasted 20 minutes, and was really stunning. The different evolutions were beautiful, and gave an admirable idea of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of war,' without any of its appalling results. We got home about 2 o'clock, tired and hungry."

(To be continued)

BRUNSWICK—THE TOWN OF TYLL EULENSPIEGEL

ROMANTIC GERMANY—IV

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY GERTRUDE WURM

IN a tiny square called the Bäckerklint, surrounded by glamourous, half-timbered houses as bright with color as they were in the Middle Ages, there plays a unique fountain. An apprentice youth sits above the bowl, balancing a slipper on his toes and smiling whimsically down at a semicircle of spouting monkeys and owls. To the observant stranger it seems a curious coincidence that the window of the crooked old bake-shop hard by should be occupied by gingerbread owls and monkeys with currant eyes. But presently he discovers the inscription on the back of the fountain:

Dem lustigen Gesellen
Till Eulenspiegel
dort errichtet wo er die
Eulen und Meerkatzen buk
Erdacht und gemacht von
Arnold Kramer
aus Wolfenbüttel

(To the jolly chap
Tyll Eulenspiegel
erected in the place where he
baked the owls and the long-tailed monkeys
Thought out and wrought out by
Arnold Kramer
of Wolfenbüttel)

Americans know of this medieval hero chiefly through the great tone-poem by Richard Strauss, and by his lesser descendants, such as Max und Moritz, and Peck's Bad Boy. But his name is a mighty one in Germany, and may almost take rank with graver heroes such as Tannhäuser and the Wandering Jew. For he was the first Teutonic humorist, a sort of Socrates turned practical joker, who always affected naïveté and always turned the laugh upon the other fellow. "To few mortals," wrote Carlyle, "has it been granted to earn such a place in universal history."

Tyll was born at the beginning of the fourteenth century in the province of Brunswick, and played many of his most famous pranks near the spot where he now sits, more brazen than ever, laughing at the droll little creatures he once baked, to the scandal of the good baker, his master, in the old shop close at hand. Those happiest of German children, the young Brunswickers, are never tired of poking their fingers into the monkeys' mouths and squirting the water at one another. Tyll is the last to say them nay, and always seems vengeful whenever the policeman comes to spoil sport. The monkeys are noticeably more popular than the owls, and there is something almost pathetic in their bright little skulls, from which the patina has already been rubbed by the caressing hands of countless children.

Perhaps the chief reason why the Brunswickers are the only Germans who have thus honored Tyll is that they feel an affinity for him. At any rate, they impressed me as having a greater love of practical fun and a more genuine Low-Saxon humor than any other Germans of my acquaintance. Nowhere else have I

been so often accosted on the streets, and by such a variety of people. They seem to be fairly bubbling with mischief. They have not the malicious, cutting satire of Berlin, nor the polished wit of Dresden; not the uncouth pleasantry of Silesia, nor the mellow, hearty, kindly humor of Bavaria. Brunswick is like a mild but continuous hazing party. The people are amazingly quick with their tongues. You turn a corner in a long mackintosh, and are instantly hailed by a group of burghers with, "Well, my Mantle-Mister!" You pass a group of middle-class girls on a bridge.

"Too tall for me!" cries one.

"Down at the heel, oh, shockingly!" remarks another.

"Think he understands?"

"*Jawohl.* See how fast he runs away!"

In these free-and-easy manners it is not difficult to trace the Brunswicker's inherent democracy.

His humor, like Tyll's, inclines toward terseness and point. He is fond of such epigrams as the following:

"Every beginning is hard," said the young thief. Then he stole an anvil.

"I punish my wife only with good words," said Lehmann. Then he threw the hymn-book at her head.

They are fond of making so-called "neighbor-rhymes," in which the peculiarities of each householder in a given street are tersely hit off with a winning combination of sharpness and shrewd geniality which neatly characterizes the people of Brunswick.

Naturally these affinities of the mediæval Tyll are deeply romantic and superstitious folk. And they come honestly by the quality; for the oldest Teutonic myths, like that of Walpurgis Night, had their origin in the region north of the Harz. And it is a welcome thought that our Anglo-Saxon appetite for the romantic and the picturesque may be due in part to inherited remnants of exactly such ancient beliefs as are still alive in the province and the city of Brunswick.

The people believe to-day in vampires. They shut the door after the outgoing coffin so that the dead may not return and work mischief. Still they place a coin in the dead hand to pay for the outward journey,—that coin of Charon which seems to run through all history,—and intone this formula:

Ik gewe dik dat dinige,
Blif mik von den minigen.

(I give thee what is thine,
Oh, spare thou what is mine.)

There are countless tales current in Brunswick, of wailing women with eyes of fire, the harbingers of death; of the World Dog, who appears in clanking chains every seven years; of will-o'-the-wisps, who hover over burning gold. It is a matter of common knowledge that he who moves a boundary-stone must wander about headless after death. Was it not recently that a Brunswicker met his former pastor at midnight in a forest? The reverend gentleman carried his head under one arm, but with the other he gave his late parishioner such a box on the ear that he never ventured out again after dark.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century there were "Fire-riders" in Brunswick, whose function it was to mount a horse at the outbreak of fire, and with a saucer of salt in hand gallop thrice around the flames, chanting this magic formula:

Feuer, du heisse Flamm'
Dir gebeut Jesus Christ, der wahre Mann,
Das du sollst stille steh'n
Und nicht weiter geh'n.
Im Namen des Vaters, etc.

(Fire, you fervid flame,
Christ Jesus, that true Man, demands this same:
That you stand still yonder
And no further wander.
In the Name of the Father, etc.)

The folk believe that people whose eyebrows meet become Marten at night and oppress the breasts of sleepers. They believe in the Werwolf, in the Wild Hunter, in gnomes and giants; and in the witches who ride on pitchforks, broomsticks, goats, and swine to their unhallowed tryst on the Brocken every

Drawn by Gertrude Wurmb. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE OLD TOWN MARKET

On the right is the Altstadt Rathaus (old City Hall) and on the left St. Martin's. The Gewandhaus, which is not shown in the picture, is situated to the left of the foreground.

Drawn by Gertrude Wurmb. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

AN OLD COURTYARD IN BRUNSWICK

Walpurgis Night. Just before her head was cut off a local witch once confessed that she had "shut up a thief in a gimlet-hole in the foul fiend's name, so that the fellow peeped like a swarm of mice"; and to this day the witches of Brunswick are keeping up their grand old traditions.

The devil is a familiar character, and one often hears:

Wenn't rant und de sunne schint, dann hat de duwel hochtit.

(When it rains and the sun shines, the devil is getting married.)

And there is a charmingly circumstantial legend how the devil married his grandmother at midnight in a hall in Brunswick, leaving behind him a costly carpet and a ring worth two thousand ducats. People believe that he flies away with atheists, and that on February 15, 1781, his victim was no less a person than the great Lessing. For they always thought of their local poet and philosopher as an atheist, harder than steel, who was condemned to glow in the eternal fires. Indeed, there is a rhyme about this painful episode, which the children sing at play:

De duwel kam emal up eren
Un wull he gern en blanksmit weren.
Doch harr he weder tinn noch messing
Drum nam he den professor Lessing.

The translation must be free:

Once on a time the devil came
And wished to try the blacksmith game.
But lack of metal kept him guessing
Until he took Professor Lessing.

Finally, lest it should be imagined that such beliefs and customs are no longer representative of modern Brunswick, let us take an instance from the police records of 1897. At two o'clock on the morning of January 19, Gottlieb Kitzke, a servant, and Fritz Krödel, a coachman, were arrested in the Wolfenbüttler-Strasse because they answered the night-watch evasively. It came out in the examination that they had been trying to conjure up his satanic majesty. They had carried to a field outside the city a sack of firewood, a number of wax candles, a spirit-lamp, and a cornucopia of salt. They had lighted the fire, the candles and the lamp, had offered up the salt on the lamp, and had prayed fervidly for an hour; but no devil! The wood burned up, the can-

dles down; but still no devil. Loud recriminations on the way home led to their arrest. In Krödel's pocket was found a "Book of Spirits." There was a bookmark at the chapter on How to Conjure up Lucifer.

There are still other points of resemblance between the city and Tyll Eulenspiegel. Brunswick liked Tyll because he was no respecter of persons. Tyll liked Brunswick for the same reason. Indeed, it is not strange that the place should be so democratic, for it lies in that cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race between the Harz Mountains, the Elbe, and the Rhine and has obstinately preserved the old breed and the old speech. It has always been plebeian in spirit, and was one of the first northern communities to fight for democracy—a fight prolonged in vain for four centuries. Because it is such an excellent type of a Low-German city, it is a shame that the late invasion of the High-German tongue should have "restored" its mellow, Saxon name of "Brunswyk" into "Braunschweig."

But its medieval democratic spirit has never been "restored" away from those incomparable streets, and to this day fills many of the public buildings with its poetry. The Rathaus of the Old Town was designed with a true feeling for municipal proportion so that it might not overpower its private neighbors; while the Gewandhaus was influenced even further by them, for it shows traces of the compactness and conservatism of timber construction.

Each of these is a type of the municipal architecture of its period. The richness and interest of the Rathaus come wholly from a two-storied Gothic colonnade, filled with tracery and gargoyles and Saxon princes under delicate baldachins. It is a happy instance of that self-restraint, unusual in Germany, which has made poems of Brunswick's winding streets. There the builders would allow no house to lord it over the others, and here in the Rathaus the entire effect comes from a tenfold repetition of one theme.

The Gewandhaus, as it looks down the sweep of the Post-Strasse, seems to fuse in itself all the elements of the German Renaissance—the Italian's fondness for a classical play of proportion, his conservative adherence to certain medieval effects, and the reckless passion of the Low Countries for picturesque, unstructural orna-

Drawn by Gertrude Wurmb. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

OLD HOUSES IN THE REICHENSTRASSE

Drawn by Gertrude Wurmb. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE AND HENRY
THE LION'S FOUNTAIN IN THE
HAGEN MARKT

ment. But the building has a lightness and a hint of gaiety which remind one that Brunswick, lying just beyond the Westphalian border, is touched by the happy spirit of the Harz and of Thuringia. And one has the impulse to climb that lofty gable among the caryatides and allegorical statues, the volutes and obelisks and inscriptions, to search the horizon for the blunt profile of the Brocken.

These two splendid structures stand as monuments of the city's wealth in the flourishing Hanseatic days when she controlled the main highway to the ports of Bremen and Hamburg and Lübeck. They symbolize as well the democratic ideal that preferred poverty to oppression. In 1293 the people, led by the guilds, began their fight against a tyrannous government. In consequence they were declared "aufrührerisch," or riotous, by the Hanseatic League, and were repeatedly

Drawn by Gertrude Wurmb. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FRONT OF ST. ANDREW'S, AS SEEN FROM THE WEBERSTRASSE

placed under the commercial ban, which almost ruined the city's prosperity. But it took four centuries to break their spirit, and though the cause was finally lost, democracy is still plainly written upon many of their streets.

Brunswick's most striking quality is the delightfully homelike atmosphere that seems to pervade it. No doubt the conservatism of a folk as rich as they in superstition made for loyalty to the family and the ancestral dwelling, and likewise the democratic spirit led each citizen to make his house his palace. These humble builders stamped their work with their own personality as completely as

Drawn by Gertrude Wurmb. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE ALTE WAAGE, LOOKING TOWARD ST. ANDREW'S

though they were sculptors and each house a model in moist clay. And they are the personalities of family men. Many of the streets, like the Weberstrasse, the Hagenbrücke and Meinhardshof have been virtually unchanged since the sixteenth century, and they seem fairly to exude domesticity.

On coming out suddenly into one of the many squares, if you have already caught the spirit of the place, your eyes seek first, not the great church or public building, but the row of old dwellings opposite, glowing with color, redolent of romance. In that nucleus of Brunswick, the Burg-Platz, for example, one is aware of something more significant than the castle and the cathedral. For these

sumptuous chords are a little sharp to the city's real key-note, as one finds on catching a glimpse of the dwellings opposite and the crooked street into which they lead. This is the authentic key-note—a crooked street filled with half-timbered houses rich with carvings, their stories pushing out eagerly beyond one another as if anxious to mingle their gargoyles and saints above the happy life of the pavement; and, closing the enchanted vista, some noble building of the people, or some real native church, its traceried bell-house riding high between twin towers.

A deal of Brunswick's charm is due to its street plan. Many of the old cities, founded by pure Teutonic stock, in the south and west of Germany developed from a group of houses huddled together without rhyme or reason—an arrangement called "Haufendorf," or "Heap-village." On the other hand, the Slavic cities of the east were laid out on a deadly rectilinear plan, as monotonous as Manhattan's sorry scheme of things.

In Brunswick these two influences complemented each other and produced a plan both of irregular, curving streets and of far vistas—a plan that surpasses the others as a design by Dürer surpasses a design by a cliff-dweller or by Euclid. And Brunswick has known better than most cities how to keep her scheme pure of modern improvements.

No other German city has preserved so many of its Gothic houses. The earlier ones often bear friezes in which a characteristic step-like design frames low reliefs. The later Gothic retaliates on the church bell-houses, which are, in a sense, only transfigured dwellings, by borrowing their ecclesiastical tracery. But the most fascinating friezes are the allegorical, religious, and grotesque reliefs supported by carven beam-ends and consoles that seem to run the gamut of piety and humor. A scene at Stecherstrasse 10 hastens naïvely from Isaac to the Resurrection with a smile and a touch of real religious feeling. But the Brunswicker seems most at home in carvings that express his whimsical, mischief-loving nature, as in the frieze of Neuestrasse 9, a mélange of monkeys, clowns, storks, mermen, and aggressive dwarfs.

Animal symbolism lies close to his heart and is often inimitable, as at Gördelingerstrasse 38, where a fox is making away with a goose and an ass is performing solemnly on the bagpipes. There is a favorite kind of grotesque called *Luderziehen,* or "Bummers' Tug of War," depicting an old game in which two men wrestle back to back with a rope passed over their shoulders. As for the gargoyle who pulls wide the corners of his mouth like a bad boy, he is found everywhere, even interrupting the decent progression of a row of wooden saints. This is the sort of carven fun that is often seen on old town-halls, but nowhere else is it found in such profusion on German homes.

In the transition style, the old "step" ornament developed into the fan-shaped rosette, which often radiates from some grotesque head.

"She has the form of the rising sun," exclaims a sentimental German writer. "She is the rising sun of the Renaissance."

This design evolved into the egg-like ornament called Ship's Keel, and at length, reluctantly, into the Renaissance. But such is the conservatism of private timber architecture that the reawakening was delayed by half a century, and even then the good burghers held fast to many Gothic motifs.

The Hofbräuhaus is a good type of this period. But it has few rivals, for Renaissance energy seems to have been focused here largely on portals.

Brunswick has little noteworthy private architecture built later than the Renaissance except the amusingly exaggerated portal of Bank-Platz 1 and the consummate baroque portal and oriel at the head of that jewel among streets, the Reichenstrasse.

Many of the older dwellings have an architectural feature as unique as are Dantzic's Beischläge,—one that adds its element of mystery and romance. The *Kemnaten* are stone rooms built massively into the center of the half-timbered houses. No one knows their function. Were they fireproof vaults in the inflammable times of thatched roofs? Or were they the private strongholds of the days when every man's hand was against his neighbor and his house was literally his castle?

Among the chief fascinations of Brunswick are the old *Höfe,* or courts. They are not so narrow or so teeming with life as in Hamburg, nor so opulent in color and effects of vista as in Lübeck; but they are richer architecturally, and in their inimitable inscriptions that show at once the dry wit and the piety of the north German, as in the following:

Allen die mich kennen
den gebe Gott wass sie mir gönnen

(God make my friends all free
Of what they wish for me.)

Court-hunting offers all the excitement of searching for hidden treasure; for the most medieval court may be masked by the most modern façade. The only way is to enter boldly at every open portal, and presently you find yourself plunging through a door of the twentieth century straight into the fifteenth.

There the low-class artisan—the "Little Citizen" as he is called—sits before his house cobbling as in the days of Hans Sachs, or blows at a quaint forge the flare of which picks out Rembrandtish high lights amid the dusk of the overhanging stories—stories quite unrestored and full of dim carvings and inscriptions. There was a long inscription running along an entire side of one court. So time-worn and cobwebby was it that I had to clamber upon a rickety wain to decipher its Low-German characters; and with the tail of my eye I could see a group of eager young Brunswickers trying to muster courage enough to upset me. At length I made it out:

Dorch Gottes Segen
und sine Macht
Habe ich das Gebew
Darhen gebracht.

(Through God's own might
And benison
This building as
You see I 've done.)

It has the genuine smack of the soil, this Low-German language, so much older and so much more akin to the English than the High German. In Brunswick the lower classes speak "Platt," and, in picking it up, English is almost as potent a help as German.

There is no discordant note in these Brunswick courts. Everything seems there by right divine. At number 2 in the Wendenstrasse (the ancient Via Slavorum) a heap of poles leans by a fine, late-Gothic, church-like window as naturally as though it were a necessary buttress. The court of Reichenstrasse 32 has even its dovecote embellished with Empire medallions. And in the long garden-court of number 21 where numerous "Little Citizens" are packed in together—not without friction—this motto is conspicuous:

Wenn Hass und Neid brändte wie Feuer
So were das Holtz lange nicht so teuer.

freely rendered:

If hate and envy burned like fuel
The cost of wood would be less cruel.

Some of the squares are hardly less perfect in their way than the best of the courts. The little Platz, "Am Nickelnkulk," for instance, where one of Brunswick's numerous iron serpents pokes his head out of the under-world and looks about in surprise at the picturesque cottages by the tiny stream. This is the home of legend. For "Nickelnkulk" is corrupted from "Nickerkulk," meaning a waterhole inhabited by a divinity called "Nicker," a sort of nix or water-sprite. This personage lived for centuries in his hole by the stream, and fifty years ago was still celebrated in a children's game. One child lurked in a ditch and tried to catch the others, who jumped over it singing:

Nickelkerl keitschenbom,
Ik sitt in dinen locke:
Fange mik doch.

(Nix of the elder-bush,
I squat in your den:
Catch me, then.)

There is the little Ruhfäutchen-Platz in the heart of the town, dreaming over its water-filled fragment of the old castle-moat; the Kohl Markt, with its fine fountain, its view of the Gewandhaus, and its three Renaissance houses, Sun, Moon, and Star. (Although "Star" recently suffered total eclipse, its memory still twinkles on.)

Then there is the Altstadt Markt, es-

pecially "when a great illumination surprises a festal night," and the Gothic fountain, transformed into rainbow mist, sends a gentle glow playing over the old houses on the southern side, and the band makes soft music behind the tongues of flame outlining the arches of the Rathaus colonnade. Then the square is filled with gaily dressed, fun-loving folk who seem held within bounds only by the austere spires of St. Martin's above them.

Because Brunswick has preserved inviolate so many of its intimate, old streets and the old stock in them, and because every stranger feels at once that this is a city of families, it is peculiarly fitting that it should possess the one work of art that expresses completely the poetry of family life. In revisiting the picture gallery it is natural for the lover of Brunswick to hasten past even the pure spirituality and mysticism of Rembrandt's "Noli Me Tangere," the royal coloring of his armed warrior, and the shimmering Vermeer interior, until he comes to the hall which contains the goal of his pilgrimage. If he is wise, he will look first at the remarkable Lievensz and at Steen's uproarious wedding-scene, because everything else pales after one glance at *the* Rembrandt.

To me it is one of the grandest of all exhibitions of sheer creative power. For there is nothing unusual in the subject, no dramatic or pathetic situation, no scene of inherent poetic inspiration, no religious afflatus. It is a mere family of every-day people, caught amid their prosaic surroundings, and irradiated, transfigured by the fire of the master's genius. I know of no one else who has ever made more of such unpromising material. The Germans call the picture a *Farben-Rausch,* and we can only call it an ecstasy in color. The figures, in a delicious trance, seem in possession of the ultimate secret, and the eldest child brings toward the mother a basket of flowers as though moving through some precious spiritual rite. One returns repeatedly to worship before this painting as before a shrine and to realize why its spell could not be as potent elsewhere as in this city of real homes.

Just as the Rathaus and the Gewandhaus are subsidiary to the dwellings of Brunswick, so are the other noteworthy buildings: all but two; for the aristocratic castle and cathedral are exceptions. But it must be remembered that these are both memorials of the maker of Brunswick's fortunes and her greatest ruler, Henry the Lion, whose death ended the days when the Brunswickers were content to be governed by any one man.

In the ninth century, Burg Dankwarderode was built by the brother of that Bruno who founded Brunswick, calling it Brunonis Vicus. Three hundred years later it was sumptuously rebuilt by Henry the Lion; but during the centuries of democratic agitation that followed it was ruined, over-crusted, and forgotten. Finally, in recent days, some of Henry's noble arches and capitals were discovered and made the basis of the present restoration, which is a masterpiece of its kind, a worthy mate of the Marienburg in East Prussia. Henry's famous bronze lion, which has guarded his fame outside in the little Burg-Platz for the last seven hundred years, snarls ferociously at you when you dare to wonder why the cathedral exterior is so unassuming. Indeed, the great burgher churches were all built on this general scheme, with a plain, massive western front, a lofty bell-house riding high between two towers, and a long, low nave, like a giant dachshund at the heels of his master.

On entering you see that the magnificence was all saved for the interior as a setting for Henry's famous Gothic tomb before the altar. The architecture runs a brilliant scale from early Romanesque to the fantastic, spiral-ribbed piers of the late-English Gothic.

The place is filled with treasures. On the walls is a fascinating cycle of Romanesque frescoes, the principal works of their kind on the plain of North Germany. There is a trinity of sculptures, in the apse, worthy of the lion in the square outside: a twelfth-century altar of bronze and marble, an old brazen replica of the Seven Golden Candlesticks at Jerusalem, and, above all, a wooden crucifix of the tenth century, to which one returns again and again with ever new joy and reverence. It is a light out of the grossly Dark Ages. The face, hands, and feet are long and slim, the body is robed, and the folds are channeled as formally as Assyrian hair. Yet the figure has about it something benignant and royal, at once

fraternal and paternal. A German authority named Döring has made the curious suggestion that this is not a statue of Our Lord, but of St. Era, the patroness of the crypt, who, as a foil to unpleasant attentions, was given a beard in answer to prayer. But I prefer not to associate this Christian Ariadne with my favorite Brunswick statue.

There is no such splendor inside the other churches. They breathe, on the contrary, the spirit of men whose tastes were, first of all, democratic and domestic. They are eloquent of the solidarity that should exist between the religious life and the secular.

In this town the street is no mere frame for an important building at its end, as in so many picturesque German cities; it is the major part of the picture, with the great tower or chiseled stone façade as a background. St. Catherine's and St. Andrew's are splendid foils for the ways that surround them. St. Martin's, indeed, is almost too subservient, for it faces directly down none of the fascinating streets of the quarter. The best it can do is to enliven the Altstadt Markt, with its chain of traceried gables and its rich choir, where a statue of Luther usurps the place of a Romish predecessor.

The other churches, however, atone for St. Martin's unfortunate position. It is a joy to prowl through the narrow Stecherstrasse and come out suddenly on the broad expanse of the Hagen Markt, where, beyond the misty waters of Henry the Lion's fountain, rises the façade of St. Catherine's, tall and slim and queenly, like some fair daughter of the people. It expresses more nearly than any other local building the proud independence of the Brunswickers, their joy and pride in the beauty they were creating, and their feeling for the composition of the city.

St. Catherine's is a typical Brunswick church. You encircle it to enjoy the gable-fields and to see, from many angles, how gracefully the western front detaches itself from the nave. The best view comes last. Inevitably you retire to the Hagenbrücke, backing up the crowded little street. And the people courteously make way for any one who is appreciating how the high, corbeled stories of the houses close in on each side of the distant façade, the opulent red of the gable-tiles gradually moving in to bring out the green patina of the lesser tower and the creamy delicacy of the window tracery. You zigzag from curb to curb, comparing the scores of rival effects, and the climax comes on the corner of the Reichenstrasse. These Gothic houses, teeming with twentieth century humanity, are brought out by that Gothic house of the God of all centuries, beyond. They seem enriched and spiritualized by its very presence, much as the ideal church enriches and spiritualizes the lives of its children. That the relation of the infinite to the finite could be so embodied in a double row of worm-eaten houses leading crookedly from a church, I had never realized until the hour when I first stood in the Hagenbrücke.

St. Andrew's has less of the gracious sweetness of St. Catherine's and more of the monumentality of the cathedral. But it heightens the beauty and nobility of the surrounding streets as potently as its sister church, if in a more virile way. And it has a wider range of effects.

The view down the Weberstrasse is a worthy companion to that down the Hagenbrücke, only the houses are plainer, and the church more obscured by them. But St. Andrew's has in its repertory other pieces almost as inspired as this.

You give yourself up to the curvetings of the capricious little Meinhardshof, where the overhanging façades, leaning on their saint and sinner corbels, let only a narrow ribbon of sunshine slip between them; where the tiles run up suddenly into incorrectly made dunce-caps or break out into dormers or little eye-like windows bulging with surprise—tiles that cast a ruddy reflection upon the grotesque carvings of the opposite house-front, from which the glow rebounds across the cobbles and plays about a portal of blackness leading into some indescribable court full of the mysterious and the medieval.

At length, if you can tear yourself away at all, you round another bend and see, beyond a Gothic house more crooked if possible than the street itself, the southern tower of St. Andrew's, the tallest and most impressive of Brunswick's many, shooting up from the picturesque Alte Waage that nestles at its base, looking more like a home than a public building.

Amid such intimate enjoyment of the humbler houses of the people, to come suddenly upon this stately tower harmonizing so completely with them was to find a new point of view. Brunswick came to mean the city of homes above all, and this tower, seen from here or down the steps from the Promenade to the Woll-Markt, never failed to sound this charming note of domesticity.

The gables of St. Andrew's are the most interesting in Brunswick, and its gargoyles the most enthusiastic. The huge Gothic groups on the southern gable-fields representing the "Flight into Egypt" and the "Slaughter of the Innocents" are so delicious in their naïveté and yet so touching that one chuckles as one looks at them through moist eyes.

The bell-house of St. Andrew's, though simpler than that of St. Catherine's or that of the cathedral, is almost as effective. There is a threefold beauty in the conception of these lofty gables of stone lace-work. Tenderly they sound the city's dominant domestic theme, and embody the thought that the German art of music should have a separate architectonic expression. For the burghers conceived that the music of their chimes should be no mere adjunct to the steeple, the function of which is not to contain bells, but to direct the eye of the soul toward heaven. These bell-houses also sound a note distinctly human, for they break the too abrupt idealism of the tower's leap from cobbles to sky by interjecting, halfway up, something that means to the Teuton the most spiritual joy short of religious ecstasy, and yet a joy that he may feel as keenly in a seance with his violin, beneath the homely red tiles yonder, as when the organ reverberates through the nave on Sunday morning.

Those medieval bell-houses were prophetic as well; for Brunswick was to have a musical history peculiarly honorable, as is shown to-day by the monuments to its two citizens, Abt and Spohr.

Sometimes it is pleasant to punctuate this Old World romance with a walk around the charming promenades or among the new villas beyond, or to go farther, to the Park of Richmond, the estate of the Duke of Cumberland, rightful heir to the province. But one always returns with new zest to the narrow, winding streets, full of the color and spirit of the Middle Ages, where the houses lean together across the ways as if to embrace one another.

The other day an enthusiast was asked which German city he loved best. It proved a difficult problem. None of the large ones, certainly. They were too huge and many-sided. It would be like adoring a score of wives at the same time. Besides, unlike wives, great cities are too impersonal. On the other hand, little Rothenburg was for him almost too full of the romantic elements to be real. The people seemed like actors on a stage. He found himself constantly watching for the spot-light, straining his ears for the prompter, and fearing lest the curtain be abruptly rung down. Nuremberg's alloy of modern buildings and the modern spirit put it out of the question. Neither were the dwellings of Dantzic friendly enough, nor its half-Slavic atmosphere. Strassburg he cherished for its cathedral, but disliked for its people. In spite of all their romance and beauty, Regensburg and Bautzen were too somber, Augsburg too formal. Cologne he would almost have chosen but for its discordant foreign note, its dirt, and its beggars. The houses of Lübeck were hardly beautiful enough; those of Hildesheim, on the other hand, were almost too self-conscious and brilliant and precious. One cannot hold a treasure-casket in warm, human affection.

And so, although he prefers the *gemüthlich* southern temperament to the northern, yet, all in all, he felt he must choose Brunswick. For the town of Tyll Eulenspiegel is almost unspoiled by the modern note; its architecture is the spontaneous expression of natures uniting Thuringian gaiety, sweetness, and taste with Northern depth and sincerity. It is a hearty, wholesome, true kind of romance that Brunswick exhales. And perhaps the democracy of the people, perhaps their humor, is what tipped the beam, and made him love more than any other in Germany the town that is summed up by the view of St. Catherine's down the Hagenbrücke and by the little old Bäckerklint where sits Tyll Eulenspiegel, his monkeys' heads rubbed bright by the loving hands of children.

MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

VIII

BY all the laws of physics, Mr. Opp during the months that ensued, should have stood perfectly still. For if ever two forces pulled with equal strength in opposite directions, love and ambition did in the heart of our friend the editor. But Mr. Opp did not stand still; on the contrary, he seemed to be moving in every direction at once.

In due time "The Opp Eagle" made its initial flight, and received the approbation of the community. The first page was formal, containing the editorial, a list of the subscribers, a notice to taxpayers, and three advertisements, one of which requested "the lady public to please note that the hats put out by Miss Duck Brown do not show the wire composing the frame."

But the first page of the "Eagle" was like the front door of a house: when once you got on the other side of it, you were in the family, as it were, formality was dropped, and an easy atmosphere of familiarity prevailed. You read that Uncle Enoch Siller had Sundayed over at the Ridge, or that Aunt Gussy Williams was on the puny list, and frequently there were friendly references to "Ye Editor" or "Ye Quill Driver," for after soaring to dizzy heights in his editorials, Mr. Opp condescended to come down on the second page and move in and out of the columns, as a host among his guests.

It is painful to reflect what would have been the fate of the infatuated Mr. Opp in these days had it not been for the faithful Nick. Nick's thirst for work was insatiable; he yearned for responsibility, and was never so happy as when gathering news. He chased an item as a dog might chase a rat, first scenting it, then hunting it down, and after mutilating it a bit, proudly returning it to his master.

Mr. Opp was enabled, by this competent assistance, to spare many a half-hour in consultation with Miss Guinevere Gusty concerning the reportorial work she was going to do on the paper. The fact that nobody died or got married delayed all actual performance, but in order to be ready for the emergency, frequent calls were deemed expedient.

It became part of the day's program to read her his editorial, or consult her about some social item, or to report a new subscriber, his self-esteem meanwhile putting forth all manner of new shoots and bursting into exotic bloom under the warmth of her approval.

Miss Gusty, on her part, was acquiring a new interest in her surroundings. In addition to the subtle flattery of being consulted, she was the recipient of daily offerings of books, and music, and drug-store candy, and sometimes a handful of flowers, carefully concealed in a newspaper to escape the vigilant eye of Jimmy Fallows.

On several occasions she returned Mr. Opp's calls, picking her way daintily across the road, and peeping in at the window to make sure he was there.

It was at such times that the staff of "The Opp Eagle" misconducted itself. It objected to a young woman in the press-room; it disapproved of the said person sitting at the deal table in confidential conversation with the editor; it saw no humor in her dipping the pencils into the ink-well, and scrawling names on the new office stationery; and when the point was reached that she moved about the office, asking absurd questions and

handling the type, the staff could no longer endure it, but hastened forth to forget its annoyance in the pursuit of business.

Moreover, the conduct of the chief, as Nick was pleased to call Mr. Opp, was becoming more and more peculiar. He would arrive in the morning, his pockets bristling with papers, and his mind with projects. He would attack the work of the day with ferocious intensity, then in the midst of it, without warning, he would lapse into an apparent trance, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ceiling, and such a smile on his face as one usually reserves for a camera.

Nick did not know that it was the song of the siren that was calling Mr. Opp, who, instead of lashing himself to the mast and steering for the open sea, was letting his little craft drift perilously near the rocky coast.

No feature of the proceedings was lost upon Mrs. Gusty. She applied the same method to her daughter that she did to her vines, tying her firmly to the wall of her own ability, and prescribing the direction and length to which she should grow. The situation would need pruning later, but for the present she studied conditions and bided her time.

Meanwhile the "Eagle" was circling more widely in its flight. Mr. Opp's persistent and eloquent articles pertaining to the great oil wealth of the region had been reinforced by a favorable report from the laboratory in the city to which he had sent a specimen from the spring on Turtle Creek. Thus equipped with wings of hope, and a small ballast of fact, the "Eagle" went soaring on its way, and in time attracted the attention of a party of capitalists who were traveling through the State, investigating oil and mineral possibilities.

One epoch-making day, the editor was called up over the long-distance telephone, and, after answering numerous inquiries, was told that the party expected to spend the following night in the Cove.

This important event took place the last of November, and threw the town into great excitement. Mr. Opp received the message early in the morning, and immediately set to work to call a meeting of the Turtle Creek Land Company.

"This here is one of the most critical moments in the history of Cove City," he announced excitedly to Nick. "It 's a most fortunate thing that they 've got me here to make the preliminary arrangements, and to sort of get the thing solidified, as you might say. I 'll call a meeting for eleven o'clock at Your Hotel. You call up old man Hager and the preacher, and I will undertake to notify Jimmy Fallows and Mr. Tucker."

"The preacher ain't in town; he 's out at Smither's Ridge, marrying a couple. I got the whole notice written out beforehand."

"Well, tear it up," said Mr. Opp. "I 've engaged a special hand to do all weddings and funerals."

Nick looked hurt; this was the first time his kingdom had been invaded. He kicked the door sullenly.

"I can't get the preacher if he 's out at Smither's Ridge."

"Nick," said Mr. Opp, equally hurt, "is that the way for a subordinate reporter to talk to a' editor? You don't seem to realize that this here is a very serious and large transaction. There may be hundreds of dollars involved. It 's a' awful weight of responsibility for one man. I 'm willing to finance it and conduct the main issues, but I 've got to have the backing of all the other parties. Now it 's with you whether the preacher gets there or not."

"Shall I hunt up Mat Lucas, too?" asked Nick as he started forth.

"No; that 's my branch of the work: but—say—Nick, your sister will have to be there; she owns some shares."

"All right," said Nick; "her buggy is hitched up in front of Tucker's. I 'll tell her to wait till you come."

Mr. Opp was not long in following. He walked down the road with an important stride, his bosom scarcely able to accommodate the feeling of pride and responsibility that swelled it. He was in a position of trust; his fellow-citizens would look to him, a man of larger experience and business ability, to deal with these moneyed strangers. He would be fair, but shrewd. He knew the clever wiles of the capitalists; he would meet them with calm but unyielding dignity.

It was in this mood that he came upon Miss Jim, who was in the act of disentangling a long lace scarf from her buggy whip. Her flushed face and flashing eyes

gave such unmistakable signs of wrath that Mr. Opp glanced apprehensively at the whip in her hand, and then at Jimmy Fallows, who was hitching her horse.

"Howdy, Mr. Opp," she said. "It 's a pleasure to meet a gentleman, after what I 've seen."

"I hope," said Mr. Opp, "that our friend here ain't been indulging in his customary—"

"It ain't Mr. Fallows," she broke in sharply; "it 's Mr. Tucker. He ain't got the feeling of a broomstick."

"Now, Miss Jim," began Jimmy Fallows in a teasing tone; but the lady turned her back upon him and addressed Mr. Opp.

"You see this portrait," she said angrily, pulling it out from under the seat. "It took me four weeks, including two Sunday afternoons, to make it. I begun it the second week after Mrs. Tucker died, when I seen him takin' on so hard at church. He was cryin' so when they took up the collection that he never even seen the plate pass him. I went right home and set to work on this here portrait, thinking he 'd be glad and willing to buy it from me. Would n't you, if you was a widower?"

Mr. Opp gazed doubtfully at the picture, which represented Mr. Tucker sitting disconsolately beside a grave, with a black-bordered handkerchief held lightly between his fingers. A weeping-willow drooped above him, and on the tombstone at his side were two angels supporting the initials of the late Mrs. Tucker.

"Why, Miss Jim," insisted Fallows, "you 're askin' too much of old man Tucker to expect him to keep on seein' a tombstone when he 's got one eye on you and one eye on the Widow Gusty. He ain't got any hair on top of his head to part, but he 's took to partin' it down the back, and I seen him Sunday trying to read the hymns without his spectacles. He started up on 'Let a Little Sunshine In' when they was singing 'Come, ye Disconsolate.' You rub out the face and the initials on that there picture and keep it for the nex' widower. Ketch him when he 's still droopin'. You 'll get your money back. Your mistake was in waiting too long."

"Speaking of waiting," said Mr. Opp, impatiently, "there 's a call meeting of the Turtle Creek Land Co. for this morning at eleven at Your Hotel. Hope it 's convenient, Jimmy."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "we got more empty chairs at Your Hotel than anything else. What 's the meeting for? Struck gold?"

Mr. Opp imparted the great news.

"Oh, my land!" exclaimed Miss Jim, "will they be here to-day?"

"Not until to-morrow night," explained Mr. Opp. "This here meeting this morning is for the stock-holders only. We got to kinder outline our policy and arrange a sort of basis of operation."

"Well," said Miss Jim, "I 'll take the portrait up to Mrs. Gusty's and ask her to take care of it for me. I don't know as I can do the face over into somebody else's, but I can't afford to lose it."

It was afternoon before the stock-holders could all be brought together. They assembled in the office of Your Hotel in varying states of mind ranging from frank skepticism to intense enthusiasm.

Mr. Tucker represented the conservative element. He was the rich man of the town, with whom economy, at first a necessity, had become a luxury. No greater proof could have been desired of Mr. Opp's persuasive powers than that Mr. Tucker had invested in a hundred shares of the new stock. He sat on the edge of his chair, wizen, anxious, fidgety, loaded with objections, and ready to go off half-cocked. Old man Hager sat in his shadow, objecting when he objected, voting as he voted, and prepared to loosen or tighten his purse-strings as Mr. Tucker suggested.

Mat Lucas and Miss Jim were independents. They had both had sufficient experience in business to know their own minds. If there was any money to be made in the Cove or about it, they intended to have a part in it.

Mr. Opp and the preacher constituted the Liberal party. They furnished the enthusiasm that floated the scheme. They were able to project themselves into the future and prophesy dazzling probabilities.

Jimmy Fallows, alone of the group, maintained an artistic attitude toward the situation. He was absolutely detached. He sat with his chair tilted against the

door and his thumbs in his armholes, and treated the whole affair as a huge joke.

"The matter up for immediate consideration," Mr. Opp was saying impressively, "is whether these here gentlemen should want to buy us out, we would sell, or whether we would remain firm in possession, and let them lease our ground and share the profits on the oil."

"Well, I 'm kinder in favor of selling out if we get the chance," urged Mr. Tucker in a high, querulous voice. "To sell on a rising market is always a pretty good plan."

"After we run up ag'in' them city fellows," said Mat Lucas, "I 'll be surprised if we git as much out as we put in."

"Gentlemen," protested Mr. Opp, "this here ain't the attitude to assume to the affair. To my profoundest belief there is a fortune in these here lands. The establishment of 'The Opp Eagle' has, as you know, been a considerable tax on my finances, but everything else I 've got has gone into this company. It 's a great and glorious opportunity, one that I been predicting and prophesying for these many years. Are we going to sell out to this party, and let them reap the prize? No; I trust and hope that such is not the case. In order to have more capital to open up the mines, I advocate the taking of them in."

"I bet they been advocating the taking of us in," chuckled Jimmy.

"Well, my dear friends, suppose we vote on it," suggested the preacher.

"Reach yer hand back there in the press, Mr. Opp, and git the lead-pencil," said Jimmy, without moving.

"The motion before the house," said Mr. Opp, "is whether we will sell out or take 'em in. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

There was a unanimous vote in the affirmative, although each member interpreted the motion in his own way.

"Very well," said Mr. Opp, briskly; "the motion is carried. Now we got to arrange about entertaining the party."

Mr. Tucker, whose brain was an accommodation stopping at each station, was still struggling with the recent motion when this new thought about entertainment whizzed past. The instinct of the landlord awoke at the call, and he promptly switched off the main line and went down the side track.

"Gallop was here while ago," Jimmy was saying, with a satisfied glance at Mr. Tucker; "said they wanted me to take keer of 'em. I 'll 'commodate all but the preachers. If there are any preachers, Mr. Tucker kin have 'em. I have to draw the line somewheres. I can't stand 'em 'Brother-Fallowsing' me. Last time the old woman corralled one and brought him home, he was as glad to find me to work on as she 'd 'a' be'n to git some fruit to preserve. 'Brother,' he says, reaching out for my hand, 'do you ever think about the awful place you are going to when you die?' 'You bet,' says I; 'I got more friends there than anywhere.'" And Jimmy's laugh shook the stovepipe.

"How many gentlemen are coming tomorrow?" asked Miss Jim, who was sitting in a corner as far as possible from Mr. Tucker.

"Ten," said Jimmy. "Now, you would n't think it, but this here hotel has got six bedrooms. I 've tooken care of as many as twenty at a time, easy, but I 'll be hanged if I ever heard of such foolishness as every one of these fellers wantin' a room to hisself."

"I 've got three rooms empty," said Mr. Tucker.

"Well, that leaves one over," said Mat Lucas. "I 'd take him out home, but we 've got company, and are sleeping three in a bed now."

Mr. Opp hesitated; then his hospitality overcame his discretion.

"Just consider him my guest," he said. "I 'll be very pleased to provide entertainment for the gentleman in question."

Not until the business of the day was over, and Mr. Opp was starting home, did he realize how tired he was. It was not his duties as an editor, or even as a promoter, that were telling on him; it was his domestic affairs that preyed upon his mind. For Mr. Opp not only led a strenuous life by day, but by night as well. Miss Kippy's day began with his coming home, and ended in the morning when he went away; the rest of the time she waited.

Just now the problem that confronted him was the entertainment of the expected guest. Never, since he could remember, had a stranger invaded that little world where Miss Kippy lived her unreal life of dreams. What effect would it have

upon her? Would it be kinder to hide her away as something he was ashamed of, or to let her appear and run the risk of exposing her deficiency to uncaring eyes? During the months that he had watched her, a fierce tenderness had sprung up in his heart. He had become possessed of the hope that she might be rescued from her condition. Night after night he patiently tried to teach her to read and to write, stopping again and again to humor her whims and indulge her foolish fancies. More than once he had surprised a new look in her eyes, a sudden gleam of sanity, of frightened understanding; and at such times she would cling to him for protection against that strange thing that was herself.

As he trudged along, deep in thought, a white chrysanthemum fell at his feet. Looking up, he discovered Miss Guinevere Gusty, in a red cloak and hat, sitting on the bank with a band-box in her lap.

His troubles were promptly swallowed up in the heart-quake which ensued; but his speech was likewise, and he stood foolishly opening and shutting his mouth, unable to effect a sound.

"I am waiting for the packet to go down to Coreyville," announced Miss Gusty, straightening her plumed hat, and smiling. "Mr. Gallop says it 's an hour late; but I don't care, it 's such a grand day."

Mr. Opp removed his eyes long enough to direct an inquiring glance at the heavens and the earth. "Is it?" he asked, finding his voice. "I been so occupied with business that I have n't scarcely taken occasion to note the weather."

"Why, it 's all soft and warm, just like spring," she continued, holding out her arms and looking up at the sky. "I 've been wishing I had time to walk along the river a piece."

"I 'll take you," said Mr. Opp, eagerly. "We can hear the whistle of the boat in amply sufficient time to get back. Besides, it is a hour late."

She hesitated. "You 're real sure you can get me back?"

"Perfectly," he announced. "I might say in all my experience I never have yet got a lady left on a boat."

Miss Guinevere, used to being guided, handed him her band-box, and followed him up the steep bank.

The path wound in and out among the trees, now losing itself in the woods, now coming out upon the open river. The whole world was a riot of crimson and gold, and it was warm with that soft echo of summer that brings some of its sweetness, and all of its sadness, but none of its mirth.

Mr. Opp walked beside his divinity oblivious to all else. The sunlight fell unnoticed except when it lay upon her face; the only breeze that blew from heaven was the one that sent a stray curl floating across her cheek. As Mr. Opp walked, he talked, putting forth every effort to please. His burning desire to be worthy of her led him into all manner of verbal extravagances, and the mere fact that she was taller than he caused him to indulge in more lofty and figurative language. He captured fugitive quotations, evolved strange metaphors, coined words, and poured all in a glittering heap of eloquence before her shrine.

As he talked, his companion moved heedlessly along beside him, stopping now and then to gather a spray of goldenrod, or to gaze absently at the river through some open space in the trees. For Miss Guinevere Gusty lived in a world of her own—a world of vague possibilities, of half-defined longings, and intangible dreams. Love was still an abstract sentiment, something radiant and breathless that might envelop her at any moment and bear her away to Elysium.

As she stooped to free her skirt from a detaining thorn, she pointed down the bank.

"There 's some pretty sweet-gum leaves; I wish they were n't so far down."

"Where?" demanded Mr. Opp, rashly eager to prove his gallantry.

"'Way down over the edge; but you must n't go, it 's too steep."

"Not for me," said Mr. Opp, plunging boldly through the underbrush.

The tree grew at a sharp angle over the water, and the branches were so far up that it was necessary to climb out a short distance in order to reach them. Mr. Opp's soul was undoubtedly that of a knight-errant, but his body, alas! was not. When he found himself astride the slender, swaying trunk, with the bank dropping sharply to the river flowing dizzily beneath him, he went suddenly and

unexpectedly blind. Between admiration for himself for ever having gotten there, and despair of ever getting back, lay the present necessity of loosening his hold long enough to break off a branch of the crimson leaves. He tried opening one eye, but the effect was so terrifying that he promptly closed it. He pictured himself, a few moments before, strolling gracefully along the road conversing brilliantly upon divers subjects; then he bitterly considered the present moment and the effect he must be producing upon the young lady in the red cloak on the path above. He saw himself clinging abjectly to the swaying tree-trunk, only waiting for his strength or the tree to give away, before he should be plunged into the waters below.

"That 's a pretty spray," called the soft voice from above; "that one above, to the left."

Mr. Opp, rallying all his courage, reached blindly out in the direction indicated, and as he did so, he realized that annihilation was imminent. Demonstrating a swift geometrical figure in the air, he felt himself hurling through space, coming to an abrupt and awful pause when he struck the earth. Perceiving with a thrill of surprise that he was still alive, he cautiously opened his eyes. To his further amazement he found that he had landed on his feet, unhurt, and that in his left hand he held a long branch of sweet-gum leaves.

"Why, you skinned the cat, did n't you?" called an admiring voice from above. "I was just wondering how you was ever going to get down."

Mr. Opp crawled up the slippery bank, his knees trembling so that he could scarcely stand.

"Yes," he said, as he handed her the leaves; "those kind of athletic acts seem to just come natural to some people."

"You must be awful strong," continued Guinevere, looking at him with approval.

Mr. Opp sank beside her on the bank and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of the moment. Both hands were badly bruised, and he had a dim misgiving that his coat was ripped up the back; but he was happy, with the wild, reckless happiness of one to whom Fate has been unexpectedly kind. Moreover, the goal toward which all his thought had been rushing for the past hour was in sight. He could already catch glimpses of the vision beautiful. He could hear himself storming the citadel with magic words of eloquence. Meanwhile he nursed the band-box and smiled dumbly into space.

From far below, the pungent odor of burning leaves floated up, and the air was full of a blue haze that became luminous as the sun transfused it. It enveloped the world in mystery, and threw a glamour over the dying day.

"It 's so pretty it hurts," said the girl, clasping her hands about her knees. "I love to watch it all, but it makes the shivers go over me—makes me feel sort of lonesome. Don't it you?"

Mr. Opp shook his head emphatically. It was the one time in years that down in the depths of his soul he had not felt lonesome. For as Indian summer had come back to earth, so youth had come back to Mr. Opp. The flower of his being was waking to bloom, and the spring tides were at flood.

A belated robin overhead, unable longer to contain his rapture, burst into song; but Mr. Opp, equally full of his subject, was unable to utter a syllable. The sparkling eloquence and the fine phrases had evaporated, and only the bare truth was left.

Guinevere, having become aware of the very ardent looks that were being cast upon her, said she thought the boat must be about due.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Opp; "that is, I was about to say—why—er—say, Miss Guin-never, do you think you could ever come to keer about me?"

Guinevere, thus brought to bay, took refuge in subterfuge. "Why—Mr. Opp—I 'm not old enough for you."

"Yes, you are," he burst forth fervently. "You are everything for me: old enough, and beautiful enough, and smart enough, and sweet enough. I never beheld a human creature that could even begin to think about comparing with you."

Guinevere, in the agitation of the moment, nervously plucked all the leaves from the branch that had been acquired with such effort. It was with difficulty that she finally managed to lift her eyes.

"You 've been mighty good to me," she faltered, "and—and made me lots

happier; but I—I don't care in the way you mean."

"Is there anybody else?" demanded Mr. Opp, ready to hurl himself to destruction if she answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, no," she answered him; "there never has been anybody."

"Then I 'll take my chance," said Mr. Opp, expanding his narrow chest. "Whatever I 've got out of the world I 've had to fight for. I don't mind saying to you that I was sorter started out with a handicap. You know my sister—she 's a—well, a' invalid, you might say, and while her pa was living, my fortunes was n't what you might call as favorable as they are at present. I never thought there would be any use in my considering getting married till I met you, then I did n't seem able somehow to consider nothing else. If you 'll just let me, I 'll wait. I 'll learn you to care. I won't bother you, but just wait patient as long as you say." And this from Mr. Opp, whose sands of life were already half-run! "All I ask for," he went on wistfully, "is a little sign now and then. You might give me a little look or something just to keep the time from seeming too long."

It was almost a question, and as he leaned toward her, with the sunlight in his eyes, something of the beauty of the day touched him, too, just as it touched the weed at his feet, making them both for one transcendent moment part of the glory of the world.

Guinevere Gusty, already in love with love, and reaching blindly out for something deeper and finer in her own life, was suddenly engulfed in a wave of sympathy. She involuntarily put out her hand and touched his fingers.

The sun went down behind the distant shore, and the light faded on the river. Mr. Opp was almost afraid to breathe; he sat with his eyes on the far horizon, and that small, slender hand in his, and for the moment the world was fixed in its orbit, and Time itself stood still.

Suddenly out of the silence came the long, low whistle of the boat. They scrambled to their feet and hurried down the path, Mr. Opp having some trouble in keeping up with the nimbler pace of the girl.

"I 'll be calculatin' every minute until the arrival of the boat to-morrow night," he was gasping as they came within sight of the wharf. "I 'll be envyin' every—"

"Where 's my band-box?" demanded Guinevere. "Why, Mr. Opp, if you have n't gone and left it up in the woods!"

Five minutes later, just as the bell was tapping for the boat to start, a flying figure appeared on the wharf. He was hatless and breathless, his coat was ripped from collar to hem, and a large band-box flapped madly against his legs as he ran. He came down the home-stretch at a record-breaking pace, stepped on board as the gang-plank was lifted, deposited his band-box on the deck, then with a running jump cleared the rapidly widening space between the boat and the shore, and dropped upon the wharf.

He continued waving his handkerchief even after the boat had rounded the curve, then, having edited a paper, promoted a large enterprise, effected a proposal, and performed two remarkable athletic stunts all in the course of a day, Mr. Opp turned his footsteps toward home.

IX

The next day dawned wet and chilly. A fine mist hung in the trees, and the leaves and grasses sagged under their burden of moisture. All the crimson and gold had changed to brown and gray, and the birds and crickets had evidently packed away their chirps and retired for the season.

By the light of a flickering candle, Mr. D. Webster Opp partook of a frugal breakfast. The luxurious habits of the Moore household had made breakfast a movable feast depending upon the time of Aunt Tish's arrival, and in establishing the new régime Mr. Opp had found it necessary to prepare his own breakfast in order to make sure of getting to the office before noon.

As he sipped his warmed-over coffee, with his elbows on the red table-cloth, and his heels hooked on the rung of the chair, he recited to himself in an undertone from a very large and imposing book which was propped in front of him, the leaves held back on one side by a candlestick and on the other by a salt-cellar. It was a book which Mr. Opp was buying on subscription, and it was called "An Encyclopedia of Wonder, Beauty, and Wisdom." It

contained pellets of information on all subjects, and Mr. Opp made it a practice to take several before breakfast, and to repeat the dose at each meal as circumstances permitted. "An editor," he told Nick, "has got to keep himself instructed on all subjects. He has got to read wide and continuous."

As a rule he followed no special line in his pursuit of knowledge, but with true catholicity of taste, took the items as they came, turning from a strenuous round with "Abbeys and Abbots," to enter with fervor into the wilds of "Abyssinia." The straw which served as bookmark pointed to-day to "Ants," and ordinarily Mr. Opp would have attacked the subject with all the enthusiasm of an entomologist. But even the best regulated minds will at times play truant, and Mr. Opp's had taken a flying leap and skipped six hundred and thirty-two pages, landing recklessly in the middle of "Young Lochinvar." For the encyclopedia, in its laudable endeavor not only to cover all intellectual requirements, but also to add the crowning grace of culture, had appended a collection of poems under the title "Favorites, Old and New."

Mr. Opp, thus a-wing on the winds of poesy, had sipped his tepid coffee and nibbled his burnt toast in fine abstraction until he came upon a selection which his soul recognized. He had found words to the music that was ringing in his heart. It was then that he propped the book open before him, and determined not to close it until he had made the lines his own.

Later, as he trudged along the road to town, he repeated the verses to himself, patiently referring again and again to the note-book in which he had copied the first words of each line.

At the office door he regretfully dismounted from Pegasus, and resolutely turned his attention to the business of the day. His desire was to complete the week's work by noon, spend the afternoon at home in necessary preparation for the coming guest, and have the following day, which was Saturday, free to devote to the interest of the oil company.

In order to accomplish this, expedition was necessary, and Mr. Opp, being more bountifully endowed by nature with energy than with any other quality, fell to work with a will. His zeal, however, interfered with his progress, and he found himself in the embarrassing condition of a machine which is geared too high.

He was, moreover, a bit bruised and stiff from the unusual performances of the previous day, and any sudden motion caused him to wince. But the pain brought recollection, and recollection was instant balm.

It was hardly to be expected that things would deviate from their usual custom of becoming involved at a critical time, so Mr. Opp was not surprised when Nick was late and had to be spoken to, a task which the editor always achieved with great difficulty. Then the printing-press had an acute attack of indigestion, and no sooner was that relieved than the appalling discovery was made that there were no more good "S's" in the type drawer.

"Use dollar-marks for the next issue," directed Mr. Opp, "and I 'll wire immediate to the city."

"We 're kinder short on 'I's' too," said Nick. "You take so many in your articles."

Mr. Opp looked injured. "I very seldom or never begin on a 'I,'" he said indignantly.

"You get 'em in somehow," said Nick. "Why, the editor over at Coreyville even said 'Our Wife.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Opp, "I will, too,—that is—er—"

The telephone-bell covered his retreat.

"Hello!" he answered in a deep, incisive voice to counteract the effect of his recent embarrassment, "Office of 'The Opp Eagle.' Mr. Todlinger? Yes, sir. You say you want your subscription stopped? Well, now, wait a minute—see here, I can explain that—" but the other party had evidently rung off.

Mr. Opp turned with exasperation upon Nick:

"Do you know what you went and did last week?" He rose and, going to the file, consulted the top paper. "There it is," he said, "just identical with what he asserted."

Nick followed the accusing finger and read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Todlinger moved this week into their new horse and lot."

Before explanations could be entered into, there was a knock at the door. When it was answered, a very small black boy

was discovered standing on the step. He wore a red shirt and a pair of ragged trousers, between which strained relations existed, and on his head was the brim of a hat from which the crown had long since departed. Hanging on a twine string about his neck was a large onion.

He opened negotiations at once.

"Old Miss says fer you-all to stop dat frowin' papers an' sech like trash outen de winder; dey blows over in our-all's yard."

He delivered the message in the same belligerent spirit with which it had evidently been conveyed to him, and rolled his eyes at Mr. Opp as if the offense had been personal.

Mr. Opp drew him in, and closed the door. "Did—er—did Mrs. Gusty send you over to say that?" he asked anxiously.

"Yas, sir; she done havin' a mad spell. What 's dat dere machine fer?"

"It 's a printing-press. Do you think Mrs. Gusty is mad at me?"

"*Yas, sir,*" emphatically; "she 's mad at ever'body. She 'lows she gwine lick me ef I don't tek keer. She done got de kitchen so full o' switches hit looks jes lak outdoors."

"I don't think she would really whip you," said Mr. Opp, already feeling the family responsibility.

"Naw, sir; she jes 'low she gwine to. What 's in dem dere little drawers?"

"Type," said Mr. Opp. "You go back and tell Mrs. Gusty that Mr. Opp says he 's very sorry to have caused her any inconvenience, and he 'll send over immediate and pick up them papers."

"You 's kinder skeered of her, too, ain't you?" grinned the ambassador, holding up one bare, black foot to the stove. "My mammy she sasses back, but I runs."

"Well, you 'd better run now," said Mr. Opp, who resented such insight; "but, see here, what 's that onion for?"

"To 'sorb disease," said the youth, with the air of one who is promulgating some advanced theory in therapeutics; "hit ketches it 'stid of you. My pappy weared a' onion fer put-near a whole year, an' hit 'sorbed all de diseases whut was hangin' round, an' nary a one never teched him. An' one day my pappy he got hongry, an' he et dat dere onion, an' whut you reckon? He up an' died!"

"Well, you go 'long now," said Mr. Opp, "and tell Mrs. Gusty just exactly verbatim what I told you. What did you say was your name?"

"Val," said the boy.

Mr. Opp managed to slip a nickel into the dirty little hand without Nick's seeing him. Nick was rather firm about these things, and disapproved heartily of Mr. Opp's indiscriminate charities.

"Gimme nudder one an' I 'll tell you de rest ob it," whispered Val on the doorstep.

Mr. Opp complied.

"Valentine Day Johnson," he announced with pride; then pocketing his prize, he vanished around the corner of the house, forgetting his office of plenipotentiary in his sudden accession of wealth.

Once more peace settled on the office, and Mr. Opp was engrossed in an article on "The Greatest Petroleum Proposition South of the Mason and Dixon's Line," when an ominous, wheezing cough announced the arrival of Mr. Tucker. This was an unexpected catastrophe, for Mr. Tucker's day for spending the morning at the office was Saturday, when he came in to pay for his paper. It seemed rather an unkind trick of Fate's that he should have been permitted to arrive a day too soon.

The old gentleman drew up a chair to the stove, then deliberately removed his overcoat and gloves.

It was when he took off his overshoes, however, that Mr. Opp and Nick exchanged looks of despair. They had a signal code which they habitually employed when storms swept the office, but in a calm like this they were powerless.

"Mighty sorry to hear about that uprisin' in Guatemala," said Mr. Tucker, who took a vivid interest in foreign affairs, but remained quite neutral about questions at home.

Mr. Opp moved about the office restlessly, knowing from experience that to sit down in the presence of Mr. Tucker was fatal. The only chance of escape lay in motion. He sharpened his pencils, straightened his desk, and tied up two bundles of papers while Mr. Tucker's address on the probable future of the Central American republics continued. Then Mr. Opp was driven to extreme measures. He sent himself a telegram. This ruse

was occasionally resorted to, to free the office from unwelcome visitors without offending them, and served incidentally to produce an effect which was not unpleasant to the editor.

Scribbling a message on a telegraph-blank procured for the purpose from Mr. Gallop, Mr. Opp handed it secretly to Nick, who in turn vanished out of the back door only to reappear at the front. Then the editor, with much ostentation, opened the envelop, and, after reading the contents, declared that he had business that would require immediate action. Would Mr. Tucker excuse him? If so, Nick would hold his coat.

"But," protested Mr. Tucker, resisting the effort to force him into his overcoat, "I want to talk over this oil business. We don't want to take any risks with those fellows. As I was a-saying to Mr. Hager—"

"Yes," said Mr. Opp, taking his own hat from a nail, and apparently in great haste, "I know, of course. You are exactly right about it. We 'll just talk it over as we go up-street," and linking his arm through Mr. Tucker's, he steered him up the muddy channel of Main Street, and safely into the harbor of Our Hotel, where he anchored him breathless, but satisfied.

Having thus disposed, to the best of his ability, of his business for the week, Mr. Opp turned his attention to his yet more arduous domestic affairs. The menu for the guests' dinner had weighed rather heavily upon him all day, for he had never before entertained in his own home. His heart had been set on turkey; but as that was out of the question, he compromised on a goose, adhering tenaciously, to the cranberry sauce.

It was easier to decide on the goose than it was to procure it, and some time was consumed in the search. Mr. Opp brought all his mental powers to bear on the subject, and attacked the problem with a zeal that merited success.

When he reached home at noon with his arm full of bundles, Aunt Tish met him with lamentations.

"Dey ain't but one clean table-cloth, an' hit 's got a hole in hit, an' I can't find no sheets to put on de company baid, an' dere ain't three cups an' saucers in de house what belongs to theyselves. I shorely doan know what you thinkin' 'bout, Mr. D., to go an' ast company fer. We-all never does hab company. An' Miss Kippy she be'n habin' a sort er spell, too, cryin' to herself, an' won't tell me whut 's de matter."

Mr. Opp shook the raindrops from his hat-brim, and laid the goose tenderly on the table; then he stepped inside the dining-room door, and stood watching the childish figure that sat on the floor before the fire. She was putting artificial flowers on her head, and every time they fell off, she dropped her head on her knees and sobbed softly to herself. Again and again she made the experiment, and again and again the faded roses came tumbling into her lap.

"I 'll fix 'em," said Mr. Opp, coming up behind her; "don't you cry about it, Kippy; I can make them stay, easy." He searched around in the clothes-press until he found a paper box, which he tied securely upon Miss Kippy's head.

"Now try it," he cried; "put the flowers on your head; they 'll stay."

Timidly, as if afraid of another disappointment, she tried, and when the flowers were caught in the box, she gave a sigh of satisfaction and delight.

"Well, sence I j'ined de church!" exclaimed Aunt Tish, who had been watching proceedings from the doorway; then she added, as Mr. Opp came into the hall: "Hit beats my time de way you handles dat pore chile. Sometimes she got jes good sense as you an' me has. She ast me t' other day if she was n't crazy. I 'lowed no indeedy, dat crazy folks was lock up in a lunatic asylum. An' she says 'Where?' 'Up at Coreyville,' I say. She went on playin' jes as nice and happy. De chile 's all right ef she don't git a fool notion; den dey ain't nobody kin make out what she wants inceptin' you. She been cryin' over dem flowers ever sence breakfast."

"Why did n't you come after me?" demanded Mr. Opp.

"Jes to tie a box on her haid?" asked Aunt Tish. "Lor', I thought you was busy makin' dem newspapers."

"So I am," said Mr. Opp, "but whenever Miss Kippy gets to crying, I want you to come direct after me, do you hear? There ain't anything more important than in keeping her from getting worried.

Now, let 's have a look at that there table-cloth."

All afternoon Mr. Opp encountered difficulties that would have disheartened a less courageous host. With the limited means at hand it seemed impossible to entertain in a manner befitting the dignity of the editor of "The Opp Eagle." But Mr. Opp, though sorely perplexed, was not depressed, for beneath the disturbed surface of his thoughts there ran an undercurrent of pure joy. It caused him to make strange, unnatural sounds in his throat which he meant for song; it made him stop every now and then in his work to glance tenderly and reminiscently at the palm of his right hand, once even going so far as to touch it softly with his lips. For since the last sun had set there had been no waking moment but had held for him the image of a golden world inhabited solely by a pair of luminous eyes, one small hand, and, it must be added, a band-box.

Through the busy afternoon Mr. Opp referred constantly to his watch, and in spite of the manifold duties to be performed, longed impatiently for evening to arrive. At five o'clock he had moved the furniture from one bedroom to another, demonstrated beyond a possibility of doubt that a fire could not be made in the parlor grate without the chimney smoking, mended two chairs, hung a pair of curtains, and made three errands to town. So much accomplished, he turned his attention to the most difficult task of all.

"Kippy," he said, going to the window where she was gleefully tracing the course of the raindrops as they chased down the pane. "Stop a minute, Kippy. Listen; I want to talk to you."

Miss Kippy turned obediently, but her lips continued the dumb conversation she was having with the rain.

"How would you like," said Mr. Opp, approaching the subject cautiously, "to play like you was a grown-up lady—just for to-night, you know?"

Miss Kippy looked at him suspiciously, and her lips stopped moving. Heretofore she had resisted all efforts to change her manner of dress.

"There 's a gentleman a-coming," continued Mr. Opp, persuasively; "he 's going to remain over till to-morrow, and Aunt Tish is cooking that large goose for him, and I 've been fixing up the spare room. We are all endeavoring to give him a nice time. Don't you want to dress up for him?"

"Will it make him glad?" asked Miss Kippy.

Mr. Opp expatiated on the enjoyment it would give the unknown guest to see Kippy in the blue merino dress which Aunt Tish had gotten out of Mrs. Opp's old trunk up-stairs.

"And you 'll let Aunt Tish arrange your hair up like a lady?" went on Mr. Opp, pushing the point.

"Yes," said Miss Kippy, after a moment, "Oxety will. She will make him glad."

"Good!" said Mr. Opp. "And if you will sit nice and quiet and never say a word all through supper, I 'll get you a book with pictures in it, representing flowers and things."

"Roses?" asked Miss Kippy, drawing a quick breath of delight; and when Mr. Opp nodded, she closed her eyes and smiled as if heaven were within sight. For Miss Kippy was like a harp across which some rough hand had swept, snapping all the strings but two, the high one of ecstasy and the low one of despair.

At six o'clock Mr. Opp went up to make his toilet. The rain, which had been merely rehearsing all day, was now giving a regular performance, and it played upon the windows, and went trilling through the gutters on the roof, while the old cedar-tree scraped an accompaniment on the corner of the porch below. But, nothing daunted, Mr. Opp donned his bravest attire. Cyclones and tornadoes could not have deterred him from making the most elaborate toilet at his command. To be sure, he turned up the hem of his trousers and tied a piece of oil-cloth securely about each leg, and he also spread a handkerchief tenderly over his pink necktie; but these could be easily removed after he heard the boat whistle.

He dressed by the light of a sputtering candle before a small mirror the veracity of which was more than questionable. It presented him to himself as a person with a broad, flat face, the nose of which appeared directly between his eyes, and the mouth on a line with the top of his ears. But he made allowances for these idiosyncrasies on the part of the mirror; in

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WHY—MR. OPP—I 'M NOT OLD ENOUGH FOR YOU'"

fact, he made such liberal allowances that he was quite satisfied with the reflection.

"I 'll procure the hack to bring the company back in," he said to Aunt Tish rather nervously as he passed through the kitchen. "You assist Miss Kippy to get arranged, and I 'll carry up the coal and set the table after I return back home. I can do it while the company is up in his room."

All the way into town, as he splashed along the muddy road, he was alternately dreading the arrival of one passenger, and anticipating joyfully, the arrival of another. For as the time approached the impending presence of the company began to take ominous form, and Mr. Opp grew apprehensive.

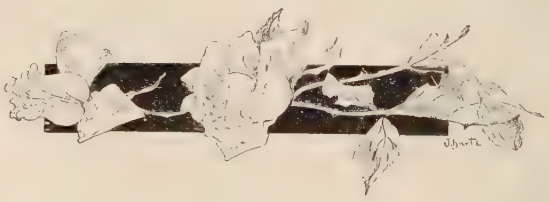
At the landing he found everything dark and quiet. Evidently the packet was unusually late, and the committee appointed to meet it and conduct the guests to their various destinations was waiting somewhere uptown, probably at Your Hotel. Mr. Opp paused irresolute: his soul yearned for solitude, but the rain-soaked dock offered no shelter except the slight protection afforded by a pile of empty boxes. Selecting the driest and largest of these, he turned it on end, and by an adroit adjustment of his legs, succeeded in getting inside.

Below, the river rolled heavily past in the twilight, sending up tiny juts of water to meet the pelting rain. A cold, penetrating mist clung to the ground, and the wind carried complaining tales from earth to heaven. Everything breathed discomfort, but Mr. Opp knew it not.

His soul was sailing sunlit seas of bliss, fully embarked at last upon the most magic and immortal of all allusions. Sitting cramped and numb in his narrow quarters, he peered eagerly into the darkness, watching for the first lights of the *Sunny South* to twinkle through the gloom. And as he watched he chanted in a sing-song ecstasy:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

(To be continued)



A HERO

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HE sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's peculiar share:
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
To be sole tenant there.

For dreams were his, and in the dawn's fair shining,
His spirit soared beyond the mounting lark;
But from his lips no accent of repining
Fell when the days grew dark.

And though contending long dread Fate to master,
He failed at last her enmity to cheat:
He turned with such a smile to face disaster
That he sublimed defeat.

DOMINO REYNARD OF GOLDUR TOWN

THE HISTORY OF A SILVER FOX

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "The Biography of a Grizzly," "Wild Animals I have Known," etc

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

XVI

THE WILD GEESE

EACH year the spring, and again the fall, brought to the Goldur Hills a few flocks of the long-necked trumpeters that fly in the sky—the honker-geese. They did not stay long, but there were always gunners out when a goose-flock came. Domino knew instinctively that they were good game, but one day he got better evidence: he found a goose newly killed. It had escaped the gunner to die in the swamp, so he and Snowyruff feasted.

These geese fed as much on the fields as in the marsh, and more than once the Domino tried to stalk them, but their watchfulness and alertness are measureless. As well might he have tried to stalk them while they sailed the broad lake. Yet there is a kind of open stalking that will bring one within reach of the sitting bird and the crouching hare, and which led Domino through a stage of mental development to a new scheme, an improvement on the drive and ambush so well known in pursuing the white rabbit. And when the autumn came this year with the usual train of honkers, it brought also a train of unusual experiences. A small company of the long-necks were foraging on a stubble-field by the Shawban. Domino and Snowyruff were together that day. They sneaked along the river-bank, through the bushes, all around the field, but found that on every side the game was guarded by open level spaces, and at all times at least one tall neck was aloft, a conning-tower for the squad.

Then these two foxes played a game that has been played unnumbered times, yet no man knows how arranged.

On a point of brush that extended into the field the Domino hid unseen, while Snowyruff went to the other side and, walking into view, began a set of curious antics, rolling on the ground, throwing somersaults, lying down flat, with only her tail wriggling. The geese turned all beaks that way, wondering what in the world the strange performance might mean.

Still Snowyruff went on tumbling and wriggling. The geese saw nothing to fear, the fox being so far away. Their

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE WEIRD CEREMONY

curiosity was aroused; they stood to gaze, and Snowyruff, at the next tumble, rolled a little nearer. This she did again and again, till the old gander, always suspicious, realized that this was a ruse of approach. He said nothing, he gave no alarm, as there was yet nothing alarming, but he moved a few steps farther away. The other geese—his family, really—moved with him, and still that silly fox kept rolling in the stubble like a wind-blown bundle of dry grass, or some animated tumble-weed. Yes, it was very amusing, but old long-neck did not propose to be hoodwinked. He moved again and again, and at each insidious approach of the tumbling fox he went still farther off. The game kept on for many minutes; the geese had been worked across the field nearly to the edge of the stubble and were beginning to think of flight, but drew a few steps nearer to the brush, when out leaped Domino, swifter than a hawk, and before the geese could spring and make away, he had old long-neck by the throat.

So the hunter's crowning joy was theirs, the long, hard quest, the match of wits, the noble prey, the joy of combat when you win, the feast, the sweet content of primal instincts gratified.

This was the best hunt together that they had made; it helped to bring them closer; more and more they fought the battle side by side. Fox unions are on a high plane, but theirs was on the highest of their kind.

XVII

A WEIRD CEREMONY

THE mad-moon of the woods comes after the falling-leaf moon. The time of erratic movement, of meaningless depressions, of hankerings that have no aim, and of passing madness. Few are the creatures that escape the weird impulses of the mad (the November) moon. Domino was restless as it waxed. He would sit on the top of some hill, lift his muzzle high, and utter a little sharp *"Yap-yap-yap-yurr-yurr!"* Next Snowyruff felt the same indefinable promptings; but at such times they avoided each other. At the full quarter of the moon, as Domino yapped, he heard a far-off answer. He sneaked away from Snowyruff and, trotting on, was led to the highest, baldest hill of the Goldur range. There was an open space brightly lighted by the moon, but he stayed a while in the shade to watch. Then he was aware of other shapes at the edge of the cover. A fox sneaked past him twenty jumps away; it was Snowyruff. Others came cautiously forward. They sat down facing one another for a time in silence, then Domino uttered a low *churring* in his throat, raised his tail, and marched around. Another did the same; then several joined in, and ran about *churring* till the ebullition of feeling was worked off. More than once they did this, but Domino and Snowyruff passed each other like strangers. As the moon went down, the feeling died, and all scattered to their homes. It was little they did, but they had met together, and their master-thought was neither love, food, nor war. They found in some sort a joy in *being together*. We have record of such things much further pushed among beings that are higher.

XVIII

THE SHEEP-MURDERER

THE winter wore on with much less hardship than is usual among wild hunters, for the storage habit saved the Domino and his partner from famine straits, though long-cached fruit or fish is not the choicest food. The love-time passed, the spring was near, when one day, coming homeward over the hills, the Domino was witness of a shocking crime. He was becoming a very wise fox, and no wise fox ever crosses a ridge without first peeping over. He slowly raised his head above the line to reconnoiter, and saw in a fenced-in, sheltered glade a flock of sheep racing about like mad, and after them was a huge dark hound, the one that he hated most. Two or three of the sheep were lying weltering and dead, and as the Domino watched the brute laid another low. The plan was to seize one by the throat, throw it, and tear as long as the hot blood gushed, then seize another and another. Not horror, but curiosity and amazement, fixed the Domino to the spot. Hekla was in the midst of another fierce attack when a rifle-shot was heard, and the ball struck a flat rock above the

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE DEATH RIDE

murderer's head. Who says that a dog has no conscience? Who dares tell that he does not know when caught in crime? The bloody coward knew well what it meant; he leaped down a sheltered gully and fled for his life, unseen, and his master never heard him charged with crime. The Domino also ran away across the field, but he was seen. The shepherd came, and saw a dozen murdered sheep, but no dog-tracks, for the scurrying flock had trampled them out. The circumstantial evidence was complete. Many sheep had suffered before this time, and vowing deadly vengeance on all foxes, the shepherd set about a plan.

At first he found few to join him, but more sheep were killed in March, including a number of early lambs, and though some pretended that they saw large dog-tracks about the scene of the murder, there were many who believed the fox had done it, and were specially ready to join in the chase when assured that the malefactor was none but the silver fox.

XIX

THE PRESERVER OF SNOWYRUFF

THE folk of the upper Shawban were all astir. A great fox-hunt had been organized. The men who had lost lambs were going because they wanted that fox killed; the boys were there for sport, and all were there because this was a prime silver fox. "I think I know just what to do with the coin if he comes my way," said one. "I 'd be glad to lift the mortgage off our farm with a day's sport," said another. "That black fox robe means a new team to me," said a third; and so they talked.

The Jukes were not there. They had not lost any lambs, and there was bad feeling between them and the Bentons, who organized the hunt. Abner Jukes was elsewhere engaged,—was on another hunt indeed,—and his Hekla of course was not with the enemy.

A Yankee farmer fox-hunt is a barbarous affair. Every man carries a gun of some kind. The object is to kill the fox with least damage to the fur. There may be twenty boys and only three or four hounds. Such, indeed, was the company that went forth that March morning on the upper Shawban.

Foxes may make a new den every year, but sometimes return to the old one if it has proved a place of quiet and of pleasant memories. Thanks to their eternal vigilance, no foe had found them yet in the aspen dale. So again the month of March found Snowyruff and Domino clearing out the old den and preparing for the new event.

Because this was their home, they were careful to invite no hostile notice. They came and went with care. They hunted only in far places. Snowyruff was prowling among the dales of the upper river when the hounds came on her trail, and giving good tongue, they led away. The farm-boys do not attempt to follow. They scatter to points of view. Their plan is to keep in touch with the hounds by the baying, then race across country to commanding places, or narrow passes, that the fox is headed for, and shoot him as he runs by. For the fox usually goes in a circle around his home region.

The far-reaching hunting-cry of the hounds was the signal for the boys to scramble to the highest lookout, there to form their opinion of the line of hunt, and each post himself at what he thinks the likeliest place for a shot.

The nearing bay left Snowyruff no doubt of what was doing, and she loped down the sheltered valley of Benton's Creek. Crossing and recrossing by the many log bridges, a plan which would surely delay the hounds, at first she sped away so fast that the trail had time to cool somewhat. On a dry day it would have been lost, but this, unfortunately, was a day of deep snow, warm winds, and heavy thaw. The creek was a whizzing torrent, the snow was slush, and the fox went floundering at every bound. The hounds had a red-hot scent, and their longer legs gave them the advantage.

The speed of her opening run was slackening, and the start she had added to at first was dwindling now. So far she had eluded the gunners, but it was clear that she could not hold out much longer; the snow got softer as the sun came blazing down, and by degrees her tail sank low. This truly is the fox's danger, and the measure of his strength. A strong, brave fox bears his tail aloft in the chase. If his courage fails, the brush droops: in wet snow-time it gets wet and heavy, then

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE EPILOGUE

droops still more. It drags at last, soaks up wet and slush, and becomes a load that helps to hasten the end. Thus the strong heart lives the longest; the faint heart falls by the way. Snowyruff had never lacked courage, but the snow was very wet and deep, and, in only a few days more, a new brood of little foxes was expected. What wonder that, as her strength was spent, her heart should fail? She was again crossing the freshet creek by a slender tree when her foot slipped, and she plunged into the flood. She swam out quickly, of course, but now, weighted with water, her case was indeed a hard one. There seemed no hope; it was little more than a despairing cry she gave as she topped the next ridge, but it brought an answer,—the short, sharp bark of the dog-fox,—and the Domino, strong and brave, came like a black hawk skimming across the snow. She had no means of telling him her plight, but she had no need. He sensed it, and did what only the rarest, noblest partners do—took up her burden, followed her trail, and went back to meet the hounds. This did not mean that he meant to sacrifice himself, but that he felt confidence in his powers that he could cut off the hounds and lead them far away, while she might go quietly home.

XX

THE STRONG HEART TRIED

BACK for half a mile he went and the pack was coming very near—only three hundred yards away and running fast—only two hundred now, and he lingered, then he began to trot away from them on the trail of his mate. But he lingered still, for what?—to make sure, by a view! and whether he wished them to see him, or he merely wished to see them is not clear, but the effect was the same. At one hundred and fifty yards they viewed each other. The pack burst into the clamor that spreads the news, they quit the trail and dashed after the fox in sight, and he as quickly disappeared. But at the place they got his scent and here to their credit be it told—they knew that now they were leaving the trail of a tender mother, to take up the trail of a strong dog-fox; yet there is in their nature an instinctive feeling that this is the right thing to do. The Domino went slowly for he wished to make certain of them, he showed himself again, and now that the chase was surely his, he led them far from the way his mate had taken. He crossed the open snow; there were glasses among the hunters and they were wildly excited when the news went forth that they had started the silver fox. The boys knew the country; they were posted at every pass. But there is a something that cherishes the wild things,—a something that for lack of a better name we call their *Angel,* and this silent one with the far-reaching voice was there to keep him. Only once was he in peril—watching the dogs too closely he did not heed the warning of the wind, and a moment later came a loud report and a burning sting of shot. One pellet reached his flank and left a wound, not deep but galling. He had seen no hunters, but now the dark fox knew just what to reckon with.

Now were all his powers alert—now every message read, and the Keeper surely warms to those who hear.

There was every reason that the Domino should go through one or another of the passes, and yet for once in his life his only desire was to keep the hilltops. After three miles, he turned abruptly across the open and followed the railway for twice as far. A mile past the switch he went, and was far ahead; then he walked on the rails back to the switch and took the track that forked. After a long trail there he fearlessly turned toward his home, tired, sore with the shot-wound, but bearing his tail aloft, as becomes the victor of a hard fight.

He cut across the country of the upper Shawban and, hungry now, was making for a cache in the woods, when he heard sounds that made his heart jump, and, rounding a hill, caught sight of a pack of hounds, another, a fresh pack, at least thirty in number, with a dozen mounted men; and the wild clamor they made was unmistakable proof that they had found his trail and were after him. There was a time when he might have welcomed such a chase, but, oh, how unfair it was now!

He was wearied and hungry, he was footsore with a chase of hours, he was galled with a stinging wound, he needed rest. But this, at least, was a real hunt; there were no guns, and a "chase," not a

"robe," was what they sought. Yet who can blame the silver fox if he made way with his speed indeed, but without the joy of the swift runner that knows that the race is his.

He did not know these hills well; they were far from his usual beat. The hills that he knew were miles away, and among them were the gunners ready at every point, and only too glad to profit by the new relay of hounds. This proved the poorest race he had ever made as a test of cunning, but the hardest he ever entered as a test of strength and speed. It was round and round the hills for hours, loping steadily on; but the blazing sun had reduced all the snow in the woods to slush. Every ditch was full of ice-cold water: every brook was a freshet. There were pools on all the solid ice, and that great full tail, the strong-heart flag, which on another day might still have been flaunted high, was splashed with wet and mud, and drooped from its very weight. He knew he could wear them down, as he had before, yet he longed for the night, the kindly night. Did he know why? Maybe not to give it clear expression, but the night meant frost, and the frost meant crust, and this would bear the fox for hours before the hounds could run on it. The night indeed meant peace.

Now he was plunging around these hills; his wonderful speed was down to half, but the hounds were wearing, too. The snow and freshets were too much for the hunters. There were only two remaining, the master of the hounds, and a tall stripling, Abner Jukes, the only one who knew that the hunted one was the Goldur silver fox.

But every advantage was now with the pack; they were closing in. The Domino had no chance to double back. It was straight away; it was wisest to go straight away; so he loped, and loped, and loped, always slower and slower, with heaving flanks and shortening bounds and breath, but on and on. Past one farmhouse he went, and another, then at the doorway of a third he saw the young human thing with the basket. What is it that prompts the wild thing in despair to seek the help of higher power? Whence comes the deep-laid impulse in extremity? The Goldur fox obeyed the sudden thought, rushed feebly to the garden girl and groveled at her feet. She seized and dragged him unresisting into the house, then slammed the door in the face of the pack of yelling demons. Around the house they surged and bayed. The huntsmen came; the farmer came.

"He 's ours; he belongs to our hounds. They have a right to him; they ran him in here," declared the huntsman.

"He is in my house, and he 's mine now," said the farmer, not in the least realizing the quality of the clay-reddened, bedraggled fugitive.

But the farmer had been losing his hens, and he had another weakness; this was easily satisfied, for the robe seemed worn and worthless now, and the hunter was told to "go get his fox."

"You sha'n't! you sha'n't! He 's mine!" cried the girl. "He 's my friend. I 've known him for ever so long. You sha'n't kill him!"

The farmer weakened. "We 'll give him fair play," said the huntsman. "We 'll give him a better start than he had when he came." And the farmer hurried away that he might see no more. He could forget the hunted beast that sought sanctuary in his house, but he could not drown that ringing in his ears: "You sha'n't! you sha'n't! he 's my friend! Oh, Daddy, they are going to kill him! Oh, Daddy! Daddy!" And the father's was not the only heart in which that childish wail was a scorpion lash that rankled for long.

XXI

THE RIVER AND THE NIGHT

BUT they bore him off, and a quarter of a mile of "law" they gave him. "Fair play," they called it—thirty strong hounds against one worn-out fox, and the valley rang with baying. Again he bounded over the deep, wet snow, and for a time he won, forging far ahead. Down the long vale of Benton's Creek and across the hillside, over the ridge and back by the Goldur foot-hills and by a farmhouse, whence out there rushed to join the pack a long-belated hound. The tall hunter welcomed him with a friendly call. What chance had Domino now, with this third fresh relay against him? One chance alone was left: the night was near; if

only it would come with frost. But the evening breeze grew milder. All day the river had been running, with the warming winds. Now the Shawban was a mighty, growing flood of racing, broken ice, filling the broad valley from brim to brim; heaving and jarring, it went toward the west. The sun was setting on the water-gap away out there. Its splendor was on a noble scene; this surely was the splendid ending of a noble life. But neither hounds nor hunters stayed to look; it was on and on. The hounds were panting and lunging; their tongues hung long; their eyes were red. Far in the lead was the fresh hound,—unbidden, hateful brute,—and farther still, the silver fox. That famous robe was dragged in mud; that splendid brush was weighted and sagged with slush; his foot-pads, worn to the quick, left bloody tracks. He was wearied as never before. He might have reached the pathway ledge, but that way was his home, that way for long a noble instinct said, "Go not." But now in direst straits he headed for it, the one way left. He rallied his remaining power, racing by the mighty Shawban. His former speed for a little space was resumed, and he would have won but that there forged ahead of all the big, belated hound, and as he neared the quarry, bellowed forth an awful, unmistakable cry —the horrid, brassy note of Hekla. Who can measure the speed and start it took away from the hunted one? Only this was known: he was turned, cut off, forced back along the river-bank, down along the rushing water, now blazing in the low sun-glow. His hope was gone, but on he went, his dark form feebly rocking, knowing he must die, but fighting for his life. The tall young huntsman,—the only one in sight,—now coming on, took in the scene, knew he was at the death, and gazed at the moving blots on the brightness.

O river flashing the red and gold of the red and golden sky, and dappled with blocks of sailing ice! O river of the long chase that ten times before had saved him and dashed red death aside! This is the time of times! Now thirty deaths are on his track, and the track is of feebling bounds. O river of the aspen dale, will you turn traitor in his dire extremity, thus pen him in, deliver him to his foes?

But the great river went on, mighty, inexorable. Oh, so cruel! And the night came not, but lingered. And even as the victim ran, the fierce, triumphant cry of all the hunt became a hellish clamor in his ears. He was worn out. The brush—the prize and flag—was no longer borne aloft, but dragged, wet and heavy, a menace to his speed; yet still he loped along the glowing strand. The hounds, inspired by victory in sight, came on bellowing, bounding, blood-mad. To them the draggled, wounded creature, loping feebly on the shore, was not a hunted beast far overmatched, but a glorious triumph to be reached.

On he went, following, alas! a point into the stream—a trap, no less. His river had betrayed him, and the pack was closing in. Hekla, howling his deep-voiced hate, was first to block retreat, to corner him at last. It was an open view for all—the broad strand there, with the hunted one; the broad field, with the scattered, yelling pack, the wide river, with its blocks of ice, all rushing on, with death on every side. Here had a faint heart failed and lost; here the strong heart kept on. The surging, roaring pack in Hekla's wake had reached the neck of land, and now came nearer. The surging, roaring river sang as it flowed by the aspen bank. The white hounds dappled the shore as the white ice dappled the flood; and white they moved together, like mighty teeth to crush the prey. Closer the ice blocks came, so that now they mass for a moment, and touch the shore with jar and grating. The hunted turns as though at a sudden thought: better to choose the river death, to die in the river that long had been his friend, and feebly leaping on the ice, from cake to cake, he halted at the last before the plunge. But as he stood, the floe was broken up, was rushed away, with the dark water broadened between; and on that farthest block the dark fox crouched, riding the white saddle of the black flood. The pack on the shore yelled out their fury, and Hekla, rushing, reached the point of the ice-jam, sprang to the edge, to see the victim sail away. On the ice he blared his disappointment and his hate, not heeding, not knowing; and the river, irresistible, inexorable, drew swiftly out and whirled away the ice-block

whereon he stood. And so they rode together to their doom, the hunted fox and the hunting hound. Down they went in that sunset blaze, and on the bank went the pack and the stripling hunter, riding.

A countryman of the other hunt leveled his gun at the fox; the hunter dashed the gun aside, and cursed the fool. Then there rose on his lips a long halloo, that died, and left the pack in doubt.

At the bend of the river the race was reached, as they call it—the long reach before the river takes the plunge of Harney's Fall; and there at gaze they stood, the lad and the hounds, staring into the purple and red sunset and the red and purple river, with blocks of shining ice that bore two living forms away into the blaze. The mists increased with the river's turmoil, the sun-shafts danced more dazzlingly, the golden light turned the ice and the stream and the silver fox to gold, as the racing flood and the blazing sky enveloped them from view. The strong heart on the floe gave forth no cry, but the night wind brought the cowering howl of a hound on whom was the fear of death.

"Good-by, old fellow," said the hunter, —"the staunchest hound that ever lived!" His voice grew rough. "Good-by, silver fox! You have died victorious, as you lived. I wish I could save you both; but what a death you die! Good-by!" Abner saw no more, and the pack on the shore stood shivering and whining.

The shadows fell, the hunter's view was done, but other eyes there were to watch the scene. The current charged fiercely on the last point above the race, and here by reason of the swirl the near blocks took mid-stream, and the middle blocks the farther shore. So the white courser of the hunted one went for a moment grating on the rocks, and Domino saw his chance. He leaped with all his gathered strength; he cleared the dark and dangerous flood; he landed safe. The river of his youth was the river of his prime.

[1] It chanced that at the time I was writing this story Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts also was writing a fox story ("Red Fox"), his being a general story of fox life, mine a particular phase of fox life. Neither mentioned "fox" to the other when we met; indeed, to this day we avoid the subject, and, as a matter of fact, neither has read the other's story. Yet, I am told that one or two incidents in the Domino's life were in "Red Fox," published in 1905, and that on the other hand certain incidents which appear in my story of "Springfield Fox" (1898) were used in Mr. Roberts's tale. This means simply that we have independently learned of traits and adventures that were common to the foxes of New Brunswick, New England, and farther west.—E.T.S.

And away out on the middle floe there came the long-drawn wail of a hound that knows he is lost. Even as the mists had shut off the view, so now the voice of many waters hushed the cry, and the river keeps its secret to this day.

XXII

THE ROSE-MOON

THREE years rolled by on the Shawban. The blessed month of June, the rose-moon of the woods, was on the land. There are no fairer dales than those of Olabee, over the river. Very beautiful at all times is the dale road, and in this fairest month it seemed the road of Beulah land.

Two lovers were walking hand in hand, along its pleasant calm. Puritan blood was seen in that tall, square-chinned youth and in the blue-eyed, rosy maid. Goldur memory might have called them up as Hekla's master and the garden girl. They came to the sunset ridge, and there sat long to watch the sun go down; and silently they yielded up their hearts to the calm of the day's best hour. It was a time of gentleness and joy, yet was there a shadow between them.

A mother fox appeared on a flowery bank beside them, and from a hidden home called forth her brood. She fluffed out her snow-white ruff, and as she proudly watched their gambols, another form approached, for a moment mere motion in the leaves, and then her mate. He dropped his latest kill and stood erect, a magnificent silver fox.

The young man stared intently. He squeezed the hand in his, gave the girl a quick, significant glance, and whispered: "That 's he! He won, he won, but I never knew it till now." Then the only shadow between them faded away.

A last, an unexpected beam of light shone from the water-gap. It blazed and went, a triumph, then a calm. The hidden light glowed so that the dale seemed glad and the Shawban sang, with the aspen tree, the dear old song of peace.[1]

THE END

ABRAHAM LINCOLN READING LAW IN THE GROCERY STORE AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, OF WHICH HE WAS PART OWNER

COLOR DRAWING BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THE EVER-CONSTANT TIDE

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO

IN the late afternoon Mrs. Penrose came in from the garden with her arms full of brilliant peonies, and stood in the doorway of her cottage, momentarily held on that neutral ground by the conflicting appeals of the summer afternoon without and her duty in the dining-room within. The little pause was very characteristic of her: she had often been obliged to stand for a while on some neutral ground because of an inward conflict between duty and the thing she would like to do; in the end the sense of duty invariably conquered.

On this particular June afternoon there was much to draw her back to the easy, pretty luxury of the piazza. On the opposite side of the road that ran before the cottage was a narrow strip of woods wherein the chestnut-trees, big sisters to the Indian corn of later summer, reared proudly crested heads and tasseled arms; beyond the little woods a wheat-field swayed heavily toward harvest, gleaming through the great boles of oaks and chestnuts like the gold of a sunset sky or the yellow sands of a sea-beach; on the strip of road and over the nearer garden brilliant sunlight was intensifying all the colors and ripening the growing things; and beside the little gate at the farther end of the path, tall, white spires of yucca swung their bells. Despite the rich manifestation of summer's purpose, the earth seemed very still, as if waiting in silent ecstasy for harvest-time; not for the colder harvest of autumn, but for that more joyful harvest of early midsummer, for the garnering of rich grain and most fragrant grass sprung from the abundance of the earth's young life.

Mrs. Penrose was keenly aware of the beauty before her, and an inward impulse was strongly urging her again to pass down the steps to the garden, and even to wander farther afield to meet the golden wealth of the afternoon; but something else reminded her that Max was coming home that day, that Mr. Hughlett was coming to tea, that Hildegarde was most particular about the looks of the table, that the new maid was incompetent. Her finding so many things to weigh down the balance of duty, and only the one appeal in that of self-indulgence, was also characteristic of her. She turned, gave a wavering backward glance, and went into the dining-room.

The new maid had put on the centerpiece wrong side up, and had forgotten the salt-cellars. Mrs. Penrose could find nothing else awry, so she arranged her bowl of flowers very carefully, readjusting one or two, knowing that Hildegarde would be sure to say something about them. During her pleasant task she could hear her daughter's voice floating down from up-stairs. It was a pretty voice, with the light freshness of youth, and very like Hildegarde herself. The girl was seventeen, and had put up her hair for the first time the week before, when her mother had taken her to Cambridge for Class Day. It was Max's first June at college, and the mother, remembering the change that the year had made in the boy and girl, smiled. She enjoyed the growing-up of her children; something of her own earlier power of enjoyment had returned as theirs developed.

The voice came nearer, and Mrs. Penrose turned to look smilingly at the young girl. There was no hesitation about Hildegarde; she came into the room with the air of determination and easy assurance of the girl who has played with her brother all her life; she was tall, with the straight back and long limbs of her generation, and

she wore her hair in a very becoming fluffy mass about her face, a little down on her forehead.

"It 's lovely, Pet," she said to her mother. "I hope you did n't get overheated in the garden." She put her strong young arm around her mother's shoulders, and stooped to kiss a curly wisp of hair on her neck. "Oo-oo-ooh! sweet curl! little curl!" she cooed.

Her mother laughed up at her, and the two passed out toward the piazza.

Hildegarde's manner was that of protectress, older sister, sometimes even grandmother, toward her mother; in their attitudes their ages might have been reversed.

"You are afraid of Hildegarde," Hughlett often accused Mrs. Penrose; and while she did, indeed, always smile at the accusation, it was quite true: she *was* afraid of Hildegarde, but not as Hughlett meant it. It amused her to accept the child's little maternal attentions and to allow her to direct the smaller details of the household; yet it was not of her masterfulness that the mother was afraid, but of Hildegarde's keen and inquisitive intelligence.

"When do you expect Mr. Hughlett?" the girl asked, raising a pillow for her mother's shoulders as Mrs. Penrose made herself comfortable in a swinging-chair.

"When do *you* expect him?" the mother returned, with teasing emphasis. It was Hildegarde who had suggested that Mr. Hughlett be invited for Max's first evening at home, and Mrs. Penrose obediently gave the invitation, though it had not occurred to her before that Hughlett would expect it; she knew perfectly well that he would have come without it. Lately Hildegarde had been full of attentions to their old friend, and as Mrs. Penrose remembered the child's small coquetries and Hughlett's manner of meeting them, she laughed aloud, biting her prettily curved lip in one of the little ways that had survived her girlhood. Hildegarde flushed.

"What makes you say that, Mama?" she asked, and leaned upon the piazza railing, looking across the garden to the next house, only the roof of which could be seen.

"He 's your guest this evening, is n't he?" her mother teased.

Hildegarde waited an appreciable moment before replying; then she made an apparent change of subject.

"I promised to go over to the Mavers's to watch the boys at tennis this afternoon." She gathered up her ruffled skirts —she was not yet quite accustomed to their length—and started toward the garden steps.

"What, are n't you going to be here to receive Mr. Hughlett?" Her mother was still smiling provokingly, but the girl seemed not to see. She went slowly down the steps without answering; but when she was about to pass through the little gate she looked back at her mother's teasing face.

"No, I am *not* going to wait here to receive Mr. Hughlett—*goose!*" she said, and trailed away with chin tip-tilted.

Mrs. Penrose followed the girl's graceful figure with fond eyes. Yes, the young life was untouched, felt no taint of its inherited shame. And Max, her boy, who was presently coming home to her after their first long separation, he, too, held his head proudly, knew no necessity of feeling any disgrace in bearing his father's name. So far her effort had been justified—the effort that every one had said would be unavailing. In those early days when she had been determined somehow to shield her children from all knowledge of it, even Hughlett had believed that the fact of the father's disgrace would follow them all. Now even Hughlett admitted that she had been successful; and what did not that success imply to her!

Her thoughts went further afield, traveling back over the years of her life to her girlhood, her marriage, the terrible time when the world seemed to shut her within walls of shame, the determination born of her fond motherhood to break through their black restraint for the sake of her children, and to shield them from all knowledge of what had been. How little had she dreamed when she married handsome Ned Penrose that within a few years he would cause such a blight to fall upon her! People had warned her, to be sure, had dared to warn her: he was fast and a spendthrift; but he was the fairy prince of her girlhood's imagination; he wooed her passionately, and she responded with all the intensity of youth's ardor.

She would marry him in the face of any number of warnings, declaring that love must come first, and could work any miracle; but in their marriage love's only miracle was to transform her quickly reached loathing of the man into a maternal pity for him after he had brought disgrace upon her and the children. She was not twenty years older than their boy, but when she was told of Ned's conviction, and felt the burden of the baby girl upon her breast and little Max's arms about her neck, she knew a splendid pity for their father, and found within herself the strength to take the children away, determined to keep from their lives the shadow of their father's shame.

Now Hildegarde, the tiny baby of that dreadful time, was seventeen, and the passing years had so changed them all that the children might, from their attitude toward their mother, have been her elders and protectors. Mrs. Penrose smiled, as she always did when she thought of that: if the dear children only knew! But they did n't know: that was her reward; they were care-free, and no hint of shame had reached them.

The passing of time had recorded its change in her own self no less than in her children. The spring of her life had been stormy. To marry; to pass from passionate love to loathing; to bring two children into the world; to bear disgrace that was harder than birth-throes; to make, for the sake of the little ones, a new life in new environment; and to bear all the responsibility of their training—yes, it had been hard. But after that season of her life had come another, a gradual ripening of her character, a mellowing of her emotions; and for whatever of joy she might have lost she was more than recompensed by the poise and control which had succeeded it. There was more than that, however; something else, something deeper, something richer, was moving her nature, touching her heart—a something that to-day she felt to be in exquisite accord with the June afternoon. A wave of color came into her face; she was suddenly restless, and felt as if she had been still too long. The long shadows that were falling across her little strip of garden from the opposite woods looked invitingly cool, and she started down the steps; then she saw Hughlett coming up the road, and, after an instant's hesitation, went to meet him.

He was carrying his hat in his hand, walking briskly along in the shade, and when he came within hailing distance and waved to her, she was aware that the afternoon felt suddenly warmer, and flushed again. When Hughlett reached her side, he said:

"Good afternoon. You look very fetching to-day—and very rosy."

She laughed, and turned her head a little away. "It 's the heat," she said, and pressed the back of her hand to one burning cheek.

"Oh, it is n't warm here," he declared, as they went through the garden gate toward the house. "The city is torrid."

"And yet Max lingers there," she said, with a little shrug.

Hughlett looked sidewise at her, and after he had thrown himself into one of the deep porch chairs with an air of making himself at home, he said:

"So Max has not come yet. I don't suppose you know what is keeping him."

Max's mother laughed. "You mean you suppose I *do* know what 's keeping him," she said, and pouted a little.

Mr. Hughlett laughed at her. "Oh, well," he said, "the boy is growing up."

"He is not twenty-one yet. It is altogether too soon for such things."

"Oh, not a bit of it," said Hughlett. "Max is normal, perfectly normal, and he ought to have fallen in love a year ago. Nineteen is the proper age. I should be greatly disappointed in Max if he had put it off any longer."

Mrs. Penrose laughed. "I know," she said wistfully; "but—"

Hughlett leaned forward in his chair, resting his arms on his knees, and looked up into her face.

"Oh, come, now," he said, "Max is none the less in love with his mother, for all that. How could he be?"

Mrs. Penrose refused to pursue that question. She was looking over the tops of the trees at the roof of the next house. "And Hildegarde," she said—"Hildegarde is so—so *strange* since she put her hair up!"

Hughlett's mouth twitched, but he repressed the smile as Mrs. Penrose turned quickly toward him. "You 've noticed it

yourself, John; you know you have!" she accused him.

"Well, Hildegarde has been very—very *kind* to me of late," he admitted; then they both laughed.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Penrose, "I think—I think that Hildegarde is beginning to see you in a new light, as it were. I think—I *think* she is trying to—to flirt with you!"

Hughlett leaned back in his chair and roared. "Oh, you need n't be afraid of Hildegarde!" He misquoted his usual phrase, and Mrs. Penrose blushed again, and tried to look scandalized.

"Oh, the idea," she protested.

Again Hughlett leaned forward, and this time he spoke with all earnestness. "Catherine," he said, "you know as well as I do what 's happened to the children: they have grown up, beyond their old need of you. But my need of you has n't changed."

"Oh, please don't talk about that, John!" she cried.

"I must," he said. "I must talk about it, because I think this is my time to talk."

"But the children do need me; they will always need me. How could I desert them now?"

"Desert them? Who 's talking about desertion? You know I love them as if they were my own; but they do not fill my life any more than they fill yours."

"But they ought to fill mine," she said.

"No," he replied—"no." He arose, and walked the length of the piazza and back, coming at last to stand in front of her. "Dear Catherine," he said, "you have done everything—everything for your children. Do something for me now!"

She paled a little, but continued to look off toward the trees; he could not compel her look, but he was aware of having touched her. It seemed best to add nothing to his plea. His opportunity seemed to lie in calling from her something of the protecting, sheltering love which had given her such strength for the children, and which they were now beginning to bestow in kind upon her. Catherine pondered for a while, and Hughlett let her work over the problem unaided. Finally she said:

"I have tried to do everything for them; so far I *have* done it. You know what my first care has been—to keep from them the knowledge of what poor Ned did. Well, I knew just how much I could do, and just what I could not do. I could bring them up in ignorance of their father's having died in the penitentiary; but I could not talk to them about him. In that much I have failed. At first I could n't talk about him because my own hurt was too keen, and because I would not share the children with him even in that way. Oh, I was resentful at first, however sorry for him I was later. Then, after he died, I felt that it would be a sort of hypocrisy to talk to the children about him, even if I could have found some good things to say. The only way I have been able to give them a feeling for their father, you see, has been in keeping myself true to what he ought to have been. I do not need to tell them that I loved him or did not love him, that he was good or bad; I do not need to speak of him at all, you know, so long as they can see that I am true to his memory. That is what I meant by deserting them; of course I did not mean that literally. But if I am to provide an ideal of a father for them, I have to be true to the ideal I wish to create."

Hughlett had known her subtleties for many years, and although they seldom failed to exasperate him, he knew how to meet them.

"Do you expect the children to see all that?" he asked.

"No, not to *see* it," she admitted; "but they are bound to *feel* it. If I were to fail in holding myself true to the idea of their father that I 've tried to create in their minds, they would begin to wonder about him, to suspect, and they would end by finding out what he was. Then the effort of my life would be wasted."

"Catherine," he exclaimed, "that is nonsense. The effort of your life has been to bring up those children to be the first-rate pair of youngsters that they are, and you have the reward of your effort. What difference could it really make to them now if they were to know about their father?"

She arose, deeply moved, and put her hands across her eyes. "Difference?" she cried. "Difference? Do you think my children, my poor children, could be the gay, light-hearted creatures they are if they *knew?*"

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE TURNED HER WHITE FACE UP TO HIS OWN. 'YOU SEE!' HE SAID"

"Yes, I do," Hughlett declared. "I don't think it would touch them any more than the knowledge that my grandfather died on the wrong side in the Revolution affects me. Upon my word, I don't see why it should. Neither of them remembers him. He 's just the same to their consciousness as if he were five generations back."

"Their father!"

Hughlett flushed. "You remember how you were made to suffer," he said, "and you allow yourself to think that the children would feel it as keenly. That is impossible."

"Do you suppose I don't know my own children?" She turned upon him half-angrily, touched in her pride in the mother's omniscience.

There was no answer to make to that, and Hughlett walked the length of the piazza and back before he spoke of another phase of the subject.

"Well, even if they would be overcome by the knowledge you have tried to keep from them, how—*how* would your marrying me tell them anything about it?"

She looked at him somewhat waveringly, and then out toward the sunset. "It would set them to thinking," she said rather weakly. "Hildegarde is so—so—" She paused, and then they both laughed.

"Hildegarde is inquisitive, and Hildegarde is knowing, and Hildegarde is very up-and-coming," he laughed; "but *I* am not afraid of her."

Mrs. Penrose made instant use of the change of subject. "She is up to something lately," she said, "and I have no idea what it is. I am sure she has you on her mind; but *why?*"

Hughlett, however, would not follow the lead. She was leaning back with her hands against the railing, and he came and stood beside her, closing his hand over one of hers.

"I need you more now than they do," he said quietly.

It was evident that she was becoming more and more moved, that his persistence was telling. She put her hands to her cheeks, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, John," she said, "you do not want the sort of love I have for the children, and I am incapable of any other sort." There was silence for a moment; then she moved, and spoke with intensity: "Ah, he hurt me in so many ways! I can never, never forget the daily agony of those years, and I have borne the burden of his disgrace alone—alone, for the children's sake; but he killed what might have been more to me than his good name, even. He killed the very springs of feeling in me."

She was weeping, but Hughlett made no answer. Presently she turned from him and looked over the lawn toward the darkening woods; the wheat-field beyond was scarcely discernible now in the dusk, and the sunset glow was fading so rapidly that the moon, which had been only a pale disk in the sky an hour before, was beginning to gleam yellow. The flowers in the garden were sending out their evening scents, stored from the day's beneficence of light and warmth; the voice of the season was no less sweet than it had been earlier in the afternoon, though now it was calling in a softer key.

"He killed my youth." Still Hughlett did not reply; she looked into his face somewhat questioningly. "And you want something that belongs to youth," she whispered.

His heart leaped when he saw the dewy traces of tears in her eyes; he summoned all his self-control, and spoke quietly.

"I want what did not belong to your youth, nor to mine," he said. The day and the season and the beauty around them seemed to have given him inspiration. "I do not want spring flowers in late June, Catherine. I do not want the green of young wheat when I see the grain ready for harvest; I do not want the coolness of April when it is time for the warmth of midsummer. I remember you as you were when you were married; but I do not love the delicate prettiness that was yours then, my dear, as I love the beauty of your face now. I do not love the girl you were; I love the woman you are."

She was by no means past the age where his praise of her beauty would cause her to blush. A still-girlish impulse of flying from the compliment made her heart beat quickly. She was accustomed to his admiration, but no woman receives its like unmoved. She put her hand upon his arm, but kept her face turned away from him.

"I know you do, I know you do," she

said. "It has made everything easier for me, your loving me; I am more grateful for it than for anything else in the world. But—to love you in return? Oh, if I could!"

He felt that the moment had come for his strongest plea, and that nothing might be wanting he put his arms firmly about her. "Catherine," he said, with his face close to hers, "there is a tide in human emotions as constant in its ebb and flow as the tide of the sea. There are seasons of life as recurrent and as faithful to the ages as the seasons of spring and summer, autumn and winter. I had no place in the springtime of your life, but I mean to have its summer; I have watched the ebb of your love and of your need of love, and now I mean to take it on its return, and go with it to its flood. For I tell you there is a return of the tide as surely as the harvest follows the sowing of the grain."

He could feel the beating of her heart, and his own leaped to meet it. She stirred in his arms, turned toward him—and with a startled cry repulsed him. They had forgotten the existence of her children; but the two were coming up the walk, and were nearly at the steps of the piazza, before their mother saw them.

At her exclamation, Hughlett wheeled quickly, and laughed. His eyes met Hildegarde's and he realized again that she was indeed, what he had called earlier in the afternoon, knowing. There was no mistaking her pleasure in the situation; her pretty face was twinkling with delighted merriment. In an instant Max had his mother in his arms; she was sobbing, and the boy was laughing and patting her, kissing her hair, and talking excitedly.

"By Jove, I 'm glad! It 's just the right thing, you know! You ought to have done it long ago, Pet! You 've been an angel; you deserve all the happiness there is."

"Well, don't pull the darling's hair down just because you are glad, Max!" cried Hildegarde, and rescued her mother. She patted the pretty hair into some semblance of order, kissed her mother's cheeks and eyes, and cooed over her as a girl does over a pretty baby, while Max turned to Hughlett, gripped his hand, and vigorously pumped it up and down, pounding him unmercifully with his other fist until Hughlett cried:

"Here, let go, you ruffian! D' you take me for a punching-bag?"

"We really began to think we should never get you two to do it," said Hildegarde, turning toward him beamingly, with her arm still around her mother's shoulders.

"What!" cried Hughlett. He looked at Mrs. Penrose. Wonder, disbelief, understanding passed quickly between them, and both began to laugh, Mrs. Penrose almost hysterically, and Hughlett with a mighty roar. The boy and girl looked in mild astonishment from one to the other, as the very youthful do when they have amused their elders and do not quite see how, but yet are pleased at having done so.

"And you were afraid of Hildegarde!" Hughlett said to Mrs. Penrose, with mock reproach.

"Afraid of me?" the young lady exclaimed. "Afraid! I think you ought to thank me, both of you. Max would never have thought of it if I had n't suggested it; we 've been doing all we could to throw you together for months."

"Hildegarde!" The mother tried to appear shocked.

"Well, we have, Mama," Hildegarde declared. "It was the least Max and I could do for you, and it 's a shame we did n't think of it before. You 've stayed unmarried so long—and father was n't worthy of you, anyway."

Mrs. Penrose gasped, and Hughlett looked quickly at her.

"That 's true, Pet," said Max. "Hildegarde ought n't to have said anything about it, for we know how it hurts you; but you had to stand so much from our father that we want you to be just as happy as you can now." The young man's face was very serious. "We 'll all *three* try to make you so," he said, and turned away.

Hughlett walked past the two and stood in front of Mrs. Penrose. He turned her white face up to his own. "You see!" he said. "It is as I said—the tide of time—it goes and comes, it wipes out all that was written on the sands. It has its ebb, but it has its flood, too!"

She smiled up at him, tremulously, and he kissed her on the lips. When they turned, the children had gone in.

Drawn by Charles S. Chapman. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HER THUNDER BLENDED WITH THE ROAR FROM BELOW"

ORIENTED

BY W. ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "Overproof"

THIS is a poor story, for it has no plot, and all stories written in America are supposed to have a plot. Nothing else matters. This story has a girl and a man and a chief event. Of these the chief event happened only in the ordinary course of things, and if the girl had not had one straight, white streak in her internal construction, probably it would not have affected her in the proper way, and there would have been no excuse for writing this at all. It may still be a question whether the girl was worthy of the event and so worth our valuable consideration. But whether she was worth it at the time or not,—and it seems improbable,—she doubtless became so in the end. Under the drilling of love and life many of this sort do when you never would have suspected it. The chief event itself was an artistic performance, and every artistic performance, however mean may be its little type, deserves worth in its appreciators; but, as has been said, if she had no worth, without doubt she acquired it, and, also without doubt, in the acquiring process the chief event helped her. So far this seems a bit abstruse.

Her name was Helen McNab. Her father was a Montreal broker. In 1869 he had walked in from a creek seventeen miles up the Ottawa River to take a position as an office boy—this story was written in 1907, which makes a profound difference—

I remember imperfectly a description given me by Winslow Whitman, late of Boston and India.

"Never been in the McNabs' drawing-room!" he said, with a face full of pity. "Your life is yet to be lived. They got stuffed birds in it, and a stuffed bear, an' a stuffed Injun, an' a full-sized Eskimo kayak. Then they got all sorts of chairs —chairs that belonged to Louis Quatorze, an' Louis Quinze, an' Louis Seize, an' I guess most of the other Louis. Some of their legs turn in, an' some of 'em turn out, an' the tops of 'em are all different; some like squash-pies, with a rim round 'em, an' some like meat-pies, with a lump on 'em; but you can't sit on any of 'em. In one corner it 's Patagonia, in another it 's the Petit Trianon, an' in another it 's Hudson's Bay. Oh, your life is yet to be lived."

Miss McNab was the only daughter and she was pretty; but if you stripped her of the aura that surrounds every pretty girl, she was not attractive. In the ordinary course of things she went away to a boarding-school to develop her individuality, and when she came back she had it fully developed. She wore a suit covered with large black and white checks and a very flat sailor hat, and she walked in all respects like an ostrich. Later she had a bored expression, and there was something about her that led you to suspect she had never done enough to deserve it. She had a nasal voice, which she used for producing an unfounded libel on an English accent and an unsorted collection of English sporting phrases. She had one slash scar on her left cheek from having collided with a tree one night on the Mountain on skees, and of this she was reservedly proud —she had followed fifteen others down the slope, and had come out blind-stunned at the bottom. She was always well groomed and manicured,—her nails were cut to a rounded point,—she was usually marceled (this is a way of doing a woman's hair that makes it take on a beautiful regularity of contour that you see in the ripples of the sand of the sea-shore, or

the clouds of a mackerel sky), and she was gifted with the taste (which is the proper term for money when applied in this connection) to dress effectively, which she did. Any time she had left over from the operations involved in these peculiarities she used in maintaining her position, and this position was a complicated thing.

In North America there is a small but delicately perfumed army of young ladies who have made it their business to start an aristocracy. For certain obscure reasons, including the lack of aristocrats to fill it with, they have failed; but, instead, they have what is called a plutocracy, which is the same thing from the inside, though from the outside it is quite different. Montreal, like many other cities to the East and West and South, has an ornate nascent plutocracy, and Miss McNab's position at the time of this tale was on the extreme outer edge. The position of these plutocracies is uncertain, as they are maintained entirely by keeping just such young ladies from looking behind the Veil (where, by the way, there is nothing whatever—though that is a secret), and so the plutocracy is usually busy, and the young ladies are busy as well.

Miss McNab was so busy that she had never had time to see a man. She believed she had danced with them. She unquestionably had decorated boxes at His Majesty's with them when they could afford it, and stalls when they could not. She had received violets from them, and large American Beauty roses. (The former she had worn, and they had wilted: the latter a maid had put in water, and they had wilted—at eighteen dollars a dozen.) She had dined at the Hunt Club with them, and at the Forest and Stream, for there is something about that brusque, sporting manner over the warmth of transparent chiffon that is irresistibly attractive to the uninitiated. But she had no idea in the world what a man was really like inside. She had her own imperious method of dealing with them, and that was to be all-sufficient for all time. It was her perfect, patent, impervious system, filled with raw oil and finished with three coats of best spar varnish. It was applied to all men alike that moved within her orbit, with variations to fit their prestige. Beyond her orbit there was a vague and unimportant region filled with college professors, navvies, photographers, and mechanical engineers, such as drive the *Lusitania,* and such like. Any one of these she would refer to as a man, but with a different tone, and that was the end of him. This was her whole philosophy: quite inconceivable, but approximately so. And yet, still more inconceivable, under all this there was doubtless the stuff to make a woman that could sing songs to her own children, and the Magnificat to herself, and repeat the Apostles' Creed. This is a wonderful world.

Now, the man had recently come to Montreal from England. His father had been a great consulting engineer in Victoria Street, and, like all good consulting engineers, had died at his appointed time. He had been great even above riches, which is very great indeed, so he had been able to leave his son only a little under £6000, a strong engineering tendency, and two or three of the recognized varieties of common sense. Among these was not the one relating to the value of worldly possessions, and in five calendar months Mr. George Porteous Vaughan Morgan—for that was the son's name—had expended £5384-12-9; and of such beautiful quality was one sort of common sense he did have—the one that teaches how to deal gracefully with men and women—that with this comparatively small sum of money he made a notable disturbance in the great city of London, and his existence was admitted from the Circus to the foot of the throne. In fact, so great was this disturbance that its echoes have not altogether died away to this day. Afterward, having learned his lesson cheerfully and silently, and without a touch of melodrama, he came out to Canada with £600, and, following his engineering trend, joined himself to a company in Montreal whose business was to sell English automobiles to the Canadian public under the blessed advantages of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. Then of a sudden it seemed that all his reserve common sense came into action at once, and immediately he began to prosper: for he was one of those rare specimens, an utterly adaptable Englishman. He even arose before eight o'clock in the morning.

Early in his Canadian career he collided with Miss Helen McNab at the St. An-

drew's Ball. It so happened that no fewer than two of Miss McNab's bondmen had failed. One had been found by a two-years' widow of twenty-six, and the other had found a very charming young lady who belonged to one of the oldest French Canadian families and who had just returned from eighteen months in Paris; so there was no prospect of either of them coming back at all. So, partly by accident, which is our crude way of describing the methods of Providence, and partly through his own cheerful initiative, Mr. Vaughan Morgan received three dances. This, for Miss McNab of Montreal, was quite unheard of, and an excellent start.

Being an adaptable Englishman, Mr. Vaughan Morgan did not conceive that a two-step was made out of a mighty, automatic walk, or that a waltz consisted in turning in one direction over a limited area of floor at thirty-six revolutions per minute. On the contrary, he studied his surroundings, took thought, carefully put Miss McNab on her mettle by asking if she was very tired, and finished smiling and warm, with the lady in a more dishevelled condition than she had ever been in public in her life. In the midst of her disapproval, she noticed a new, uncatalogued, pleasant, tingling sensation that apparently came out of an uncertain pink haze. But in the face of a life-time of habit, this effect was ephemeral, and in the intervals between the dances she reverted to her normal condition, and languidly told Mr. Vaughan Morgan reserved tales of the doings of the frightfully smart set to which she belonged.

Now, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, having laid out with great intelligence £5384-12-9 in finding out what he could about London, was amazed at so much innocence so wickedly put, and, at the end of the third of those dances and interviews, went out into another room and served himself with bad claret lemonade a number of times, chuckling insanely all the while. Still, having come from a land where there are a million and a half surplus women, he was taken with the novelty of the imperious treatment,—with apparently so little to warrant it,—so two days later, being Sunday, he called. He found Miss McNab in her especial element, surrounded by a salon, and haughty beyond his most amazed conception; for he also came from the only democratic country in the world, and had seen no other.

Miss McNab's mother held a lorgnette under a transformation, and said that the St. Andrew's Ball was becoming frightfully mixed,—which is true of all balls,—and Miss McNab's brother, though apparently in his own house, conversed with a friend on the opposite end of the same divan, and regarded Mr. Vaughan Morgan as a stranger. This was all he got out of that visit, and when he arose, Mr. McNab, junior, and the friend smiled, and he departed in some wonder, but with unabated interest. But Miss McNab imagined she saw a smile in the back of his eyes, and said a good-by that lacked poise —her first since she was six years old.

Working under the illogical rules that govern these things, Mr. Vaughan Morgan's interest continued to grow, and within three months, in spite of occasional contact, he had formed a most wonderful idea of Miss McNab. Now, the description of this young lady already submitted was dispassionate and, as far as it went, unquestionably correct from a mechanical point of view, which makes Mr. Vaughan Morgan's later idea all the more wonderful: but, put into English words, what he came to see was this:

Her height was the perfect height. (In this case it happened to be 5 feet, 6¾ inches, less 2¼ inches for sole leather and brass nails.) She was erect, beautifully balanced, and full-figured. She had glorious, indescribable golden-brown hair, with a shimmer that traveled like the shimmer of raw silk; walnut-brown eyes that shone and sparkled and had a way of looking up suddenly under lids that flickered for a second and shut down, leaving the effect of distant, silent summer lightning. (So far these were his precise words.) Her skin was clear and fair, but with an uncertain flush beneath that carried warmth from her finger-tips to her forehead, and at the least provocation blazed in her cheeks till you had to draw a slow breath to stand still. This was the overwhelming impression—tides and surges of growing color; those eyes; and then such hands! They were not particularly small, but altogether wonderful; well-balanced, soft, deft, and strong, the essence

of all capability, adaptable, responding to every foreshadowed need, and accomplishing with all adequacy and finish, and with a touch that was perfectly sure, so that anything they had done could never conceivably come undone at all. When she played they flowed,—and she neglected Chaminade for Chopin,—and when she stopped they glided on their own irresponsible way, and were a source of danger to all mankind. But wonderful above everything else was her mouth: sensitive and mobile until it was heartbreaking to watch it. Every little thought that slipped through her mind, every little trend of a half-formed idea in fun or in earnest, in devilment or in pure play, was heralded there, and the corners slid up or down or quivered for one small second under the flutter of those eyelids until the alluring color came, stormed up, and you could only stand and groan. And then her voice was clear as crystal (*bis*) and she had a way of turning her words that was frightfully attractive. . . .

So Mr. Vaughan Morgan's conception went, in part; and, besides, into this creation he breathed the breath of life, making her into the flattering likeness of a real woman, with all the attributes,—prospective, useful motherhood, and the rest,—probably not one of which she then actively possessed.

And Miss McNab remained imperious and unscathed to the point of irritation.

Now for the sacrifice. In every artistic performance there must be a sacrifice. If you paint a picture that attains to the line at the R. A., it is the canvas, the pigments, and a little boiled linseed oil. If you write a success of the season, it is several blocks of rag paper, half a pint of ink, and a suffering iridosmine pen-point. If you play the Second Rhapsody, it is an expensive grade of felt wearing on steel wires. In this case it was an English car called the Brunel, sold in Canada by the company to which Mr. Vaughan Morgan had joined himself. Her makers called her "The Engineer's Car," to distinguish her from the mass of cars that seemed to be dedicated to the public—or the devil. A glimpse into her gear-box, or at the mighty teeth of her driving pinion (which is as important a part of a car as a hairpin is of a woman), or at the mightier hub and gun-carriage spokes of her hind wheels, told you why, and why she was peculiarly fitted to be the sacrifice. And, besides, under her bonnet was an engine-room like the engine-room of an ice-breaker, with a centrifugal pump that might have come from Tangyes, with any spare space filled with a giant magneto; and all notably protected from the wet and gritty world outside. Her builders had laboriously come to the conclusion that an automobile was a dignified private carriage, and had gone forever from red bodies to the darkest of nile-green; so, aside from a certain massiveness, she was altogether deceptive, and no man would believe that she could rage furiously, for they called her but twenty horse-power. But of horses there are many sorts, and doubtless the horses in England are bigger than the horses in America.

Here begins the introduction to the chief event. One April day, when the ice out of Lake St. Louis was moving down in rafts over the Lachine Rapids, and a Donaldson liner and the *Bellona,* with fruit, were waiting at Quebec for the breaking of the bridge at Cap Rouge, Mr. Vaughan Morgan took out the twenty Brunel to demonstrate to a man who was preparing a summer home beyond Como.

And here it is necessary to digress for a geographical explanation.

Montreal city is on the island of Montreal, and Montreal island is in the mouth of the Ottawa, where that woodland river empties itself into the great St. Lawrence; for the Ottawa has a delta like the Nile and the Amazon. If you wish to get off the island of Montreal, you can go in two ways: by something that floats on the water or by a bridge. At this particular time in April there is nothing afloat except ice and driftwood, so you must go by a bridge, and of the bridges there are two kinds, railway and highway. The railway bridges are owned chiefly by corporations, and so lead everywhere it is desirable to go; and the highway bridges are owned chiefly by the Government, and so would lead nowhere except by what is called the express will of the people, and the people of North America, unlike the people of England, never express their will, but are governed directly, in as far as it may be necessary, by an overruling Providence, who does not build bridges.

It is twenty-three miles by road from

the city of Montreal to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which is at the extreme end of the island of Montreal. Beyond is the flood of the Ottawa, with Isle Perrot, over two miles wide, breasting the current in midstream, and with Vaudreuil three miles away on the opposite shore. And Como, where Mr. Vaughan Morgan wished to be, is six miles beyond Vaudreuil.

The main lines of those two great corporations, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, run out to Ste. Anne, and, by high bridges resting on ponderous, ice-cutting piers, cross over to Isle Perrot. Across that elm-clad island, side by side, they strike a broad, straight, stately roadway, until, by other bridges with ponderous piers, they cross over from Isle Perrot to Vaudreuil, and go on their way into the West.

On the other hand, the highway, which is the property of the Government, comes out speciously by Lachine and through lakeside villages to Ste. Anne; and then, instead of proclaiming its inadequacy by turning down into the river and ceasing, swings nobly round the end of the island and returns to Montreal—as is proper—through the woods.

That is to say if you have attained to Ste. Anne by road, and wish to reach Vaudreuil-which-is-beyond-the-Ottawa, three miles away, you may go by little bridges over little rivers and so round by the city of Ottawa, two hundred and fifty miles; or you may go back twenty-three miles to Montreal, cross the River St. Lawrence by the Victoria Bridge, travel many leagues upstream, cross the River St. Lawrence again at Valleyfield, P. Q., and travel eastward again many leagues to Vaudreuil, which is shorter. Or, to put it in all its nakedness, from Montreal, the greatest city in Canada, you cannot directly by road reach the mainland of western Quebec and Ontario, the most populous section of Canada, at all. This of course is an outrage, and if the island of Montreal were inhabited by the English as such, would be expressed as an outrage day and night without ceasing until the governments involved, helpless against importunity, like all governments, and for the sake of blessed peace, which is the ultimate aim and object of all governments, would signal their weariness, and immediately there would arise the sound of hammering on metal and the voice of the pneumatic riveter on girders at Ste. Anne.

All these great and seemingly irrelevant matters bear directly on Mr. Vaughan Morgan, for they show why, to reach Como, which is beyond Vaudreuil, he had to load the twenty Brunel on a flat-car, from which she was precariously navigated down three-inch planks at Como Station.

And here, to justify Mr. Vaughan Morgan's intelligence, it may be said that he had no conception what an Ottawa Valley road might be in the spring, but having alighted in four inches of snow water, he went forward in faith and demonstrated. He demonstrated through wasted, sooty snow-banks that melted without ceasing under a summer-blue sky. He demonstrated on a water-swept tundra where runnels poured over an ice-edge into a lake that in summer was a hay meadow. He demonstrated over a half-frozen plowed field, preferring it to a four-horse-power stream which the owner assured him at other seasons was the drive, and he finished by taking his victim for what he called a spin on the main road. The spin consisted in leaping from mud-holes to muddy snow-banks, and swooping from snow-banks into mud-holes, and resembled nothing so much as navigating the Bay of Fundy in a high sea in an open boat.

"It is a bit sloppy-you-know—is n't it!" he said, with one eye overlaid with mud, and he went on talking reassuringly between gulps as the patient springs jolted their livers. In the end he careered away joyfully toward the station by himself, with one bent mud-guard and an order for one $3500 car in his inmost pocket.

For that night the twenty Brunel was to have stayed in a shed, and he was to have gone into town on the 6:13. But the demonstration had been long, and the 6:13 was on time, and passed down, unflagged, toward Vaudreuil when he was still a quarter of a mile across the plain.

"Marooned!" Mr. Vaughan Morgan commented, and plowed ahead to interview the agent. The agent was already being interviewed. There were two young ladies and one young gentleman, and they appeared to have reached the

station platform only the moment before. In any case, they paid no attention to the arrival of anything so trivial as a motor. One young lady was addressing the agent personally.

"You stupid fool, did n't you know we were coming, whether you could see us or not? Did you think we wished to stay out here all night—alone?" with a side-swept glance at the young gentleman. It was the voice of Miss Helen McNab, in heat. The agent was French Canadian, brief in temper, and not fully trained in deference. His reply was full of words. On the first count he tried to make plain that he was not a mind-reader. On the second, he pointed out that he had no method of judging.

"I don' know, me!" he said, waving his arms in the air. "Bot eef you don' came en time for y'r train—I s'pose *so.*" And he departed into the station, leaving Miss McNab white with wrath. (The McNabs had a house at Como, and the gods-that-desire-excitement had arranged that Miss McNab should choose this day in April to visit it for the purpose of suggesting improvements. She had brought with her, as a suite, Miss Yvonne Dacoste, because she was one step nearer the Veil, and very haughty, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, who had a thin and fair mustache, and was what she called a "nice boy.") Then, the mud storm having subsided, she saw the twenty Brunel and Mr. Vaughan Morgan. For one inexplicable second she was abashed: after which she had an inspiration. She consulted with the other two. "Watch me work this Englishman!" was the substance of it, though it was more beautifully put.

"How do you do!" she opened, and advanced toward the edge of the platform. Mr. Vaughan Morgan shuddered, and bowed through his crust.

"Beastly walking, is n't it?" he said.

"Frightful," said Miss McNab, and properly introduced Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover. "We 've lost our last train, and I *must* be in town at a quarter to eight. Won't *you* go and ask that man if there 's no other train—anywhere?—He 's been horribly rude." There was somewhat implied, but to that phase Mr. Vaughan Morgan seemed deaf and blind.

"Must?" he said, with the painful literalness of a man, and took on a serious expression. She did not explain that it was bridge at Lady Sanderson's,—her first,—and, after all, that was very important. Her impervious system drove her ahead, full into the bosom of the unguessed future.

"Yes, must!" This tone was her final. Mr. Vaughan Morgan said, "Oh!" with a face full of consideration and a mind full of thoughts, and in a moment dropped over the unopened door into the mud and was in the station-house. In half a minute he returned, visibly anxious. There was a Grand Trunk train from Vaudreuil at 7:10.

"Arrives?"

"Bonaventure at five minutes to eight."

"That is much too late," she said regally, smoothing the wrinkles out of long, tan gloves, while Mr. Glover pulled his mustache.

"—Or we might get a special at Vaudreuil. I can take you down in the car—if you don't mind the roads and the mud." Miss McNab held rigidly to her part. She did not mind anything. Mr. Vaughan Morgan absently eyed Mr. Glover's expanse of vicuna and satin and Miss Dacoste's hard-crowned, over-feathered hat (we shall remember the spring of 1907), and his smile almost broke out. But his face remained the face of one who realizes that something must be done immediately.

"I 'm quite sure we shall manage it in some way, if we go at once," he said cheerily, leaning toward the sacrifice. Would Miss McNab like to ride in front?

She would.

He advanced on the crank, preoccupied, as a man thinking out things far ahead, while Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover daintily climbed into the tonneau, with the manner of people who have certain misgivings, and seated themselves on luxurious cushions spattered with half-dry mud. Mr. Vaughan Morgan heaved, and a deep-seated tremor ran through the twenty Brunel. He moved to one side, and half the nile-green roof over the forward mysteries rose up and balanced itself in the air. For a dozen seconds Miss McNab watched his hand wandering amid complications—scarlet cylinders, glaring brass piping, and a whizzing

aluminium fan, which she gazed at incuriously, not being a mechanic, after which the bonnet closed with a clang. The lady did notice that it was unlike the tinny snap of certain bonnets she had seen, but this was her only impression of unusual strength. This impression immediately gave place to another more interesting. She painted a beautiful picture of Mr. Vaughan Morgan hiring a special at Vaudreuil, and taking her in in state; and she would see that he did it.

This last impression was not accurate. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also a plan: which did not coincide in the least. How he thought it might forward his interests, or why he thought of it at all, I am sure I could never guess. Probably it was one of those first-flush impulses that have created that Outer-Empire title, Mad Englishman. Miss McNab's "must" had made it possible. He knew part of Miss McNab, and he knew how to foster that "must" until it became a fetish. If she ever gave in, his excuse would be gone. But, then, with a little urging, she would never give in till the trumpet blew and the earth dissolved away from beneath her feet.

In the meantime he slid into the driver's seat, pressed his foot on a pedal, and moved two levers that clicked. A hum rose up from somewhere, and Miss McNab felt herself being pushed back deep into the cushions. Then the hum ceased, and there was no sound but the hiss of snow water driven out in two clean sheets under the bows. The twenty Brunel, in a hundred-foot lake, was silently under way.

"Top speed," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan irrelevantly, with the appreciation of an enthusiast.

"It does n't seem very fast," Miss McNab commented, with a voice like an echo from a glacier.

"I should have said, 'Direct drive.'"

Miss McNab said, "Ah!" not knowing in the least what he meant.

"'Don't believe you have to be home by a quarter to eight at all," he continued, in great absence of mind, still dealing thoughtfully with levers. "What is it for?"

"*That* is my own particular business; but it is really important."

"Really!" said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, and this time a little child could see that he was impressed. He was a beautiful actor, and that expression of great anxiety came back. Miss McNab was satisfied. The first result took place at once. They had climbed from the lake into pure mud that played in two smooth fountains alongside, and they had arrived at the turn to the main road. On every car there is a little innocent-looking pedal that is called the accelerator. It has an unseen connection with the throttle, and is more potent than all the pedals of a cathedral organ put together. Turning into the main road, Mr. Vaughan Morgan rested his foot on this pedal ever so lightly, and smiled a grim smile in the back of his eyes. (This sort of smile does not show outside.) The twenty Brunel accelerated, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, in the tonneau, sat in Miss Yvonne Dacoste's lap. Miss McNab grasped Mr. Vaughan Morgan's left arm with a grip like the grip of a drowning man, and then let go as if it were red-hot iron. Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unnoting, ostentatiously fought with the steering-wheel, and, when the trouble had subsided, busied himself in apologizing lavishly to the tonneau. Mr. Glover was forcing the crown of his hat into shape, and Miss Dacoste looked ruffled.

"So sorry," he said; "but we skidded a little. This mud is awfully treacherous, you know." Mr. Glover had been laying himself out not to say the unclean things that were in his mind, so his reply was at random and barely polite. Miss Dacoste vented a few crisp sentences of high-strung words and ferociously repinned her hat, and Miss McNab sat as rigid as Cleopatra's Needle. With her crew in this order, because, in his apology, Mr. Vaughan Morgan had disregarded the road ahead, the twenty Brunel rose up on the edge of an unwarned hollow with sides like a pit, pitched forward, heaving the suffering tonneau skyward, coasted on heated brakes over water-washed gravel into troubled water, rode for a second, dory-like, in foam, trod down a half-floating pole bridge, where her axles came up and smote her frame with blows like the blows of a sledge, and plowed out and upward on naked rock, with Mr. Vaughan Morgan transformed in the flash of an eye, laughing the joyful laugh of the English, that, in the midst of a great event, counts

not the cost of anything, though life itself may depart in the next breath. It was all part of the Vaudreuil road, though in bad condition.

"*There 's one more river,*" he sang softly, wiping the water from his eyes, and leaning forward to his work, "*An' that 's the river of Jordan.*" This quotation had a deep and hidden significance, but he went on at once. "I say, did n't she take that beautifully?"

"She really did," said Miss McNab. It sounded more normal than anything he had ever heard her say, and he managed to look once without being seen. She was holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, and the color was blazing in her cheeks. From the tonneau arose a heated silence. They had seen water drifting back there in great clouds, and they forebore to look.

Then the twenty Brunel settled down to perform marvels, for the best of modern motor-cars is a miracle on wheels. No other piece of complicated machinery—saving only, perhaps, the human mind—has to live through such outrageous shocks.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan was a good driver,—they also are born,—and that day he drove with all his judgment, or as much judgment as he could use and get the Brunel's best speed under these terrible conditions. There was only one thing that might happen: the Brunel might burst—collapse—disintegrate—and settle back softly into a scrap-heap—or an impalpable powder—but if she did, in his opinion it was worth her cost. If she did not, he would end one day with satisfaction.

Sometimes her starboard tires traveled on an uneven ridge of sandy snow, and her port tires plowed in the worn sleigh-track and removed the water therefrom into the next field; and sometimes it occurred to her to change sides, and then, immediately afterward, to change back, and she alternated with great rapidity, so that she rolled like a torpedo-boat in a beam sea and terribly disarranged the passengers in her tonneau. Again, on a side hill, where the down-hill side of the road had melted first, her lower wheels ran in mud and her upper on ice, and she circled the hill with a list so heavy that you could hear the tonneau gasp, clinging desperately to the windward rail. Sometimes, on the level, she struck into the remnants of the winter's pitches, with every ridge still frozen and as even as waves of the sea, and she rocked and bucked like an unhandled broncho until the floor of the tonneau, under its carpet, rose up and dropped back at every pitch with a clack like a slap-stick, and the passengers and their cushions were lifted five clear inches above the seat, and came down all braced for the next jump. There is nothing in the world more disconcerting to real dignity than just this sort of thing without any time allowed for rearranging yourself between jumps. It recalls a baby with a pain being danced on an inconsiderate knee. The effect is cumulative, and Miss Dacoste's New York hat, which was not fitted for motoring, pulled apart her brilliantine-clotted hair and hung itself over her left ear. Mr. Glover bounced like a muddy ping-pong ball, and Miss McNab, still holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, braced both feet against the sloping foot-board and labored with her expression.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan appeared to see none of these things, but stared at the ominous pathway ahead. At times it was glare ice, at other times it was gruel-thick mud, and in one hollow it was a duck-pond, with ducks and everything complete. There is a theory that neither the Cochin duck nor the domestic Mallard can fly. They flew that day—all but one. Whether he could fly, if he really cared to, will now never be known.

The twenty Brunel dazzled her occupants and became a dream. Between endless snake-fences, dancing astern through tears, she climbed slopes that opened up on the left the flood-brown Ottawa in the afternoon sun, ever widening down into the Lake of Two Mountains; and on the farther side of these slopes she descended recklessly, dizzily chattering her lamps, and joyously pounding her tool-box up and down in its locker, until it sounded as if her vitals would certainly fly out on the road. She advanced on small farmhouses close by the roadside, and froze large French Canadian families into uncouth groups of statuary, until the horse collected himself and tried to back up the front of the barn, and then all was activity in her settling wake. In pure faith she rounded

abruptly into unseen stretches of road, and once was cursed wonderfully by an agent for sewing-machines with a matched team of bays, which were stopped only by having to fight a five-barred gate. Sometimes she traveled straight, and sometimes she sidled like a shying horse under the saddle, but always in a rain of flying water or mud or worn-out snow. At all times she rocked and slued frightfully, and in certain brief moments she proceeded on two wheels. She dodged up-country chickens and she raced up-country dogs, one of which miscalculated and flew for a space like the Cochin ducks—but with the aid of the mud-guard. Twice her driver mistrusted the whole appearance of things ahead, and led her aside over squashy spring turf, through which she sucked her way until at last she rolled, mud-bathed, into Vaudreuil, where she was the wonder of the inhabitants, and up to the station. Her passengers had passed from fear and disgust into amazement, and finally into apathy. The populace could see that it was something desperate, and exhibited no levity, though Mr. Glover's features were lost to the eye. Miss Dacoste was transfigured, and Miss McNab sat with tight lips. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had the situation by the throat.

"Sit still for one moment," he begged, and fled in the direction of the station-agent, to whom he talked aggressively for a few seconds. No one knows what he said. He came back running, but was stopped and drawn aside by a bystander from Isle Cadieux.

"De lady 's seeck?" he inquired, indicating Miss Dacoste, who had partly swathed herself in a gritty rug.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Vaughan Morgan, confidentially; "very," and mounted the step.

"Just as I thought," he said politely—"no special possible." And before he was fully settled in his seat, the twenty Brunel had gathered way. He swung her round the corner of the station, humored her softly over eighty-pound rails, and turned her down the main line, inbound, of the Grand Trunk Railway! A yell arose from far behind. He paid no attention. Three times he slowed to climb over switch-points, then opened up, and the twenty Brunel fled down the line, thuttering over sleepers toward the great bridges and the mighty Ottawa itself. Steering lightly with one hand, he found his watch and looked.

"Now we sha'n't be long," he said, addressing Miss McNab's iron-bound countenance. All his anxiety had passed, and he was visibly appreciating the last of the red-gold sunshine and the soft, spring evening air. What Miss McNab might have replied is not known, for Mr. Glover burst through his mud-caked silence.

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

"Home," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, looking at Miss McNab.

Miss McNab flushed. Into the heart of Miss Dacoste came a great fear, which she strove to conceal in a lady-like manner.

"Surely-the-man-is-not-going-to-take-us-across-the railway-bridges!" she exploded.

"Miss McNab must be home at a quarter to eight," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, softly. A good driver does not turn his head. Miss McNab sat as undrawn as the London "Times," and ahead there rose up a subdued and suggestive roar. It was the terrible sound of a six-hundred-mile river in flood. Miss Dacoste, in the trembling tonneau, covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan drove—like an engineer.

On the edge of the thunder stood a gang of incapacitated section men and a red shanty containing a gasolene engine and a three-bucket pump that filched a little of the Ottawa's water for the passing locomotives. Long afterward Miss McNab admitted that she would have been willing to live in that shanty for a very long time if she had been allowed to stay ashore. But she gave no sign, and in the next breath the twenty Brunel was running in mid-air over open ties.

Ahead the way stretched clear enough, but that was a little thing. To the left, a few yards up-stream, hung the great mainline bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, breaking the oncoming flood, with every sharpened pier carrying a bow wave like a battleship, and singing its own song in overwhelming roar. Between came down the waters, golden-brown and overlaid with foam, to break again in thunder on the piers that held up the

twenty Brunel. Between the ties they could see the torrent pouring through far beneath, bearing an occasional log from some lost brough on the Gatineau. On each side was the raw edge—bare tie-ends; no guard-rail; nothing. Miss McNab thought of the car's steering-gear, which might be mutable, like all things human. She stared down at the water, which was unwise. For one little instant she went dizzy and sick. The Ottawa stood still. The Grand Trunk bridge and the twenty Brunel, moving cornerwise, started up-stream, furiously chasing the tails of the stone piers of the Canadian Pacific bridge, that swirled on ahead like the sterns of battleships abreast, until she closed her eyes. (Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unseeing, saw this also.) When she opened them again, it was to keep them up, as one who would successfully waltz on skates. Ahead ranged the bare, wind-swept elms on Isle Perrot. To the right were more bare elms and swamp ashes, doubtless attached to summer islands, but now bending like twigs in the midst of the brown flood. Later she remembered to the left, three hundred yards above, one small island, with a bare, white house, sheltered by nine pines and flanked by water-whipped scrub, and remembered praying she were there; until of a sudden she found herself on Isle Perrot, with the twenty Brunel heading down that four-tracked avenue through the woods, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan talking freely about the beauties of the country in spring, while the Canadian Pacific embankment rose ever higher on the left.

Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, feeling the exigencies of the situation, sat up to say that the trip across the bridge was "magnificent," with which everybody undertook to agree, until the Ottawa's other branch hove in sight through the trees, with bridges still higher and boiling white rapids below, and a great silence settled down once more. On this passage, high in the air, over the precise center of the rapids, they met an astonished way freight, and her thunder blended with the roar from below, and the wind of her passing brought tears to their eyes till they bowed down their heads for relief. So with bowed heads they whirled into the still more astonished station at Ste. Anne, and without so much as glancing aside, Mr. Vaughan Morgan jerked the twenty Brunel out into the carriage drive, and so into the king's highway, along which she lurched at high speed once more, spattering mud anew.

The details of that flight eastward down the island of Montreal, in the golden light after sunset, through lake-side villages and past disregarded and incensed toll-gates, are all most ordinary details. There was no such navigation as on the Vaudreuil-Como road. The only marvelous thing was Miss McNab's conversation; and for her it was marvelous beyond all marvels. It was jerky and telegraphic and without great poise, and sometimes it was bitten in two because of an excess of enthusiasm on the part of the twenty Brunel over some bump. But through the agency of Mr. Vaughan Morgan and the twenty Brunel, in some way I do not understand, the golden light that overcast the melting snow, and the great spring floods, from road runnels to boiling rivers, had reached in to her soul, and she talked; and Mr. Vaughan Morgan was electrified. She paid no attention to the people in the tonneau. In any case they could not hear. It was all very ordinary, because it had all been said so many times before,—though anything that was ordinary was most extraordinary coming from Miss McNab,—so none of it is worth repeating. It was all about ideals, and what a man lives for, and what a woman is hunting for all the time. And the girl's color was so gorgeous, and it was all so wonderful that at Lachine Mr. Vaughan Morgan took the lower road for no other reason than to buck that suffering car through those disgraceful streets of lower St. Henri, and to dodge among the Amherst trams and the traffic of Notre Dame. The twenty Brunel lifted them as lightly as a gust of summer wind up into Sherbrooke Street with time to spare, and she left Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover at their doors, through which they disappeared, running. Their clothes were ruined and, for the time being, they were not friends with anybody; but the trip had been awfully good for their appetites.

Now here is where the blessed illogical part of the whole business comes in. As was said at first, this is a poor story, for it

has no plot. The gentleman simply took the lady for a ride in a motor-car. But in front of her own house Miss McNab said, "You dear, dear boy!" for Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also been talking. "And, however you accomplish it, don't ever let father find out we crossed those bridges. Go down to every newspaper now and stop it however you like, but stop it; and then change and come back and talk to me. I 'm not going to Lady Sanderson's to-night."

Forty minutes later, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, pale with hunger, handed the twenty Brunel in at the garage.

"I say, Beckley," he said, "you might wash her down a bit, will you?" In thirty-five minutes more, freshly clothed and newly fed, he was climbing upper Peel Street on foot.

THE STUDENT SAINT-GAUDENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

ARRIVAL IN PARIS—THE SCHOOL IN THE RUE DE L'ECOLE DE MÉDICINE—MOVING FROM PLACE TO PLACE—ENTRANCE INTO THE BEAUX ARTS—JOUFFROY—MEETING WITH GARNIER—TRIPS IN THE COUNTRY—A WALK THROUGH SWITZERLAND—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—THE TRIP TO ROME—THE FASCINATION OF ROME—A STUDIO WITH SOARES DOS REIS

"FATHER paid for my passage abroad and gave me one hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages. I got from Liverpool to Paris somehow or other; I can recall nothing but the cursed misery of crossing the channel from Folkestone to Dieppe. The arrival in Paris, however, was extraordinarily impressive. I walked with my heavy carpet-bag from the Gare du Havre down to the Place de la Concorde, where I stood bewildered with the lights of that square and of the Avenue des Champs-Elysées bursting upon me. Then between the glory of it all and the terrible weight of the bag, which increased as I made my way up the interminable Avenue des Champs-Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, I arrived in a mixed state of collapse and enthusiasm where my uncle François Saint-Gaudens lived on the Avenue de la Grande-Armée. There I was welcomed with thoroughgoing French emotion for the strange 'Cousin d'Amerique' by my uncle, a nervous man who had been a great gymnast in his youth, and by his two daughters Pauline and Clorinda. François was what the French call an 'entrepreneur de démolition,' with his affairs in an ugly condition, as they had never recovered from some bad contracts for the demolition of public buildings."

My father must have been confused. Another brother, Bertrand Saint-Gaudens, was the contractor. He had one daughter, Fanny, and three sons, Julius, Isidore, and Leopold. François Saint-Gaudens, a member of the Bonapartist faction, entered the army. It was he who was the father of Pauline and Clorinda, both of whom married into the Maritz family. Apparently my father first went to the house of François and later stayed with Bertrand.

The reminiscences continue:

"During a greater part of the time thereafter I saw my relatives only occasionally, as I left my poor uncle, who was in bad straits, when my hundred dollars

had gone through his fingers. Also, I became thoroughly engrossed in my work, and they were far off. Now and then, however, I visited one of these cousins, who had married a wealthy iron-master and lived at a place called Lieusaint, a short distance from the scene of the robbery of the Lyons Mail, which has been dramatized with tremendous success in French, and translated and acted, as we all know, in a wonderful way by Sir Henry Irving. These trips to the country, however, bored me beyond measure, and in consequence were few, although with this cousin I had perhaps more in common than with any other member of the family. Her husband, M. Maritz, came from Strasburg, being a nephew of a general in the engineer corps in the French army who married the other sister.

"In a day or two I went about in search of employment at cameo-cutting and of admission to the School of Fine Arts. The cameo-cutting I obtained at once from an Italian, Lupi, who lived in the Rue des Trois Frères in the picturesque quarter near the top of Montmartre. But my entrance into the Beaux Arts I found a more formidable business. After much running around, I saw at last M. Gillaume, the director of the School of Fine Arts, who, to my thinking, received me with unusual affability for so wonderful a man. I recall his smile as I told him that I expected to learn sculpture during the nine months I purposed to remain in Paris, the limit to which I had expected my fortune of one hundred dollars would extend. From him I gathered that I could enter only through the formal application of the American minister. I thereupon called on Mr. Washburne, then occupying that post. He also seemed kind, smiled as I related my little story, and said that I would be informed when the application had been accepted. This notification I received exactly nine months after handing it in. Fortunately, in the meantime I earned a good living by cutting cameos; and I entered a smaller school, but an excellent one, in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médicine, and began my Parisian studies, probably in March or April, 1867. Here I made my first figures from the nude and laid an excellent foundation for the future.

"The work in the little 'Ecole de Médicine,' as they called it, was enlivened by many amusing incidents, the result of the radical difference in the characters of the two professors who came to teach, one on Wednesdays and the other on Saturdays. We studied in a little, stuffy, overcrowded, absolutely unventilated theater, with two rows of students, perhaps twenty-five in each row, seated in a semicircle around the model against the wall. Behind those who drew were about fifteen sculptors; and I look back with admiration upon the powers of youth to live, work, and be joyful in an atmosphere that must have been almost asphyxiating.

"Jacquot, a short, loud-spoken, good-natured professor, came on Wednesdays. He was entirely democratic, saying the most amusing things to the pupils; and in his exuberant conversation he let drops of saliva fly from his mouth into his listener's face. Although merry and good-hearted, he was a terror from the fact that he indicated our errors with very thick charcoal; and to those of us who had learned to work rather delicately and firmly, his marks were bearable only because of the jollity with which he made them. While he taught, the boys raised as much noise as the uniformed and ill-natured 'gardien' at the doorway would permit.

"On Saturdays Laemelin, a man of a totally different type, criticized. When he appeared, the class remained silent. He was austere, taking the greatest care to apply his suggestions with light touches, always certain and correct. Jacquot talked with a strange kind of mixed-up lisp, as if he had a marble in his mouth, whereas Laemelin spoke with a deliberate nasal tone. Jacquot maintained that you must draw freely and with no fear of the paper, while Laemelin's advice was to the effect that you should draw lightly, carefully, and firmly, and not with sloppiness as do those who pretend to work with vigor. The result on the boys of this weekly divergence of views can be imagined.

"One Saturday evening Laemelin came as usual and began criticizing in his peaceful way. He was half around the lower tier, and the customary quiet prevailed in his presence, when a noise was heard in the corridor and, to our surprise and delight, Jacquot tumbled in, sat down, and proceeded to correct the boys who had already been corrected by Laemelin.

Thoroughly absorbed in what he was doing, Laemelin did not observe Jacquot's entrance and became aware that something unusual was going on only by the uproar Jacquot made and by the undertone of confusion the students slyly added.

"'Well, well, my boy, let us shee. Let us shee,' said Jacquot, the particles of saliva being shot over the drawings. 'Let us shee, um-m-m. Well, your head 's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short.' Then *bang! bang!* would come the black marks over the drawing. 'There you are! Fixsh that, my boy! Fixsh that!'

"Laemelin by this time had raised his head and, looking over his spectacles in the direction of the noise, had uttered a long 'Sh-h-h!' Jacquot, making his own disturbance, did not hear Laemelin. And neither saw the other in their deep absorption. The second time Laemelin added to his 'Sh-h-h!' a 'What is the trouble? Are you ever going to stop that noise over there?'

"'What 'sh that? What 'sh that?' spat Jacquot. 'What 'sh the matter, anyway?'

"Laemelin, not recognizing Jacquot, continued: 'You 're making an awful lot of noise over there; behave yourself!'

"Jacquot looked up. 'What 'sh that? What 'sh that? Why, ish that you, Laemelin? Hello! Why, what day ish this?'

"'To-day is Saturday,' drawled Laemelin, slowly and emphatically.

"'Mon Dieu! Ish that so! I thought it wash Wednesday. Is n't that funny? Thunder! is n't that funny!' roared Jacquot.

"By this time he was so amused at the incident that his voice had become a shout. The pupils naturally joined in until the disturbance reached such a pitch that the 'gardien' ejected a number into the night. Finally Jacquot left in a storm of sputtering and hilarity, and the theater resumed its serenity.

"Each artist tends to make his drawings of a nude resemble his own figure; and our friend Jacquot was twisted, distorted, and gnarled in every member of his body, but vigorously, like a great root. In especial he must have had the most remarkably knotty thighs. For though I have spoken of the energy of his corrections, I could not attempt to describe his particularly persistent one that the thighs of the drawings of the pupils were never big enough. To overcome this, one day I made the thighs on my study enormously large.

"'Very good, very good, very good, my boy,' he said in his criticism, turning around to look at me. He slowly surveyed the model over his spectacles. 'But perhapsh I would add just a little bit on the thighs, eh?' Then his merciless marks!

"I repeated this at his next visit, drawing my thighs in still more exaggeration. He was high and loud and unusually sputtering in his praise at this, and, after some minor remarks, was for getting up, when I said:

"'M. Jacquot, do you think that I have the thighs big enough?'

"'Yesh. Yesh.' Then he hesitated and looked at the model. 'Sthill, perhaps I would add justh a shade, justh a shade, more.' And again came his inevitable marks.

"Finally on the third occasion, when I had the thighs resembling balloons, he repeated the enthusiastic approval of the previous visit, and I impertinently repeated my question as to their size. He surveyed the drawing, and then, evidently recollecting what had passed before, although it had been spread over three weeks, turned to me with a strange look in his widespread, crooked, china eyes and said:

"'It sheems to me you are trying to make a fool of me.'

"All this, of course, added to the delight of the surrounding scamps, for he delivered his remark in such a way that it was I who found myself in the position of the fool.

"I have stated his name as Jacquot. I am not certain of that. It might have been Durant or Martin. But if it was not Jacquot, it ought to have been, and in calling him that I give the truer impression. It certainly describes his personality better than do the other names.

"In these surroundings, then, I prospered until at last I was awarded the first prize and subsequently, with a lot of other successful youths, received, with the medal, a crown of laurel, presented by a M. de Nieuquerque, a large man, probably Master of Fine Arts, who was much in favor at the Tuileries.

"To return to my home life, when I left my uncle's house I went first to a room adjoining Lupi's, at Montmartre,

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LOUIS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a drawing by his brother, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, made in 1866, just before the latter's departure for Europe.

attending the modeling school in the mornings and nights, and supporting myself on what I earned by the cameos I cut in the afternoon. But I worked so much at the school and so little at the cameos that I became miserably poor, barely earning enough for my living."

This was consistently true not only then, but through all my father's student days abroad. And the struggle of that period so branded itself upon his memory that during his later life he constantly made remarks that showed he was thinking of what he had suffered. For instance,

on two occasions he wrote me, probably in this strain of reminiscence:

"I was struck with what Whistler said to Shiff the other night. 'I never complain.'"

And again:

"Make the best of it. There is interest in everything and everybody."

Later he wrote to Mr. Abbott Thayer about the painter's letter of praise for the Sherman statue:

"I am putting it away as one of my treasures for our children to read when we will be memories of 'fellers who tried their damnedest.'"

At another time he sent to Mr. Barry Faulkner the following encouragement of his decorative talent:

"You are particularly gifted in that way and although it may not be remunerative now, I think you should not look at that as long as you can pay for a cracker and a cup of coffee."

But to continue the reminiscences:

"So I moved from place to place, to cheaper and cheaper lodgings. First, as the journey to Montmartre four times a day—ten miles in all—was very fatiguing, I took a room in the Rue Jacob, in the Latin Quarter, quite near the school. Then from the Latin Quarter I went to some distant street in the Vaugirard Quarter, where I stayed with the son of an old shoemaking friend of my father's. After that I lived elsewhere, I have forgotten on what street, in the same quarter. From the Vaugirard Quarter I moved to Truman Bartlett's studio near the Arc de Triomphe, sleeping on a mattress on the floor. What stands out in my memory of this time is the reading of Plutarch's Lives, as I walked each morning down the Champs-Elysées from the Arc de Triomphe to the School of Fine Arts. What he writes of Germanicus and of the beauty of his character caused me to make a great resolve to be the most lovable man that ever was. Next, with an old-time Cooper Union chum, I took my belongings over to the very dirty though interesting St. Jacques Quarter. But this place was drenched with the odor from the manufacture of perfume downstairs. Accordingly, in process of time, I with my friend Herzog occupied two small bedrooms in the attic of a fine apartment-house opposite the College of France.

"While I am on the subject of this house, I must tell of the moving there from the St. Jacques Quarter. This removal we made by hiring a hand-cart for five cents an hour, in which we stowed Herzog's and my possessions. Our treasures consisted of two cot-beds, two pitchers, two basins, a lot of books and a modeling-stand, besides some clothes and bedding. But limited as they were, they piled up more than the cart could conveniently carry. So, when we dragged it through the streets with the aid of another friend, we lost a good quarter of them, in spite of the fact that one of us ran behind to gather the driblets that were dropped along the road. The reason that this part of the transportation was not very successful was that, in order to conceal the Spartan simplicity of our household, we foxily undertook our moving in the night. And for the same reason,—our feelings of shame at the forlorn character of our belongings,—notwithstanding the gloom, we slunk past the concierge and carried the things to the top floor.

"Here, in addition to our other troubles, I attempted to give a sleeping-place to an enthusiastic friend. He was a young Englishman of French origin, the son of a wealthy shoe-dealer. He had run away from home because his father wished him to declare himself a French citizen and to submit to the French conscription. First, though my cot measured about two and a half feet across, we attempted to sleep together on it. So as not to spill over the sides, we had to stick to one another as tight as two spoons; and to save space, he lay with his head on my arm. In the middle of the night we turned over and I put my head on his arm. This left us the next morning in a condition which forbade repetition. I then put the mattress on the floor for him, while I slept on the canvas bottom of the bed. But I suffered so with cold coming from below, notwithstanding the fact that I dragged all my clothes over me from the rack at my feet, that the arrangement had to be abandoned.

"To go back to my studies, at the end of nine months of the Petite Ecole, I felt much impressed by the receipt of a large envelop with the United States seal on it, notifying me of my admission to the Beaux Arts. This was a great joy. My first step then was to obtain the authorization

from the master whose atelier I wished to enter. I followed the advice of a boy, Dammouse,—since one of the leading ceramists of France, a man of exquisite taste, —whose friendship I had made in the little Ecole de Médicine, and selected Jouffroy because Dammouse had a friend with that master.

"At that time Jouffroy's atelier was the triumphant one of the Beaux Arts, his class, as a rule, capturing most of the prizes. From there Barrias received his Prize of Rome three years before I arrived, Falguière two years before and Mercié the year after. Mercié entered the atelier at the same time I did, and his money and mine were united in one grand spree. There is a story to the effect that, as a result of this spree, in returning home he entered some other person's apartment, and finding the canary's little water-pot empty, filled it with kerosene.

"To Jouffroy, therefore, I brought my drawings. In two days I was admitted, and immediately plunged into work, being the only American in the class, though Olin Warner followed me some six months later. It subsequently became the atelier where most of the Americans studied, under the teachings of Falguière after the death of Jouffroy, and under Mercié after the death of Falguière. I was by no means a brilliant pupil, though the steadiness of Jouffroy's compliments consoled me for my inevitable failures in direct competition. These failures did not for a moment, however, discourage me or create any doubts in my mind as to my infinite superiority. Doubts, however, have come later in life, and in such full measure that my youthful presumption and vanity have been abundantly atoned for."

The "steadiness of Jouffroy's compliments" was probably due to the steadiness of his pupil's work. For instance, to the end of his days my father never had any patience with the superior young man or woman who in modeling thought it beneath him or her to take laborious measurements. For my father insisted that after the pupil had done all of this he possibly could, there still remained more than enough to occupy him.

The reminiscences continue:

"Jouffroy was tall, thin, dark, wiry, with little, intelligent black eyes and a queer face in profile, his forehead and nose descending in a straight line from the roots of his hair to within an inch of the end of the nose, which suddenly burst out round and red. The ball was discreet in size: it would have been in bad taste had it been larger. He also had stringy hair and a nasal voice. He made his criticisms in a low, drawling tone, nine tenths of the time in a perfunctory way, looking in an entirely different direction from the model and from the study. Occasionally he worked on the figures in a strange fashion, his right hand pawing the clay, while in his left he held a little wad of bread which he constantly rolled. He was much in vogue at the Tuileries at that time, although he had achieved his distinction some ten or fifteen years before my arrival by one of the masterpieces of French sculpture,—and that is saying a good deal, —called 'The Secret of Venus.' It is the figure of a young girl standing on tiptoe, whispering into the ear of a Hermes. This remarkably beautiful nude he modeled in the classical direction then prevailing, but with such distinction, reserve, and personality that the affectation added to its charm instead of detracting therefrom. I know nothing of his other sculpture except the large decorative groups on each side of the arches at the entrance of the Place du Carrousel, as approached from the River Seine, and one of the four groups in front of the Grand Opera. They are neither one thing nor the other.

"I have spoken of my own presumption and vanity at this period. But the incident I am going to relate shows that there were other idiots with like characteristics in the school. Lectures in anatomy were given in the amphitheater over bodies dissected in the presence of the students; and at times some of the lecturers were men of the highest distinction in the medical profession. On the day in question, the aged doctor, during his discourse where he was showing the general similarity in the construction of the bones, muscles, and brain of the orang-utan and man, stated that, so far as he could see, the only, but important, point that distinguished man from the animal was that man had the idea of God. Thereupon the advanced young thinkers, the liberals, and prospective great artists, hissed, stamped their feet, and otherwise showed violent dissension and scorn for so retrograde an assertion.

They at least were not so conservative, or stupid, as to believe in any stuff about God, and all that rot. I was greatly surprised by this, all the more so in that usually the youth of France shows a marked respect for age and achievement of learning,—I have always felt that the lack of that attitude was to the detriment of us Americans,—whereas they seemed to admire a fool, the doctor's assistant, a tall, dark Southerner with very long hair, mustaches, and beard, whose duty it was to prepare the bodies for the professor, and who affected to eat, munching pieces of bread for his lunch while handling the bodies and slamming them around on the dissecting-table. And so it goes.

"For a strange reason I was exempt from the general hazing which sometimes was quite rough in those ateliers."

That is, my father was nearly exempt, but not quite; as he often told the story of how when he was a "nouveau" the older students gave him a parcel to be carried to the other end of Paris. After crossing the city, he found that no such house as the one described stood in the street named, and that the parcel contained a brick. My father continues:

"New-comers were required to contribute about twenty francs for a spree to celebrate their arrival. The money was spent, of course, on wine, resulting in the rather hilarious happiness of the participants. In the midst of it, upon my initiation, I was asked to sing, and created a furor of enthusiasm by giving the 'Marseillaise' in English. This they made me repeat again and again, encouraging me by praise of my voice, which in my idiotic vanity I imagined to be as beautiful as they said. I proved an easy victim. The following day they told me that the noise and uproar, which rarely ceased in the atelier, would stop the moment the 'massier,' the president and treasurer of the class, entered the studio, because he was a person of importance and had to be treated with respect. That, of course, was all nonsense, as he was simply one of the pupils, a little older than the rest. But on his arrival there fell a hush, and presently certain of the boys came over to me like a deputation, saying that the massier wished me to sing the 'Marseillaise' in English. I refused with becoming modesty and much fright. They retired with my message, but soon came back to me with another from him, insisting on the song, as he had heard that I had 'a wonderful voice.' I again refused. And the third time they explained that the order was imperative and that if I did not obey I would regret it. I immediately began, and bawled away at the top of my lungs, to hysterical applause. They kept this up every day for so long a time before I realized that they were making fun of me that I am ashamed to recall it. And that was why I was not made to undress, or to be painted nude, or to undergo any of the numerous ignominies that the poor beginner frequently endures. I was finally admitted to full membership and teased no more, becoming one of the most boisterous, if not one of the most malicious."

Yet that condition never seemed to deter my father's earnestness of purpose, for his old friend M. Alfred Garnier writes of him:

"In Jouffroy's class, when Augustus became a senior, he was one of the most turbulent of the lot, singing and whistling to split your ears. All of which did not hinder him from working with his whole soul and thinking of the future."

And later my father wrote to my mother:

"While I was at the Beaux Arts it was hell generally, all the time, right around the fellers, yelling, fighting, singing, throwing things; and yet the three or four really serious men kept right on, regardless. That was the case with me."

To return to the reminiscences:

"While I was at Jouffroy's I formed three of my greatest friendships. One for Alfred Garnier, another for Paul Bion, a long, thin, intellectual young fellow who had been brought up piously, and who had been most shamefully hazed on entering the school. He possessed a nobility of character unusual in such surroundings. Perhaps I was a shade less brutal than the others, and for that reason we became friends. Our care for each other continued without break or quarrel to the day of his death, thirty years afterward. The third companion I made was a Portuguese, Soares dos Reis. He, too, was long, dark, and thin, of an effeminate nature, inclined to melancholy, the kindest man in the world. He committed suicide in Portugal some fifteen years later, through mari-

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STUDIES OF GREEK COSTUME

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

tal troubles. He had an exquisite talent, and I shall speak more of him later on.

"Although this was certainly a very important part of my existence, when I come to it I do not seem to be able to recall incidents as I did of an earlier period, nor do I remember appreciating seriously any of the things that ought to be appreciated. My life in the atelier was the regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms and disheartenings. But my ambition was of such a soaring nature, and I was so tremendously austere, that I had the deepest scorn for the ordinary amusements of the light operas, balls, and what not; and I felt a Spartan-like superiority in my disdain for the famous *Schneider* in Offenbach's productions which had a tremendous success at that time. I have since entirely changed my point of view, and

regret nothing more than that I missed the plays which have become classic, and which were done in a way that probably will not be repeated.

"On the other hand, my profundity allowed me to go to the Sunday Classical Concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver on the Boulevard, which I attended with great regularity. There are seven or eight such concerts now, I am told; whereas at that time there was but one, the leader of which was M. Pasdeloup. I heard all his good music, and was a witness during all the Sunday battles when he attempted to introduce Wagner to the French audiences, a large part of whom came with the deliberate intention of suppressing and howling down the 'Flying Dutchman,' one of the principal pieces on the program. In France, the whistle is the sign of derogation and disapproval, and the spectators brought numbers of them. As soon as the leader raised his arm for the first bars of the music, the storm began. It was so great that it was impossible to hear the musicians. We could see the fiddlers fiddling away at a tremendous rate and evidently making a lot of noise; but, in the overpowering uproar of the audience, it seemed like a dumb show. At last Pasdeloup gave it up. Then he began again. The uproar was repeated. So the second time he turned to the audience,—he was a short, chubby man,—and said that this piece was on the program, that those who did not wish to hear it had not been forced to come and could have remained away if it was distasteful, that therefore he was going to play it right through, regardless of any antagonistic demonstration, and that if they did not wish to hear it, they had better go out now. He began again, and the uproar and the dumb show were repeated. Now the friends of Wagner added to the tumult by constant applause. Little by little the anti-Wagnerites gave way, and the last half was heard in comparative order.

"At this time I was active beyond measure. After drawing-school at night I went to a gymnasium, where I exercised more violently than the others, and where I took colder douches. Also I constantly visited the swimming-baths, where I remained longer than my friends."

M. Alfred Garnier writes in French to my uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, of his meeting with my father and of his life during these years. I translate and abbreviate:

". . . A few days afterward, on going in the evening to a little gymnasium which I frequented in a street near the Panthéon, I saw a young man who, for some reason or other, seemed to me to be the American in question. What was it attracted me to him? Was it his face? Was it his eyes, so frank, so candid? Yes, perhaps it was his eyes. But I speak, of course, of his eyes of twenty years. You do not remember them as I do; since a few years later they had entirely changed. Yet then he felt that the uncertainty of the morrow had vanished, that he was going to be able to earn his living easily, that his growing talent had begun to be known. His tranquillity replaced his cheerfulness. As fast as the one came the other went away.

"The next day, Sunday morning, I went for a walk before lunch in spite of rainy and foggy weather. Many persons were then in the habit of going, out of curiosity, to look at the show windows of D'Angleterre, a celebrated picture-dealer of the time, who lived at the corner of the Rue de Seine and another little street which entered it, forming a sharp angle. So after having turned into this quarter, very much changed since then, I naturally strolled toward D'Angleterre's. There I saw my American. I went up to him and spoke, perhaps with a little impertinence. However, to all of my advances he answered only indifferently, making me feel that I would do him a very sensible pleasure if I left him alone. But notwithstanding his unwillingness I stuck by him when he left the show windows without saying either good-day or good-night, and, to my own surprise, under the rain which fell heavily, walked along with him and continued a one-sided conversation. In such a manner we went around all the little streets of that region, he, no doubt, wishing to have me leave him, until at last he arrived in the Rue Jacob and, coming before a house, saluted me coolly, saying that he was now home, and disappeared.

"But the following gymnasium evening I met him again, and we wrestled with each other under the direction of Regamey, who was a good wrestler. Then, after we had plentifully rolled each

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COMPOSITION

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

other around, and after we had thrown each other a dozen times,—you can imagine how we looked with that black sawdust glued by sweat to our faces and bodies,—the ice was broken.

"From now on I often went to see him in his room, where he engraved cameos; for though in the mornings he came to the school, his afternoons had to be consecrated to earning his living. At this period Augustus was the gayest of young men, though that did not prevent his undertone of seriousness and reflection. I remember how much he was moved when he received a few dollars which his parents sent to him. He thought probably of the privations which he imposed on them for the sake of his success; and he used to ask himself if the time would come when he would be able to help them in his turn.

"For amusement we often swam in the baths of the Louvre. When one of us suggested that, we always added, 'Are n't you coming, Saint-Gaudens?' for we knew this to be his weakness. He went there purposely in the morning at five o'clock in order not to interrupt his work. But often somebody would be able to lead him astray again during the day. I always accompanied him. He swam well and with unusual enjoyment. You should have seen him dive from the top of the steps, disappear, and reappear. It was intoxication for him."

To return to the reminiscences:

"Now also I began to make trips into the country with Dammouse and Garnier. But as I recall them, rather than a wild love of nature, these were the unconscious expenditure of superabundant energy wherein the number of kilometers covered furnished the principal pleasure. Two excursions, however, stand out conspicuously. One was a walk from Paris to St. Valery, and from there along the coast to Dieppe and back in the cars. Here was recalled that sense of delight at seeing hill beyond hill that came to me on Staten Island."

M. Garnier writes of this trip:

"Several times we took long walks with Dammouse of twelve or fifteen leagues a day. Once in especial we went from Paris by railroad as far as Mantes and from there, each of us with a knapsack, we passed through Rouen afoot as far as St. Valery-en-Caux. Five minutes after we reached the sea-shore we were in the water in spite of the heavy waves; for as soon as he saw the water Augustus had to en-

ter, and I had to follow, thinking that the sea was always heavy like that. Soon we heard persons yelling at us, because the day before a young man had been drowned there. Then we came back to the shore. On that occasion Dammouse, who was prudence itself and who always remained concentrated prudence, watched us tranquilly. But afterward we all went in swimming again time after time, for we followed the coast as far as Dieppe."

To go back to the reminiscences again:

"Another trip which we took to Switzerland on an absurdly small sum—one hundred to one hundred and fifty francs—had for me an interesting, amusing, painful, and sensational beginning. I then, with my friend Herzog, occupied that attic opposite the College of France. The morning of starting from my sixth floor I shouldered a heavy knapsack with a tin cup attached, and laced-up heavy shoes protected with smooth-headed hobnails. The floors of the staircase were, as those familiar with that class of houses in Paris know, thoroughly waxed, polished, and slippery. So when I started on the top step of the top floor my feet went out from under me and I jangled down on a part of the body not intended for locomotion, with a tremendous clatter of the cup and other paraphernalia. The next flight I approached with caution, but ineffectually, and the riotous descent was repeated. Then again on the stairs below I resumed my unconventional slide, until persons rushed out on the landings from their apartments, and servant-girls stuck their heads from the kitchens upon the resounding court, in wonder and alarm at what was taking place.

"From that scene the three of us went on one of those awful excursion trains as far as Strasburg. Then we walked to Basle in Switzerland, and down the valley of the Jura to a point opposite Coppet. It was in this valley, after a ferocious climb up some almost inaccessible hill, that the stupendous view of the Alps burst upon us, recalling again the enchantment of my first experience of nature when I was thirteen, but not equaling it. From Coppet we went to the Château Chillon at the end of the lake, walked along the valley of the Chamounix, climbed Mont Blanc as far as the Montanvert, thence returned on foot in a drenching rainstorm to Geneva, and finally reached Paris with a franc each in our pockets."

M. Garnier writes of the trip. I translate portions:

"For the vacation of 1869 we planned a journey into Switzerland. As soon as we mentioned it to Augustus he wanted to leave. But it was necessary to provide a purse and baggage and good shoes. We had all the trouble in the world to get Augustus to understand this. He said: 'Better start at once. We will see about those things afterward.' Finally, however, like ourselves, he scraped together a little money, his knapsack, and what was necessary to put into it. We left in a third-class excursion train bound for Strasburg. I do not remember just how we managed to sell our return tickets, but we sold them. The day after, we visited the cathedral and went to the top of the spire to admire the panorama; but it was always Augustus who admired the best and the most. Nobody so much as he got his money's worth, as everything seemed lovely, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful. Fortunately we had given our money to Dammouse to keep, as he was charged to pay the expenses. We knew that he was more reasonable than ourselves, and therefore would prevent our committing follies.

"From Strasburg we directed our steps across the beautiful country of Alsace to Basle. There we visited the museum, although it was not a regular visiting day, because we were furnished with a letter from M. Gillaume, on the official paper of the Minister of Fine Arts, which described us as distinguished pupils of the school traveling for instruction.

"The next morning we left Basle at the caprice of the winds. After a few leagues we followed a valley through which ran a brook that from time to time we saw below the road. Then, all at once, on the slope beyond the stream, we caught sight of a little old castle. We stopped to admire it; whereupon, at a window, a large window way up near the top, appeared a woman. Was it a woman or a young girl? From the distance we could not tell. Naturally, however, she appeared to us young and beautiful, seen in a castle from afar by youths of twenty.

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STUDIES FOR A FOUNTAIN

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

Perhaps we were more visible to her than she was to us; for we had on white blouses with striped waistbands, trousers tucked in our gaiters, slouch hats, and knapsacks on our backs. At any rate, after a moment our charming woman or young girl, whom we made out so indistinctly, waved a white scarf. Immediately the imagination of Augustus and myself took fire and flame; though not so the imagination of our little pocket-book, Dammouse. We began to ask ourselves, 'Is she not an unfortunate woman imprisoned in this castle by some horrible husband? Would it not be generous and chivalrous of us to deliver her?' Ah, how charming were

all those follies which passed through our heads! 'Yes, but we still have a long journey to make before arriving at our stopping-place,' our cashier interrupted. So with a hunch of our shoulders to replace our knapsacks, we once more took the road. . . .

"On reaching Coppet, we followed the shore of the lake as far as Lausanne, taking baths at intervals, for we always jumped in when there was water. Once Augustus wished that we two should swim across a sort of little bay. All went well until I was half-way on the trip, when, turning my head and seeing myself far from both shores, I became frightened. Augustus was a few strokes ahead of me. 'Don't swim so fast. I want to catch up with you,' I shouted. And then the fear ceased as I encouraged myself in thinking that, if I were to drown, he would drown also in trying to save me. Together we finished the crossing easily, but I never dared to tell him of my fright.

"About thirty years afterward, in our beautiful trip through Italy, Augustus often remarked to me that our journey through the Juras and in Switzerland was one of the finest he ever had, incomparable to any others. I agree with him."

The reminiscences say:

"Shortly after this trip, war was declared, and, in common with most republican sympathizers, I felt violent antagonism to the action of the French government."

M. Garnier describes that moment:

"Augustus and I were at the opera with Defelici at the time that war was declared. I believe they were playing or singing 'La Muette de Portice.' At any rate, near the end of the performance the principal actor came before the audience with a flag in his hand to call on them to sing the 'National Hymn.' Then every one went crazy, and we not less than the others; so crazy that soon we found ourselves with Bastien-Lepage, and one of his friends, on the Boulevard, where we hammered with fists and canes a number of the idiots who were crying 'To Berlin!'"

My father continues:

"I believe it is not generally appreciated that the republican party opposed the war; so nothing was more striking than to see the Paris regiments going up the Boulevard de Strasbourg to the railroad station, straggling along apparently in confusion, followed by their wives, children, and friends, while many of the men shouted, 'Vive la Paix!' Again I recall watching some of the provincial troops marching to the same station in the night, but in more regular order, many of them intoxicated, singing the 'Marseillaise.' As they filed by in the dark, they gave me strongly the impression of sheep being driven to the shambles. Indeed, so vivid was their misery and so intense the pathos, that in my sympathy I rushed up and embraced two or three of the soldiers as they went by.

"Previous to this, I had fortunately been given a stone cameo portrait to do, for which I was to be paid one hundred dollars, an enormous sum to me at that time. The lady who ordered it, a widow from Canada, left suddenly for America when the war broke out, and I sent the cameo to her by her father. Knowing, therefore, that I was to have this money, I left Paris on the fourth of September for Limoges, where my brother worked in the employ of one of the New York porcelain firms. On that day the republic was declared, and I learned of it when I arrived at Limoges at night. Immediately followed Bismarck's rejection of Jules Favre's proclamation that the republican party, then in power, would be willing to stop the war, 'pay an indemnity, but would not relinquish a stone of their fortresses or an inch of their territory.' This brought the republicans to the defense of their country, and I started back to Paris to join either the active army or the ambulance corps. On arriving there, however, I found a letter from my mother so pathetic that my courage failed, and I decided to return to Limoges. But I was in Paris long enough to be present at the entrance into the city of the troops from Brittany, marching in at the Porte d'Orléans, with no uniforms, but in simple blouses; while crowded with them, in utter confusion and dust, were droves of sheep and cattle, being led to the Jardin des Plantes, in preparation for the coming siege. That was a vision of war that I can never forget. Another spectacle which made a profound impression on me was seeing parts of the defeated army of MacMahon,

which had been hurried into Paris, bivouacking on the magnificent Avenue de la Grande-Armée, the troops in their weather-worn uniforms, the camp-fires and the stacked arms. The irony of these defeated legions under the shadow of the great arch erected to the honor of Napoleon's victories comes only to me now."

The following is a translation of a letter my father wrote in French to M. Garnier from Limoges on September 21, 1870.

"Dear Alfred:

"Although the regular postal service is interrupted, I hope this will reach you. I feel persuaded you think me a coward, and I don't blame you. But I am going to explain what happened, and then I am certain you will agree that I was justified in doing what I did.

"I was at Lieusaint on the third of September and heard nothing of the defeat at Sedan and the capture of the Emperor. I returned to Paris very late and went to bed. Early the next morning I started for the railway-station, and on the way saw the proclamation of the Emperor's ministers, but my lack of confidence in their ability and my preoccupation prevented my remaining in Paris. I bought a 'Siècle' and put it in my pocket. About an hour after, I took it out and read the speech made by Jules Favre the day before, and then, though I regretted my going away, I said to myself, 'There is no hurry. I am traveling only as far as Limoges, where I will find Lafond, who, I am sure, will come back with me at once.' On my arrival there I learned that the republic was proclaimed, and that settled my mind to revisit Paris and to volunteer. I soon found Lafond, who told me he was on the conscription list, and that therefore he had to remain where he was. The next day he was drafted into the 10th infantry, and I returned to Paris alone. The train was filled with women weeping for their husbands and sons off at the front, which made me think of home, my mother, and the years of absence, all of which saddened me. On reaching Paris, I found more regiments leaving and more scenes of misery to weaken my resolution, and then, to cap the climax, an eight-page letter from my mother, telling of her state of mind concerning me, and imploring me to keep out of political affairs and to return to America at any cost.

"I know you love your mother, and you realize how much I think of mine. What would you have done in my place? You would have done as I did, I feel sure. I understand that one's duty to a great cause should be paramount to the love one bears his parents, but I confess I had no such stern resolve. Once more I am back in Limoges, where I can assure you I am not at all happy. My thoughts are continually with you on the field of danger, while regretting my inactivity here. I feel now that I should rather be bereft of those parents, whose existence interferes with the defense of my principles. So you see I am hard pressed.

"If they were only here, I would not hesitate a moment, but they are getting old and love me. They have worked hard all their lives, are poor, and are still working. What would happen if they should lose me now? You can imagine what a miserable state of mind I am in. Your friend, Gus."

To take up the reminiscences again:

"I returned to Limoges, where I remained two or three months. Then, borrowing one hundred francs from my brother, I started for Rome, as I knew that there I would find an Italian friend, and very probably work. It was miserable November weather. I crossed France to Lyons in the hope of taking a steamer which I was told descended the Rhone to Avignon, near Marseilles, at a very reduced price. But at Lyons I found the service stopped, so I had to go down in the cars. While loitering at the station it was queer to see some twenty or thirty Prussian prisoners awaiting a train, calmly lounging about, smoking their peaceful family-looking porcelain pipes.

"At Marseilles I just missed a boat that went to Civita Vecchia, the point of landing for Rome, so I had to wait three days more. I was not the most respectable object in the world; and, as I was followed once or twice during the first day by other suspicious-looking persons, through fear I determined to pass my time away from the city, which I did by going to the hill called Notre Dame de Bonne Garde, from which there was a marvelous view of Marseilles, the Mediterranean, and the surrounding coast.

"During all this time, in fact during the whole trip from Limoges, I lived on

From a photograph owned by Thomas Moore. Copyright, 1908, by Augusta Saint-Gaudens

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS (SEATED), GEORGE DUBOIS (AT THE LEFT), AND ERNEST MAYOR, DURING A WALKING TRIP IN 1871

figs and chocolate and pieces of an extraordinary pâté, given me by the big, fat, whole-hearted wife of the owner of the pension where my brother lived. So by the time I boarded the little steamer for Civita Vecchia, my stomach was not in a condition to be tossed about. My other possession besides this pâté was the box containing my cameo-cutter's lathe, to which I clung during the forty or fifty hours of the journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia, during which I suffered the tortures of the damned, rolling round the deck in misery, and in my more lucid intervals catching glimpses of the sailors seated before my pâté, which they, no doubt, seeing that I was unable to appreciate it, concluded to dispose of themselves.

"In contrast to this, the trip to Rome from Civita Vecchia, when the cars rolled through the soft air of the Campagna, seemed like the entrance into paradise. I arrived there in the night, and called immediately on my friend, who, they told me, was in an adjoining house. There I found him paying court to the most beautiful creature in the world. I slept in his

room, and the following morning I awoke to the blessed charm of Rome.

"The fascination of the Holy City as I stepped into the street the first time that morning, can be appreciated only by those who have lived there. Coming so soon after the misery of the gray, bleak weather of France, the war and its disaster, and the terrible Mediterranean trip, it seemed all the more exalting. As I turned the corner from the Via Sistina, where my friend lived, and looked up the Via Porta Pinciana, the first view of a stone-pine at the head of the street appeared incomparably beautiful in the gentle welcome which seemed to pervade it all. It was as if a door had been thrown wide open to the eternal beauty of the classical. Therefore though the story of my life in Paris was repeated while in Rome in so far that my enthusiasm for my work made me neglect the earning of pennies to such an extent that I was down at the heels most of the time, a greater appreciation of the beauty of surrounding nature than that which existed in France came over me, so that the classic charm of the Campagna, of the Sabine Mountains, of Tivoli, of Albano, and of Frascati, was by no means lost on me during my frequent Sunday trips to these places with my acquaintances."

The sense of that charm stayed with my father all his life, and led him to become one of the most earnest workers for the endowed American Academy in Rome, now established in the Villa Mirafiori. It was the remembrance of those days which induced him to direct one of the few public speeches he ever made, toward helping American youth to "that wonderful spot, which, void of all business cares, should tend to an earnest and more thorough training of those who wish to become sculptors." And when at last he realized his ambition he gave evidence of his state of mind in the following letter which he wrote to his fellow promoter, Mr. Charles F. McKim:

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a photograph sent from Rome in the sixties. Owned by Mrs. D. J. McDonald.

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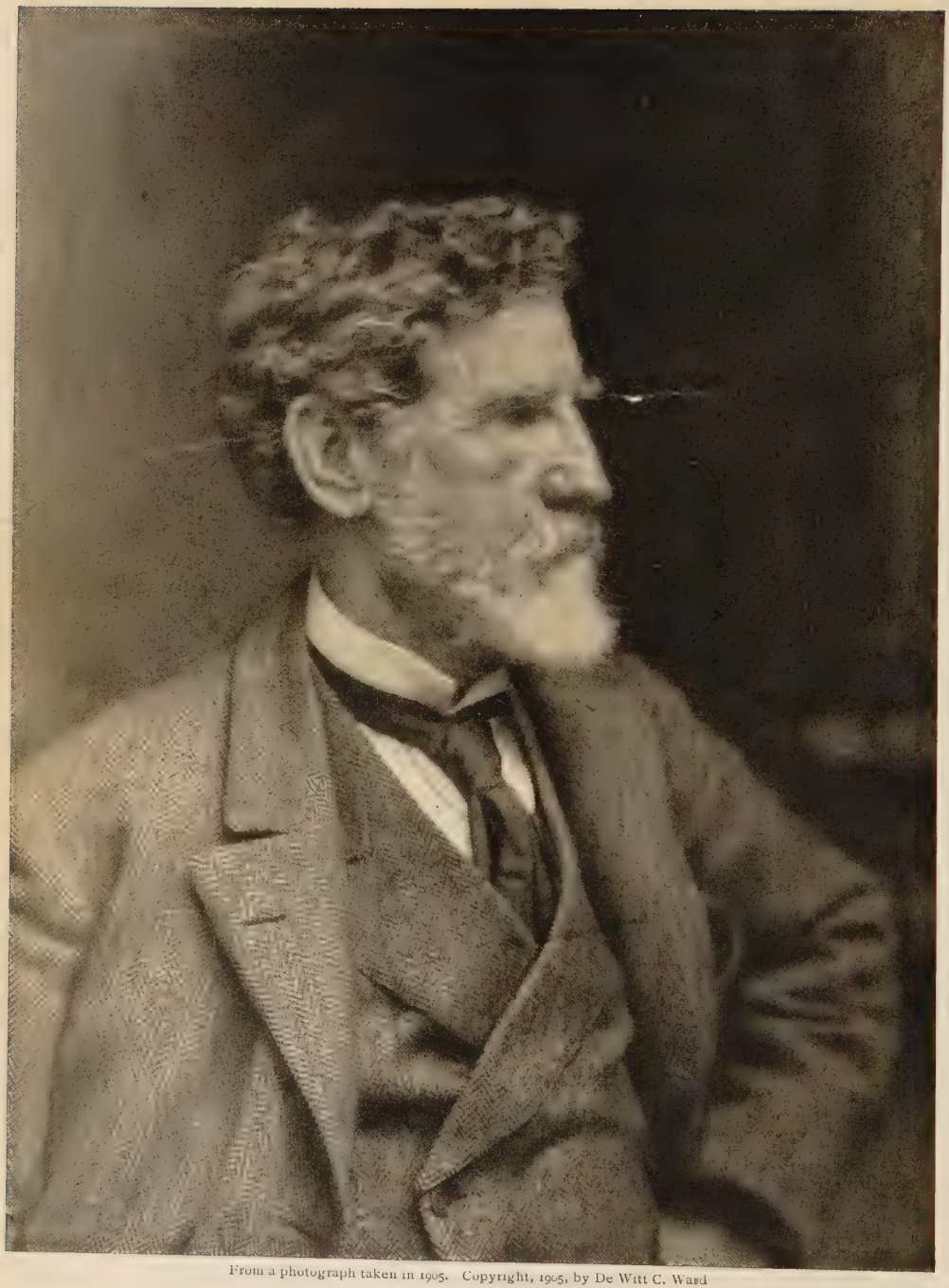
SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF HIAWATHA. OWNED BY THE HILTON ESTATE, SARATOGA



From a photograph taken in 1905. Copyright, 1905, by De Witt C. Ward

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

"Karo Karlo:—

"Of course you know about the inclosed.

"Hoooooooooooooo Raaaaaaaaaaaaa!!

"All we want now is California's $50,000.00 and Columbia's $25,000.00 to complete the business; is not that so?

"You had better prepare your gripsack for the opening next year."

My father in his reminiscences continues to illustrate this attitude:

"It was shortly after my arrival in Rome that I witnessed one of those scenes which it seems to me are possible only in Italy; for that country has an extraordinary gift for public celebration which always shows itself in a surprising measure. King Victor Emmanuel's formal entrance into the city was the event in the history of Italy at the time, and the population meant that it should be memorable. The palaces and houses on each side of the Corso, which was crowded with people, were made alive and gorgeous with all manner of rugs, flags, flowers, and garlands. Along its narrow sidewalks from one end of the route, the railroad station, to the palace of the Quirinal at the other, stood soldiers within a foot or two of one another. After the usual wait that seems inevitable in all affairs of this kind, I became conscious of a confused sound in the distance, which increased gradually to a roar. On looking up the street, a cloud seemed to fill all the end. This approached with increasing rush of noise, and as it drew near, it was seen to be a tremendous storm of flowers. Then came a bewildering instant of wild enthusiasm from the people as the King was driven past at a very high speed, preceded by a crowd of dragoons and followed by more. As he flew by, we found ourselves in the height of the noise and confusion and the flowers and what not. But in a moment the storm disappeared down the street like a tornado diminishing in the distance. Such was his entry. And the haste no doubt was a wise precaution against possible bombs.

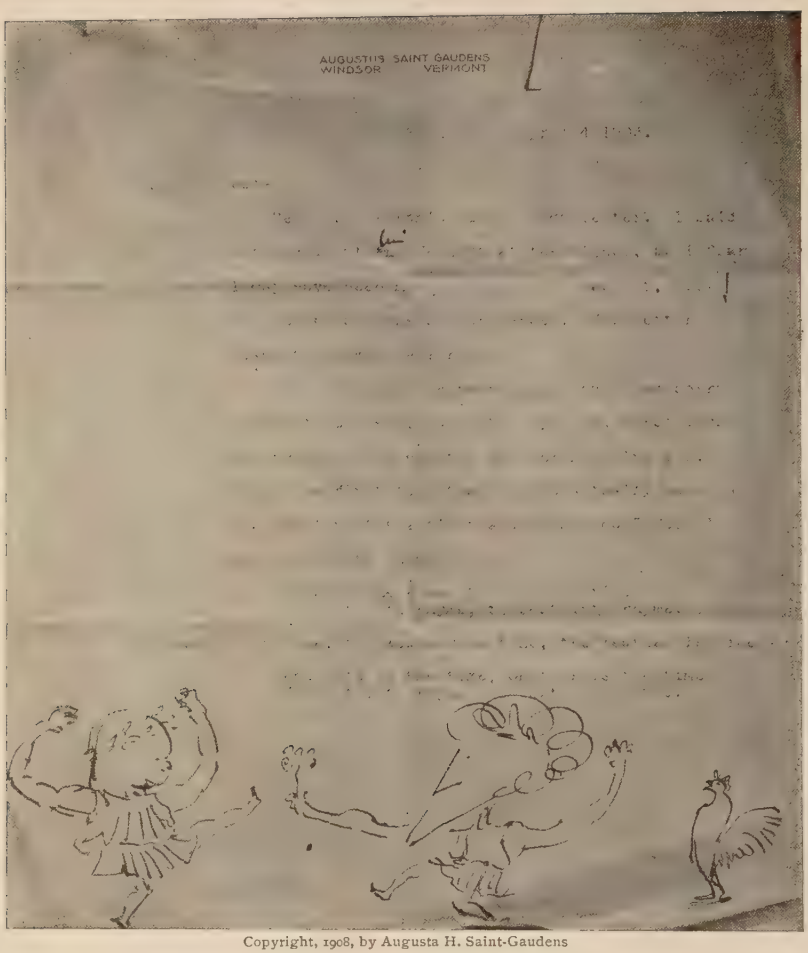
"Through my friend whom I visited on my coming to Rome, I immediately obtained cameos to do for a dealer, Rossi by name, a man with a big red beard, who lived in the Via Margutta. He paid what seemed to me large prices, and I set about to find a studio in which to model my first statue, which was to astonish the world.

"Truman Bartlett, whose place I have said I occupied for a short time in Paris, informed me that there was an American dying near by who had precisely what I wished, with a studio adjoining, and that, if I would wait a little, it would not be long before I could obtain possession. While awaiting the event, another friend came to me saying that he knew this very sick American, whom it would be a kindness to visit. He had had a stroke of paralysis, so I was told that although his speech was incoherent, it would be well to pretend to understand him and to cheer him up. When I called, I found a living dead man on a low cot in a little room. But he needed no cheering up, for notwithstanding the incoherence of his language, he seemed perfectly happy and contented, nailed to his bed as he was. I went to see him frequently after that. We became fast friends. This was thirty-six years ago and still he is alive, as sound as a drum, as lively as a cricket, and likely far to outlive those of us who expected to attend his funeral and to occupy his studio in Rome. I speak of Mr. William Gedney Bunce, the artist who has painted such beautiful visions of Venice."

Mr. Bunce, who is a brother of Admiral Bunce, had been a cavalry officer in the Civil War. The four years of hardship at that time had left him an invalid.

My father goes on:

"In Rome one day I met another of my Paris friends who had come to escape the war, Soares, 'Heart of Gold,' as Bion called him. He was a Fine Arts pensioner of the Portuguese government. We took a studio together, and there I set up the figure that should open people's eyes. He also began one, which represented 'The Exile,' the hero of a poem by Camoens, written while he, Camoens, was in banishment. This figure, with its melancholy, was in complete accord with Soares's own nature, and a beautiful work he made. A big sheet hung across the studio, separating us. On the other side of the sheet I began the statue of 'Hiawatha, pondering, musing in the forest, on the welfare of his people,' and so on. This accorded with my profound state of mind, pondering, musing on my own ponderous thoughts and ponderous efforts. Soares was



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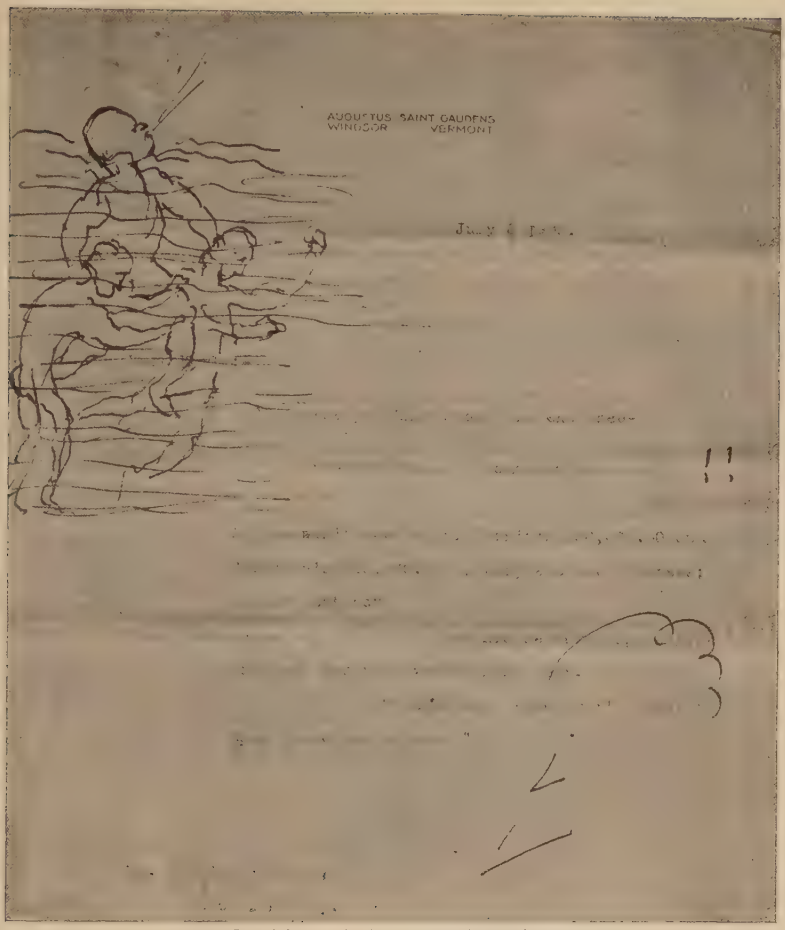
FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS TO CHARLES F. McKIM

The letter, dated April 4, 1905, refers to the success of the American Academy in Rome and the caricatures typify the joy of the two friends.

really a noble nature. No breath of quarrel ever came between us, and that is saying a good deal, considering my constant readiness for one. His utmost protest was an occasional 'Ouf!' which he uttered when, following the habit of my masters in New York and my renown in Paris, I began bawling the moment I entered the studio, never to stop until I left it at one o'clock to go to my bread-winning cameos. He told me that I sang precisely like a hand-organ, that I had a regular routine of songs, one following the other until the list was exhausted. Some of these songs were interesting because they dated from a generation much earlier than those that the young people of my period were familiar with. And to the boys in the Beaux Arts in Paris it seemed more than strange to have this 'pasteboard American,' as they called me, sing to them French songs that they knew nothing of. These songs I had taken from Avet and LeBrethon, who had learned them in their youth. They were popular between 1830 and 1850, and had gone entirely out of date."

A portion of a letter from my father to M. Alfred Garnier, dated Rome, March 21, 1871, well concludes this period.

"I don't want to speak to you about this war. It is too sad. So I will refrain from mentioning it until we see each other again. You must have had some terrible



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FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS TO CHARLES F. McKIM

This letter, dated July 6, 1905, appears, with the exception of the last two lines, on page 593. The caricature, below, was Saint-Gaudens's familiar signature.

times, while I have been safe and sound, far from all danger. I envy you, I assure you.

"Personally I have nothing to do but to congratulate myself on my pecuniary situation. I am earning a lot of money. I shall be able to make my statue, which I begin next week. I shall have it not only in plaster, but in marble. The cameos are much better paid here than in Paris. The jewelers are less exacting. Living is more moderate, and models are only half as dear as in Paris. Rents are equally cheap. More than this, I am beginning to get into relations with rich Americans, and the cameos I cut for them are extraordinarily well paid. My health is excellent, and we have magnificent walks together, Soares, Simeos, Defelici, and I. The four of us have great tramps which cost us very little and on which we enjoy ourselves hugely. And with a good handclasp, I remain your friend,

"Gus."

(To be continued)

OLD HEN AND THE EXPERTS

BY HERBERT QUICK

Author of "The Broken Lance"

WITH PICTURES BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

"I GUESS you have n't heared," said the hired man, pouring out his tea and blowing it, "of what happened to old Hen Peters and his forty-second nephew, Hank. You 'd better have me tell you about it. It all arose from a debate at the literary at the Bollinger school-house.

"You see, old Hen's girl Fanny come home from the State Normal at Cedar Falls as full of social uplift as a yeast-cake, and framed up this literary. It was a lulu of a society, and nights when the sledding was good, the teams just surrounded the lot, and the bells jingled as uplifting as any one could ask.

"The night of the scrap Hank brought Fanny. The debate was on Which was the most terrible scourge, fire or water. Hank was on the negative, and Fanny's father on the affirmative. Old Hen spoke of the way prairie fires de*vas*tated things in an early day, and read history, and gave a beautiful tribute to the Chicago fire and the O'Leary cow. Hank coughed with the dust kicked up when Hen sat down, but he got back with a rhapsody on the Hoang-Ho floods, and the wet season in Noah's time. He said that his honorable opponent ought to take a moment or two from time to time to ascertain the properties of water as a scourge, as an inward remedy, and as a lotion.

"Now besides having an appetite for redeye, old Hen was whiskery and woolly-necked, and handling lots of tame hay, he looked sort of unwashed. So the crowd yelled shameful and laughed; and when Hen got up to answer, he was so mad his whiskers stood out like a rooster's hackle, his words came out in a string like, all lapped on each other, and blurred, and linked together so you could n't tell one from the other; and finally they reversed on the bobbin, and gigged back into his system, and rumbled and reverberated around in him like a flock of wild cattle loose in an empty barn; and the crowd got one of those giggly fits when every one makes the other laugh till they are sore and sick. Asa Wagstaff fell backward out of a window on to a hitching-post, and made Brad Phelps's team break loose. Old Hen stood shaking his fist at them and turning so red in the face that he got blue, and sat down without saying a syllable that any one could understand. You could hear folks hollering and screaming in fits of that laughing disease going home, and getting out and rolling in the snow because they were in agony, and nothing but rolling would touch the spot. But old Hen Peters seemed to be immune.

"Now, in a debate, no man is supposed to have friends or relations, and he floors his man with anything that comes handy, and Hank never dreamed that Hen would hold hardness when he got over his mad fit. Hank and Fanny had things all fixed up, and had been pricing things at the Banner Store, and sitting up as late as two o'clock; but the next Sunday night she met him at the door and told him maybe he 'd better not come into the sitting-room till her pa cooled off. Hank was knocked off his feet, and they stood out in the hall talking sort of tragic until old Hen yelled 'Fanny!' from the sitting-room, and they pretty near jumped out of their skins, and stood further apart, and Fanny went in. In the spring there was a row over the line fence, ending in a devil's lane. Fanny looked pretty blue, only when she was fighting with her pa. Hen would lecture about the two Peters brothers that came across in 1720, and how all Peterses that were not descended

from them are Nimshies and impostors. 'I despise and hate,' says he, 'a Nimshi and an impostor.'

"Then Fanny would shoot back a remark about the herald's college, and when was her pa going to paint the Peters coat-of-arms on the hay-rake and the hog-house, using sarcasm that no man could understand after being out of school as long as her father had been. Sometimes the old man would forget the spurious registry of the Hank family in the Peters herd-book, and would argue that relations, even the most remote and back-fence kind, ought to be prosecuted if they even dreamed of marrying; and then Fanny would say that it is such a pleasure to know that folks are not always related when they claim to be. Hen would then cuss me for not taking care of my horses' shoulders or something, and things would get no better rapidly.

"Young folks need to meet once in a while in order to keep right with each other, and Jim Miller and I often spoke of the way old Hen was splitting Hank and Fanny apart. Then an Illinois man come out and bought Hank out at a hundred an acre, and Hank wadded his money into his pocket, and bid good-by to the neighborhood for good and all. He never crossed the township line again. Fanny flirted like sixty, and cried when she was alone; but old Hen was as tickled as a colt.

"It seemed like a judgment on Hen for driving as good a man as Hank to Dakota to have Fillmore Smythe begin yelping on his trail. His first yelp was a letter, asking Hen to call and pay a three-hundred-dollar note Fillmore had for collection. Hen had Fanny typewrite a scorching answer, saying that Hen Peters had discounted his bills since before Fillmore Smythe was unfortunately born, and did n't owe no man a cent; and Hen was so mad that he kicked a fifty-dollar collie pup, and hurt its feelings so it never would work, but went to killing young pigs and sheep the way a collie will if you ever sour their nature by licking them. Funny about collies.

"One day old Hen come in from the silo, and saw Fillmore Smythe's team tied at the gate, and Fillmore sitting with Fanny on the stoop, reading 'Lucile.'

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'HE WAS SO MAD HIS WHISKERS STOOD OUT LIKE A ROOSTER'S HACKLE'"

"'I hope I see you well, Mr. Peters,' said the lawyer, kind of smooth-like.

"'None the better for seein' you, sir,' said Hen, jamming his mouth shut when he got through so his mustache and whiskers were all inserted into each other.

"Now this was no way to treat a person from town, and Fanny began saying how wonderful the sunset was last night, and asking did he ever see the moon-vine flowers pop out in bloom in the gloaming, and to curb her neck and step high the way they do when they 're bitted in college.

"'Any partic'lar business here?' asked old Hen.

"'Ah, yes!' said Smythe. 'In addition to the pleasure of seeing you and your accomplished family, I desired a conference as to the curious way in which that little note—'

"'Well, now that you 've seen my accomplished family as much as I want you to,' growled Hen, 'you can git. I told you all I 'm goin' to about what you call my note.'

"'But,' said Fillmore, sort of like he was currying a kicking mule, 'if you 'd consent to look at it, I 'm sure it would all return to your mind!'

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'WHEN WAS HER PA GOING TO PAINT THE PETERS COAT-OF-ARMS ON THE HAY-RAKE AND THE HOG-HOUSE'"

"Hen fired him off the place, though, and he sued Hen. The old man was affected a good deal like the collie pup, and mulled it over, and got sour on the world, especially lawyers that blackmailed and forged. He said he knew well enough that Smythe either did it or knew who did, and that every lawyer ought to be hung. I argued for imprisonment for the first offense for a no-account lawyer like Smythe, with a life sentence if it was proved that he knew any law, and the death penalty for good lawyers like Judge McKenzie; and Hen was so mad at me for what I said that he would n't let me have the top buggy the next Sunday night when I needed it the worst way.

"The big doings come off when the case came up to be tried. I quit hauling ensilage, and went with Fanny and the old folks up to the county seat to give testimony that Hen never signed that note. Fanny stayed with Phœbe Relyea; but the rest of us stopped at the Accidental Hotel, where most of the jurors and others tangled up in court stayed too.

"The lawyer in the case ahead of us was a new-comer, and strung it out day after day to advertise himself, and yelled so you could hear him over in the bandstand, to show his ability. Hen, all the time, was getting more and more morbid, and forgot his temperance vows, and tried to talk about the case to everybody. About half the time it would be a juryman he would try to confide in, and this made trouble on account of their thinking he was trying to influence them. One night Hen was owly as sin, drinking with Walker Swayne from Pleasant Valley Township; and when he cried into his beer because Fillmore Smythe was trying to swindle him and blast his good name, Walker slapped him for approaching him on a case he might be called to sit on. I put Hen to bed at the Revere House, and told Mrs. Peters he 'd been called home. She 'phoned out to have him count the young turkeys, and the Swede second man had no more sense than to say he had not been there, instead of placing him where they had no telephone, as an honest hired man with any sprawl would have done. You could n't trust this Swede as far as you could throw a thesaurus by the tail. I am not saying that he was corrupt; but he was just thumb-hand-sided and lummoxy, and blurted, 'Hae ain't bane hare'

into the transmitter with never a thought of the danger of telling the truth. Mrs. Peters did n't know what to be distressed about, and, because I 'm paid the princely salary I get for such things, she jumped on me like a duck on a June-bug.

"When Hen and I went to McKenzie's office the night before our case came up, the lawyer was worried. He asked us if we knew who was going to testify against us.

"'No,' snapped Hen; 'an' I don't care. Nobody ever saw me sign that note, and it don't make any matter.'

"Then he went on to tell what great friends he and Judge Brockway used to be, when the judge used to shoot prairie-chickens in Hen's stubble, and Mrs. Peters cooked the chickens for the judge.

"'Brockway thinks as much of me as a brother,' said Hen. 'He told me as much when he was running for judge. He won't see me stuck.'

"This did n't seem to impress Judge McKenzie much. He still looked worried, and said the other side had got every banker in town on their side as handwriting experts.

"'I don't like the looks of things,' said he.

"Hen flew mad at the idea of his lawyer's hinting that any man could get stuck in such a case. The judge tried to explain, and Hen asked him how much the other side was paying him, and the judge threw up his job. Pretty soon, though, Hen got him to take a new retainer of fifteen dollars, and he opened a new account in his books. This made Hen feel good, for the judge was great with juries when he was sober. He was good and sober now, for he had just taken the drinking cure for the third time. We had lots of faith in Providence and McKenzie, but were scary as three-year-olds that night at any strange noise in the brush. You know how it is when you feel that way.

"Things went wrong the next morning. So many of the jurors said that Hen had

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'YOU CAN GIT!'"

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'THAT 'S A FORGERY'"

talked to them that Judge Brockway just glared at Hen, and said that the court was not favorably impressed by tactics of that sort.

"Walker Swayne told how he had slapped Hen's chaps to drive off his improper advances, and Judge Brockway said that he could not condone breaches of the peace; but a juror, like a woman, was justified if any one; and when old Hen asked Mac for the Lord's sake, were there any women sitting on this case, Brockway wilted Hen again with a look.

"I asked Hen at recess if he thought Brockway would ask him as a friend and brother to sit up on the bench, and he flared up and said Brock was all right, but was disguising his feelings as a judge.

"'He 's got a disguise that 's a bird,' said I, and Hen said I might consider myself discharged; but wrote me a note after court took up, hiring me back again.

"The next juror up related another case of Hen's vile tactics, and the judge threatened to send him to jail if anything more bobbed up. Hen fell back into his chair limpsy, like dropping a wet string, —all spiral like,—and everybody looked at us in horror for our pollyfoxing with the jury. As a matter of fact, in his state of beer and overconfidingness, Hen would have wept on the breast of a wooden Indian that would have held still while he told of the octopus and its forgeries. In all the time I worked for him, he never tried once to destroy the jury system or his country's liberty.

"Finally they found twelve men that did n't know anything about the case or anything, and had no opinions or prejudices for or against anything, and the lawyers told the jury what they expected to prove.

"'The sacred system of trial by jury,' said Fillmore Smythe, 'has been saved from the attacks of the defendant by an incorruptible court. Placed on trial before this intelligent jury, what the defendant may do I cannot even guess; but we have here in court his note, signed in his own proper person.'

"''T ain't so!' busted out Hen, in his own improper person. 'You hain't got no such note!'

"'One more interruption of this sort,' said the judge, peeking down at Hen, 'and the example that I 'll make of *you* won't soon be forgotten. Proceed, Mr. Smythe!'

"'Concealing his love!' whispers I to Hen; and he put the leg of his chair on my foot and ground it around till I almost yelled.

"When they had marked the note 'Exhibit A' the way they do, Smythe said 'Plaintiff rests,' though they did n't seem near as tired as our side was, and the court let out for noon. They let McKenzie take the note with him to look at. There it was on one of those blanks that it cost me a good claim in Kansas once to practise writing on, and I never got to be much of a pensman either; it was signed 'Henry Peters' as natural as life.

"'Well,' questioned Mac, as Hen turned it over, 'what do you say to it, Henry?'

"I could feel that all the time McKenzie had had a hunch that Hen had really signed the note, and Hen felt it, too, and he threw to the winds the remains of his last conversion, and his fear that Mac would strike again, and talked as bad as if he was learning a calf to drink.

"'Why, you scoundrelly Keeley graduate,' he yelled, 'what did I tell you! That 's a forgery, as any one but a half-witted pettifogger could see by lookin' at it!'

"'I sever my connection with this case right now,' said Mac, away down in his chest, and as dignified as a ring-master. 'No inebriated litigant can refer to the struggle and expense I have incurred in lifting myself to a nobler plane of self-control, and then call for my skill and erudition in extricating him from the quagmire of the law in which his imprudences have immeshed him. Go, sir, to some practitioner so far lost to manhood as to be able to resist the temptation to brain you with his notary-public's seal. Leave me to my books!'

"Mac went into the next room and shut the door, but did not lock it. I took and apologized for Hen; but Mac stuck his nose in a book and waved me away. If Hen had been a little drunker he would have cried; and I went back to woo McKenzie some more. Finally, he agreed to come into the case again, on payment of another retainer fee of twenty dollars. Hen was game, and skinned a double-X off his roll without a flinch. Mac opened up a new account in his books, and Hen, for my successful diplomacy, raised my wages two dollars a month. It was a great lesson to me.

"Of course I could see that it was not Hen's signature; for his way of writing was Spencerian, modified by handling a fork, shucking corn, and by the ink drying up while he was thinking. The name on the note was kind of backhand. Mac asked about other Henry Peterses, and Hen told him that there was a man that passed by that name in the county a year or so back, but that he never had credit for three hundred cents, never bought any such machinery, and had escaped to Dakota.

"When old Hen testified, he had one of his spluttery spells of reverse English caused by his language getting wound on the shafting, and his denying the signature did n't seem to make much impression on any one. Smythe made him admit that he had bought the tools, and had no check-stub of the payment; and when he said he paid Bloxham in cash, Smythe laid back and grinned, and McKenzie moved that the grin be took down by the reporter, so he could move to strike it out.

"Everybody just seemed to despise us but Mac; and I was as ashamed as a dog. This Bloxham, the machine agent, was dead, and most everybody there had been to his funeral; but it took half an hour to prove his demise. Two jurors went to sleep on this, and one of them hollered 'Whay! whay!' in his sleep, like he was driving stock, and Brockway pounded and glared at *us* for it. I wished I was back with Ole running the shredder.

"All this time we kind of lost sight of Mrs. Peters and Fanny. Fanny sent some word over to the Accidental the second evening, and her mother went over to Relyea's, and came back kind of fluttery. I was sent to Fanny with a suit-case of dresses her mother had there, and Fanny was in the awfullest taking with blushing and her breath fluttering like a fanning-mill with palpitation of the heart that I could n't think what was the matter with her. She had never blushed at seeing me before. I began to see what a pretty girl she was; but I could n't think of tying

myself down, even if she did. She came up close to me, shook hands with me, and bid me good-by when I came away. This was a sign she wanted to hold some one's hand or was going away; and I knew she was n't expected to go away. It set me to thinking. Mac said he would n't want her testimony until the surrey-butter part, if then. I made up my mind I 'd go up and talk with her once in a while, instead of sticking around downtown. But this trial absorbed my attention when the experts came on.

"Smythe had had a magnification made of the name on the note, and the one on old Hen's letter, and every banker in town went on and swore about these names. John Smythe, Fillmore's half-brother, knew Hen's signature; and had had to study handwriting so hard in the bank that he had got to be an expert. He was always thought a kind of ninny, but here 's where he sure did loom up with the knowledge. He acted just as smart as those Chicago experts we read about, and living right here in the county all the time, and never out of the bank a day! A good deal of my ability comes from dropping into some big city like Fort Dodge or Ottumwa, or maybe Sioux City or Des Moines every winter, and getting on to the new wrinkles and broadening out; but John Smythe was always behind that brass railing like a cow in stanchions. And yet he was able to see that those two signatures just had to be made by the same man. This spiel was cutting ice with the jury, and Mac roared and pointed out where they were different; but Smythe hinted that it only seemed so because Mac was ignorant. He could just see the same man a-making them—the way the stem of the 'P' was made, and the finish of the 'y' like a pollywog's tail made it a cinch. Hen swore under his powerful breath that it was a dad-burned lie; but it looked awful plausible to me.

"'You notice,' said Fillmore, 'that the name on the letter is more scrawly and uneven?'

"'Yes,' said John, 'but that merely means that he used a different pen or was nervous. I think I see in the last the characteristic tremor of anger.'

"This looked bad to me, for if ever a man had a right to the characteristic tremor of anger, it was old Hen when he signed that letter. It showed Smythe knew what he was at.

"Mac showed them a lot of Hen's real signatures, but the experts said they only made it clearer. Every one had a little curlicue or funny business that put Hen deeper in the hole; and he finally chucked the bunch, all the reporter did n't have, in the stove. Fillmore Smythe inflated himself and blew up at this; but Brockway, still concealing his love, said that while it looked bad, and the jury might consider this destruction of evidence as one of the facts, the papers belonged to defendant and the court did n't see fit to do anything. Our case looked as bad as it could, and I did n't see why Smythe hollered so about it. The jury looked on us as horse-thieves and crooks, and every time old Hen stepped, he balled things up worse.

"Whitten of the First National was stronger than John Smythe. He said it was physically impossible for any man but the one that signed the letter to have made that note; and he was an expert from away back. He pointed out the anger tremor, too. Mac showed him how the check-signatures all looked like that on the letter, and not like the one on the note; but Whitten said a man was always calm when he made a note, and mad as a hatter when he drew a check. Knowing Hen, this looked plausible to me, and made a hit with the jury. The man that hollered 'Whay!' wrote it down on his cuff.

"Ole Pete Hungerford, the note-shaver, snorted disdainfully that there was no doubt that the note was genuine. He swore that a bogus check I made was genuine, too; and got redder than a turkey when he found I had made it, and said it was the work of a skilful forger. The man that hollered 'Whay!' looked at me in horror, and wrote some more on his cuff. I felt considerable cheap.

"Every expert said the same thing. I believe that there was one while when Hen would have admitted he signed the note if they had called him and rawhided him enough. Hen had some hopes when Zenas Whitcher of the Farmers' Bank had some doubts about one signature; but he flattened out again when he found it was the one on the letter that had old Zenas guessing, and that he was dead sure the one on the note was a sure-enough

Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"'HE DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT; BUT SINCE NIGHT BEFORE LAST I 'VE BEEN HIS SON-IN-LAW'"

genuine sig, only it looked as if he was trying to disguise his hand. Fillmore seemed to think pretty well of this, and had them all go back and swear about this disguise business. They could all see wiggly spots now and places gone over twice where Hen had doubled on his trail to throw pursuers off the track and disguise his hand. It begun to look to me like Hen was up to some skulduggery,—all these smooth guys swearing like that,—but Hen was paying me my wages and needed friends, and I stuck. He looked down his nose like an egg-sucking pup. When I came on to swear that it was not Hen's signature on the note, my mind was so full of curlicues and pollywogs' tails and anger tremors, and disguises, and the gall of my swearing against these big men that had money to burn, that I went into buck fever, and was all shot to rags by Smythe's cross examination,—any of you fellows would be,—so that I finally admitted that the note looked pretty good to me, and that I 'd have probably taken it for Hen's note if I 'd been a banker and had it offered to me. Mac threw up his hands, said that was all our evidence, then went at the jury hammer and tongs, and I looked at poor old Hen all collapsed down into his chair like a rubber snake, and I went and hid.

"In the morning I crawled out, supposing that it would all be over, and wondering where I 'd find Hen; but I heard Judge McKenzie's closing argument rolling out of the court-house windows like thunder. I did n't care for eloquence the way I was feeling, and was just sneaking away, when who should I run on to but Fanny walking with a fellow down under the maples. I was shocked, for she was hanging to his arm the way no nice girl ought to do unless it 's dark. I trailed along behind to see who it was, when the fellow turned his head quick, and I saw it was Hank. They come up to me, Fanny still shamelessly hanging to his arm, looking excited and foolish, like they had just experienced religion or got engaged.

"'Doc,' said Hank, 'we 've just found out about it!'

"'I 've knowed it a long time,' said I, coldly. 'What is it?'

" 'This lawsuit,' said Hank—'is it over, or still running?'

" 'It 's still running,' I said. 'Listen at the machinery rumble up there. It 's all over but the shouting, and we 've got a man hired to do that. Why?'

"They never said a word, but scooted up the stairs. I strolled in and found Mac's machinery throwed out of gear by Hank's interruption. Hen was still collapsed, and did n't see Hank. Mac turned grandly to the judge, and told him that a witness he had been laboring to secure the attendance of from outside the jurisdiction had blowed in, and he wanted the case reopened. Smythe rose buoyantly into the air and hooted, but Brockway coldly reopened the case, and Hank was sworn. The juror that wrote on his cuff looked disgusted, but he wrote Hank's name and age with the rest of his notes.

" 'Where do you live?' asked Mac.

" 'South Dakota,' answered Hank.

" 'Examine "Exhibit A," ' said Mac, proudly, handing Hank the note, 'and tell the jury when if ever you have seen it before!'

" 'When it was signed,' said Hank.

"Old Hen kind of straightened up. Fanny sat down by him, and put her arm about him. She sure did look pretty.

" 'Who signed that note?' asked Mac, with his voice swelling like a B-flat bass tuba.

" 'I did,' answered Hank.

" 'I object,' yelled Smythe, trembling like a leaf.

" 'Overruled,' said Brockway in a kind of tired way.

" 'Do you owe this note?' asked Mac.

" 'You bet I do,' answered Hank, 'and got the money to pay it. I went to Dakota and forgot about the darned note. Bloxham shipped the machinery out there to me. It 's my note all right; Hen Peters never saw it till Smythe got it.'

"The room was full of wilted experts. This did not appeal to them at all. McKenzie laughed fiendishly, as if he 'd had this thing arranged all the time. The jury looked foolish, all but the one that hollered 'Whay!' and he looked mad. I could see Hen reviving, and throwing off his grouch at Hank. Fillmore Smythe said he had a question or two in cross examination.

"What kin are you to the defendant?' he asked.

" 'That 's a disputed point,' replied Hank. 'I dunno 's I 'm any.'

" 'Are you not related to him in any way?' asked Fillmore, prying into things the way they do.

" 'You bet I am,' spoke up Hank, looking over at Fanny, and getting red in the face. 'He don't know about it; but since night before last I 've been his son-in-law.' "

THE GHOST OF MATTHIAS BAUM

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of "The Firm Stand of Hans"

ALL Millerstown loved a courting, and considered the details of village love-affairs as common property. Few woo-ings yielded such abundant food for thought and conversation as those of Savilla Marstellar, who, as a young widow, rich, good to look upon, and an accomplished housewife, had many suitors. To the eyes of Millerstown its eligible men seemed to divide themselves into two classes: those who wished to marry Savilla, and those who did not.

In the first class, Al Losch and Jacob Fackenthal were most favored by Savilla. Al was a stone mason, and Jacob a carpenter. Both were tall, strong young fellows, industrious and capable, even though the older women shook their heads and said they were wild.

The second class, so at least Millers-

town thought, was composed entirely of one man, Christian Oswald, whose misogynistic principles were so fully accepted that no one dreamed of connecting his name with that of any woman. He was a bachelor, said to have at least ten thousand dollars in bank, a little man, as shy as Jake Fackenthal was bold, and physically as weak as Al Losch was mighty. Millerstown would have laughed had any one suggested Christian as a suitor for the hand of Savilla. For once, however, Millerstown had made a mistake. Christian Oswald adored Savilla from the top of her curly head to the soles of her slippered feet. He had scarcely spoken to her, however. Never was love more hopeless; never passion more skilfully hidden.

Just at the moment when Al and Jake had driven all others from the field, Savilla did something so foolish that Millerstown declared that both men would "throw her over." To begin with, she had been notified that she would have to give up the house in which she lived at the end of the month.

"What will you do?" asked her friend, Sarah Ann Mohr.

"I have a place," answered Savilla, calmly.

"But where?" insisted Sarah Ann.

"Aye; out where Matthias Baum lived. I will buy that house."

"Are you then no longer right in your head?" demanded Sarah Ann, while her glasses slid unheeded down her nose. "Do you then forget that old Baum hung hisself dead, and it is ever since a schpook?"

"I don't fear me for no schpook."

"What you say?"

"I said I did n't fear me for no schpook. I never did the old man anything. He can be thankful that I give his house a good name."

She swayed back and forth defiantly in her low rocking-chair, displaying an inch or two of white stocking above a low shoe. Sarah Ann gazed at her again. Somehow or other it did not seem quite respectable for a widow to wear low shoes.

"But, Savilla, it is out there so lonely."

"I am not afraid."

"And it won't nobody go to see you."

"Pooh! What do I care! They can stay away."

"Losch he is afraid of schpooks, and Jakie Fackenthal, too, he is afraid of schpooks."

"They can stay away," repeated Savilla, defiantly.

Nor were Sarah Ann's the only protests with which Savilla had to contend. Al and Jake besought her not to go out there to live. She had to hear again and again the sinister story of the place, and as she steadily refused to be frightened, she began to realize that her friends were looking at her askance, as if she had leagued herself with the mysterious powers supposed to reign there; all of which had the effect of setting the fair widow more firmly than ever in her own way. If Al and Jake were both afraid of schpooks, she had at last a means of deciding between them. Whoever braved oftenest the terrors of that lonely path should be rewarded with her heart.

The house stood on a little cross-road about a quarter of a mile from where the pike broadened into the village street. Back of it lay the fields and meadows of the great Weygandt farm, and in front, across a narrow road, a thick grove of locust- and chestnut-trees. The first object upon which one's glance rested, however, was a hickory, which swung far up against the sky, dwarfing the locusts near it into shrubs. From its lower branches hung ropes of wild grape-vines, which clasped the young shoots of Virginia creeper on the other trees, making a dim twilight even at noonday. Years before, the house had been the home of wicked old Matthias Baum and his brood of wilder and more wicked sons. They bore so evil a reputation that they had few visitors. Once, however, when old man Weygandt needed extra hands for the harvest, he ventured to seek them there. Walking across the fields at dusk, he climbed the fence into the yard. There seemed to be no one at home, and he peered curiously about among the great vines. Then suddenly he turned and dashed madly away. There under the great hickory-tree, shrouded by the vines, and swayed gently by the evening breeze, hung a ghastly thing. It was old Matthias himself, dead only a short time.

At first it was supposed that his sons had murdered him, until a tavern-keeper in the next county testified that they had

spent the day in his bar-room. Besides, old Maria Kutz declared that she had met the old man that afternoon at the cross-road and that he had carried a rope.

One dusky evening a few months later, when the members of the new Baptist church were returning from prayer meeting, a wildly running figure overtook them. It was Miltie Knerr, a nervous, timid boy. He sobbed and cried as they gathered about him.

"What ails you, Miltie?" demanded his brother.

At first they could distinguish only "old Baum" in the confusion of his speech. Suddenly old Maria peered into his face.

"Miltie," she whispered, "did he carry a rope along with him?"

At that, big fellow that he was, he flung himself into his brother's arms and cried aloud.

A few weeks later Billy Knerr's horse was stopped at the cross-road by "something white." Then some of the Weygandts saw a light in the deserted house, and the ghost was born.

Such was the dwelling in which Savilla had taken up her abode. Millerstown thought she had gone mad. No one, however, was so much disturbed as Christian Oswald, who, in spite of the fact that he was a member in good standing of the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist Church, had an abiding faith in schpooks. To see Savilla expose herself to the power of one so well authenticated distressed him beyond expression.

At first Al and Jake were as regular in attendance as they had been when Savilla lived in Millerstown's main street, and Savilla, who was touched by their devotion, did not notice how much earlier they came than heretofore, nor how much sooner they departed. Jake came always on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and Al on Tuesday and Saturday. One dark and cloudy evening in September, however, Al did not appear. Then Jake, too, missed an evening, and the rockers of Savilla's chair beat a lively tune as she waited.

As the evening wore on, she herself pleaded guilty to a little nervousness. It was the time of the autumnal equinox, and the wind shrieked about the house. Suddenly, above the storm, she was aware of a whistle, a curious, tuneless succession of shrill sounds. She stopped rocking, terrified. But how dumb! A ghost could not whistle. Her hand was on the latch almost before the visitor knocked. Had Millerstown beheld the man who stood there, it would scarcely have believed its eyes. Christian Oswald keeping company with Savilla Marstellar! Did he dream of marrying her? It was certain that no man would brave the terrors of the Baum schpook unless his intentions were serious.

"Well, Christian, come quickly in out of the wet," said his hostess with cordial welcome.

For a moment the embarrassed Christian stood still, the rain dripping from his hat and from his black beard. Then Savilla put her hand on his arm and drew him forcibly within the door. He could not have come at a more propitious time. He would help to pass a long evening, and, better than that, he would help to soothe her wounded vanity. As for Christian, he had come not only from a veritable hunger to see her, but from a desire to protect her. He knew, as all Millerstown knew, that this was Jake Fackenthal's evening. He knew also that Jake sat calmly behind the stove in Aaron König's shoemaker shop.

Christian spent the evening in paradise. At first he listened to Savilla's cheerful monologue in an agony of embarrassment. Then, as her hot coffee warmed him up, and she brought out her raisin pie, he began to talk, and Savilla herself was surprised at his conversational skill.

"You must surely come again once," she urged as he departed, and Christian, though the hour was late, and the wind blew more fiercely than ever down the dark road, and the limbs of the great hickory threatened to snatch him up from the ground, gave no thought to any ghost.

Jake Fackenthal reported early the next morning.

"But I was mad because I could n't come last evening out," he said apologetically. "But Pop he had to go off, and Mom she is n't very for staying alone."

Savilla looked him over, six feet of shamefaced cowardice. "Mom" Fackenthal afraid to stay alone! Her lips curled.

"Everybody is talking from your living

out here alone," Jake broke out angrily. "It is only one thing to do."

"And what is that?" asked Savilla, coolly.

"Get married."

"Yes, I have been for some time thinking of that. Al Losch—"

"Be dast with Al Losch! I mean to me."

"I tell you what I do." For a moment Savilla meditated. "You come out here four weeks from to-day, and I give you my answer once for all."

"And Al Losch, will you give him his answer, too?"

"I will treat each one alike."

Savilla had made up her mind that she would be courted no longer. It was true, as Jake said, that Millerstown talked. She liked both men so much indeed that their fear of the schpook offended more than her own vanity. She was ashamed of them. She would give them one more chance. Four weeks from now it would again be the dark of the moon, and they would then have an opportunity to prove that their affection for her was greater than their fear of the schpook.

During the month which followed, neither missed an evening. Fortunately, it was a month of clear, still nights. Jake bragged openly that he was going to build a house before long, and that he would not live in it alone. When this was reported to Al, he said slowly: "Just you wait and see. Just you wait till after next Thursday."

Christian heard of his reply with consternation. Next Thursday! Had Savilla promised to marry him next Thursday? That could not be, for Jake was also looking forward to Thursday. At last he hit upon the right solution. She had promised to give them their answer on Thursday. He was in despair. On the Tuesday preceding the important day, he felt as though he could live no longer without sight of Savilla. He had never dared repeat his call. After nightfall, he made his way out to the cross-road. He knew it was Al's evening with her, but he hoped that Al would be frightened by the storm. It had grown cold, and the wet leaves that drifted down from the trees touched him uncannily on the cheek. The sky was black, and there was no light save a friendly gleam from Savilla's window. Guiding himself by this, he plowed on through the deep mud. He was tempted to try a whistle. Something warned him, however, to reconnoiter before making his presence known. There, in the big chair opposite Savilla, sat Al, in his hand a great wedge of molasses cake, on his face an expression of sublime happiness. For a few minutes, Christian watched him from the sloping cellar door up which he had crept, then he turned, and picked his way dejectedly out of the yard.

Before he had gone half-way to the pike, he heard a door slam behind him, and guessed that Al was leaving early. Horrified at the thought that he might be overtaken, Christian climbed up the slippery bank, over the fence, and crouched down behind a shock of corn in the Weygandt field. He trembled as he heard Al's rapid, heavy steps. He was evidently trying to cover the ground between Savilla's and the pike as swiftly as possible. Christian heard every footfall as he splashed through the mud and water, and smiled in tremulous delight as he thought of the mire which must cover him from head to foot. Then, as Al's dim outline became for an instant visible to the jealous watcher by the corn shock, something happened.

Al seemed to be rushing to meet some creature which whirled itself through the darkness to throw itself upon him. To Christian's frightened eyes, the thing was huge,—indeed it seemed three times as large as Al Losch,—and without bodily shape. The two figures, man and monster, rose and grappled with each other. Then again the dark mass whirled about on the ground. Christian could hear the swish of the mud as the horrible something pressed Al into it. The very ground beneath him seemed to quiver with the impact. Then the mass seemed to divide itself into two parts, and Al leaped up, and with a hideous shriek sped toward the village. The other lay still for an instant, then it, too, arose. Slowly, as Christian stared, its huge proportions seemed to dwindle, its vagueness assumed corporeal limits. Schpook or no schpook, it bore a remarkable resemblance to Jake Fackenthal. Then with a mad cry, "The schpook! the schpook!" it, too, fled villageward.

It was several minutes before Christian was able to gather himself together. Then, though the mud in the field was far deeper than that in the road, and as tenacious as glue, he stole quietly away among the corn shocks.

By morning all Millerstown was alarmed. Al Losch, coming home from Savilla's, had been set upon by a creature with more than human strength, which had well-nigh killed him. If any one did not believe it, they had only to look at him. His eye was black, his nose swollen, and he walked with a limp. Half a dozen persons described the encounter to Christian between his house and the Fackenthals'. Christian, who was better able than any one else to picture it in all its horror, said not a word.

When he reached the Fackenthals' shop, he listened in vain for sound of hammer or saw. Then he opened the door, only to start back at the sound of a rough exclamation from within.

"*Harrejä!* What do you want here?" It was Jake, who sprang to his feet from a bench on which he had been reclining. Then he sank back in a vain effort to suppress a dolorous groan.

"What ails you, then?" queried Christian, tremulously.

"Nothing," responded Jake, gruffly.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Al Losch presented himself. Truly the schpook had done its work well.

"Have you a nagel-borer?" he asked.

Jake rose and went to find the gimlet. Al looked at the two men curiously. They were probably discussing his adventure.

"I tell you it was powerful," he said pleasantly.

"Boys,"—Christian's voice sounded like a mild echo of Al's deep bass,—"when will you get married?"

The two men turned and regarded him with amazement.

"What does it then make out to you when we get married?" Al demanded.

"I have something to say about it," faltered Christian.

"You have something to say about it?" repeated Al.

"Yes, I have. What would Savilla say when she knew you was afraid of schpooks?"

Al laid his hand on his black eye.

"I guess she won't have much to say when she sees this."

"What would she say when she knew it was no schpook?"

"What?"

"That it was no schpook?"

"It was a schpook. It is n't a fellow in the world could knock me so over."

"Yes, it is." The answer came not from little Christian above whom Al towered threateningly, but from the other side of the shop, where their host had sat down upon a nail-keg. "It was all the time me. I thought it was Wednesdays already, and I was running out there and we ran together."

For several long minutes no one spoke. Then Al turned again toward Christian, who, though trembling, met his eye bravely.

"What does it make out to you that it was him," he demanded savagely.

"It is that if you don't do what I say, I will tell Savilla and all the people. You must promise you will not go before Friday out there."

"But I don't promise."

"Then I tell—"

"You better, Al," counseled Jake.

For a moment Al hesitated, then a sudden movement of Christian's sent him into a spasm of terror that he might tell.

"I promise," he said sullenly.

When he had gone, Jake turned and smiled at his guest. He had no idea how Christian had discovered what he himself had guessed soon after the encounter. Nor could he imagine a reason for the little man's sudden friendliness to him, unless it were a desire to see the better man win. He remembered what Al had for the moment forgotten, that Thursday was the day upon which the widow meant to accept one of them.

"He did slambang me powerful," he said reminiscently.

"I was in Weygandt's field. And—" Christian paused until he could control his voice. No amount of moral courage can make a man forget that his enemy weighs a hundred pounds more than himself—"and I want you should promise, too."

"I! I go where I like."

"Then I tell all the folks you thought it was a schpook."

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"CHRISTIAN SPENT THE EVENING IN PARADISE"

"I did n't say I thought it was a schpook."

"Yes; but you did think all the same it was one. I heard you yell. *Himmel!* but you did yell!"

"I don't care," Jake blazed out. "I 'm going out there to-morrow. Savilla will give me her word that she will marry me. And you better get pretty quick out here!" He was mad with his aches and pains, and furious at this little piece of impudence who dared dictate to him.

"Then I tell her how you yelled at the schpook, and she would not have you—no, not when the minister was ready to marry you."

Jake looked at him aghast. Well, he was still bound no more than Al.

"Well, I won't go," he said desperately. "But what is it to you?"

Christian, however, did not answer. His courage consumed by this last burst of eloquence, he fled wildly out of the door, around the corner of the shop, past the pig-stable, and out through the alley gate. Stiff as he knew Jake to be, he could not risk pursuit up that smoothly scrubbed board walk.

Jake stood for a moment in angry thought.

"Why need *he* care?" he said aloud.

Then as suddenly as Al had come upon him out of the darkness the night before, there flashed across his mind a possible solution. Could Christian Oswald, that black-bearded little monkey, think he could get Savilla?

"Christian!" he yelled. "Christian!"

But only the defiant crow of a rooster from the chicken yard replied.

The next evening Christian dressed himself in his best, and started out to Savilla's. It was an evening upon which the bravest schpook would scarcely have ventured forth, clear, starlit. Across the Weygandt fields drifted the strains of the "Mocking-Bird," played by the Millerstown band. A brisk wind had dried the road, and Christian's meditations were undisturbed by any necessity for watching where he stepped. As he went along, however, he looked down at the ground. Yes, there it was, a rough depression which looked as though it might have been the scene of a wrestling-match. He gazed solemnly at it, remembering the battle of the night before; then he lifted up his voice in triumph. The German Bible class of the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist Church, to which he belonged, had devoted its attention for several Sundays to the history of Abraham.

"And the vale of Siddim was full of slimepits," he quoted slowly in German; "and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there."

With that he went his way. He was not sure of winning Savilla, though thus far he had triumphed. Ach, no! He was not surprised that she seemed a little annoyed to see him. As the minutes passed, however, and neither Al nor Jake appeared, her demeanor changed. She had not heard of Al's adventure, and her eyes grew hard and bright as he told her. So Al really imagined that he had met a schpook! Christian said nothing about Jake. Their absence sufficiently condemned them both.

"What are all the folks doing this evening?" she asked finally.

"Oh, everything is like always," he answered. "The band is playing." Then a sudden inspiration came to him. That it was a bald prevarication did not trouble him at all. "It was a lot of fellows at Aaron König's—Jakie and Al and some more. They were telling schpook-stories."

Savilla's eyes blazed. That settled them! But she would have her revenge. She turned radiantly to the little man who sat in throes of love and fright upon his chair. To-morrow, when they came penitent, pleading, she would have news for them. One man at least loved her more than he feared old Baum's schpook. Then as she looked at him she thought of his good nature, his irreproachable character, and—shall we whisper it?—his reputed wealth, and revenge seemed suddenly to lose the bitterness which had bred it.

"Christian," she said softly, winningly—"Christian, would you sooner have coffee or yeast beer? And I have fresh-baked molasses cake in the cellar, and Fastnacht cakes."

Then, though Christian knew it not, his suit was won.

MAURICE RENAUD

BY ABBIE H. C. FINCK

IT is a strange thing that barytones and basses, in spite of their intensely masculine voices, rarely at first have the success of tenors. However, when they are of the rank of Victor Maurel, Edouard de Reszke, and Maurice Renaud, they come into their own eventually, and their fame rivals that of the greatest tenors. In the opinion of M. Renaud, this widespread love of the tenor is to some extent a mere matter of tradition; partly it is a consequence of the wealth of beautiful and varied tenor rôles, and partly it is due to the tenor being "the violin, the voice of sunlight" which appeals to all, as sunlight must.

As a boy, Renaud felt the call of art, in various forms, imperatively. His father was a merchant, but the boy's first dreams were of literature,—in which he amusedly says he expected to do great things, poems, novels, which would stir the world,—but finding through his critical self-judgment that those heights were not for him, he turned to the stage. At that time he sang more or less for his own pleasure, but was so timid that he was terrified by an audience of three. The few friends who heard him prevailed on him to study at the Conservatoire, where he stayed for something over a year. With boyish and characteristic turbulence he then decided that he was not advancing as he wished, so he broke away completely from the Conservatoire, accepted an offer at Brussels, and became an opera-singer.

His next great step was marriage. Then came an engagement in "Don Giovanni" at the Paris Opéra in 1890, at which time Maurel was filling the Opéra Comique in the same rôle. Renaud says whimsically: "I did n't play the part well at all. I don't do it very well now, but then it was bad." At the same time he studied the older singer, who thus became his artistic godfather. With the utmost enthusiasm M. Renaud speaks of Maurel's greatness, his pioneer work in the line of poetic realism, an art which he himself has carried to even greater heights. Admiration of the work of his colleagues is one of Renaud's characteristics. Among many others he mentions the De Reszkes, Caruso, with special enthusiasm, and also his compatriot Gilibert, of whose performance of the father in Charpentier's "Louise," for instance, he speaks in superlative terms.

In Brussels, Renaud had the great good fortune of finding a man who, as it were, polarized his intentions and aspirations. This man, Joseph Dupont, first made him understand that for one who aspires to be a great artist in opera, music comes first—that it must always be the solid foundation on which to build. Renaud had been leaning more to the dramatic side of his art, but his adviser—the man who gave Wagner to Brussels—reined him in, and saved a great singer to the world. Nor did he make the mistake of curbing Renaud's dramatic genius; and so we have an artist who in two seasons at the Manhattan Opera House has shown himself equally great in musical art, rare gifts as an actor, wonderful powers of make-up and versatility. This versatility enables him to appear true to life in such widely differing rôles as *Beckmesser, Wolfram,* the *Dutchman, Don Giovanni,* the three in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," *Athanaël, Mefistofele* in Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," a part which he created during the first of his nine Monte Carlo seasons, *Rigoletto, Telramund, Escamillo, Scarpia, Hamlet, Falstaff,* and many more. It is difficult to name his greatest achievement, but probably most of his admirers would choose *Don Giovanni.*

It may surprise many of M. Renaud's

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SCARPIA IN "LA TOSCA"

Photo by Paul Berger

ATHANAËL IN "THAÏS"

Photo by Paul Berger

DON GIOVANNI

MAURICE RENAUD AND SOME OF HIS IMPERSONATIONS

Photo by Paul Berger

RIGOLETTO

hearers to learn that with him in every case music comes first. It is one of the penalties of such dramatic greatness as his, that it sometimes makes one almost forget the other, still more necessary, talent of an opera-singer. He begins studying each rôle musically, as he believes that before anything else can be accomplished the musical part must be absolutely one's own. "If a sacrifice is necessary, I always sacrifice declamation and gesture to the music. However, the perfection of art is the absolute fusion of all its elements. The music illuminates the text as the text explains the music," and with hands knit together he visualizes this relationship. He also adds that all gesture, all expression, must come from the inner feeling, as it does in life, and that he never studies with the aid of a mirror. Again returning to the importance of the music, he mentions the many distinguished operatic artists who were all great singers, adding that he believes there has never been a really great one who could not sing.

His wonderful skill in changing his appearance by his make-up is an art akin to that of a great portrait-painter, except that here the canvas is flesh and blood. In answer to a question, he says that he learned this of himself, by work on his own face, by studying the paintings of great masters. "I see the type, I think of it constantly, and I have always frequented art galleries a great deal." An interesting illustration of this concerns *Falstaff,* of whom Renaud says: "I had never quite liked Maurel's make-up. It lacked a note of gaiety which I felt in the character. He used a gray beard—the gray of a man who has been dark, a sad color. I found my notes about this in which I had written, 'See the Silenus of Rubens' and other paintings of fat men by the same school, where I would find the grayness of men who had been red-haired. This gave me what I wanted. I also make curved, merry lines about the mouth, just the opposite of the long, sad ones of *Mefistofele.* I asked myself what a fat man's first impulse would be, and decided that at all cost he must be comfortable; so I dress *Falstaff,* whenever he is at home at the inn, in a loose, easy gown—one which has been of fine brocade, but is stained with wine—and in slip-shod slippers. Falstaff's paunch is comfortably resting on his legs, and that to him is the main thing."

Another red-haired character in Renaud's repertoire is *Mefistofele,* the sinister opposite of *Falstaff.* What a surprisingly different effect the red coloring produces! A sadly evil face it is, the face of a devil, sated with wickedness, feeling no joy in any bad deed, dismally weary of everything good and bad, and condemned to eternal satiety. He is hideous and yet almost pitiful, with the mournful length of his whole face, the close cap pointing in an ugly, clinging tongue on his forehead, and a scraggly, pointed red beard giving a goat-like expression to his head; but the expression is made terrible by the tragic eyes. There is no theatric devil-beauty about Renaud's *Mefistofele,* for he dresses in dull-colored garments and wraps himself in a long and formless cloak. In one scene where he draws *Marguerite* in a trance from her room, he seems the personification of evil, although it is only his tremendous magnetic influence which can be felt; for he stands, a motionless figure, wrapped in his cloak, with nothing showing but his eyes and his hands, with their talon-like nails.

Wonderful and totally different in this gallery of operatic portraits is *Athanaël* the monk who, to redeem *Thaïs,* a notorious Alexandrian courtezan, leaves the monastery in the desert, saves her soul by his eloquence, and loses his own through earthly love for her—*Athanaël* with ascetic face, long black hair, and luminous, fanatical eyes, half-crazed and glowing with religious and human love, most subtly mixed, his red, rather thick lips giving the necessary sensual touch to the otherwise saintly face. Like *Parsifal,* he suggests Christ, especially when, in gorgeous festival garments, his head bound with turquoises, he lies tormented, buried in flowers with which the gay and vicious crowd of *Thaïs's* friends in Alexandria pelt him. His agonized, prayerful lips beg for strength to resist temptation, his agonized eyes are lifted and imploring, the crown of turquoises wounding him like a crown of thorns. He is more remote from his persecutors, this poor tortured monk in his festal robes, than when he had at first appeared in monk's dress with the cross as a staff in his hands.

Of *Don Giovanni,* M. Renaud once wrote in a letter to the present writer: "I have worked over it a great deal, I have changed modified, completely remodeled the part several times." It has been a process of evolution, of retouching, of altering, M. Renaud says, in which not only musical and dramatic ideas have changed, but the type of the very man, the make-up evolving of necessity to suit this later conception. It is essential after such changes to rest from a rôle, to get the perspective. But when he takes it up again it has fused into a clear, finished whole—finished at least for the time being; for if a better idea presents itself to the artist's mind, no preconceived one will stand in the way of radical changes.

It is difficult to write of *Don Giovanni* without seeming exaggeration, so tremendous is the impression made by this great artist; for this rôle, even more than the others, perhaps, stands among the world's masterpieces of operatic art. To make the character on the one hand a vivid, living being with no suggestion of theatrical unreality, and on the other to avoid the grossly animal side of *Don Giovanni* is a feat which few actors can accomplish. A man of hot young blood, of extreme, yet entirely virile beauty, a lover of women, intensely fascinating to them in return, yet carried away more by his vanity, virility, youth, and daring than by deliberate libertinage, always a *grand seigneur* whether he is making love to *Elvira's* maid, to *Donna Anna,* or to *Zerlina,* a dare-devil afraid of nothing, that is *Don Giovanni* as Renaud gives him to us.

How different his attitude is toward the changing objects of his fancy! *Zerlina,* a pretty toy, enchanting him for the moment, is courted playfully like a child. Her hands are gaily kissed one after the other, again and again, whereas the impression *Anna* has made is a deep if not a lasting one. Vicious as is his passion, it is sincere, and a world of feeling, almost of love, wells up in his eyes and voice as he presses his lips to *Anna's* hand, fervently whispering "bellissima Anna" to the beauty whose father he had murdered. His cynical examination of his victim's body, the care with which he had wiped the blood from his sword before making his escape, were touches of dramatic genius. Many such instances might be cited. No less wonderful is the expression of his recitative, which is as varying and full of spirit as his face.

The climax, however, is his meeting with the statue. His defiance and amused insolence in the churchyard when he invites the statue to sup with him, and afterward the tremendous bravery of the man, drinking deep and recklessly, to keep his wits and courage about him, who can forget these—or his wonderful terror-stricken eyes, not the eyes of a coward, but those of a man who has known no fear, but at last feels it in its most hideous form?

Absorbing as is Renaud's operatic career, he finds a few weeks each year to spend in his favorite recreation, climbing in the Alps. No other pastime takes him away from all thoughts of work as this does, for he says that when he is climbing no effort can keep his attention on anything except his body's activity. He has a passionate love for all phases of Alpine beauty, and feels the renewal of the dominant vitality of body, brain, and soul which is his after the long climbs, which prepare him for the tremendous strain of his creative work; for creative it is, this presenting of other men's thoughts in tangible, living form.

Such is the artist whom, by the enterprise of Mr. Hammerstein, America shares with France, and who belongs to us, too, as all great artists and art works belong to their true admirers, and who, besides being a finished singer, using his voice in the highest emotional way, is an actor comparable with Salvini.

LINCOLN AT THE HELM

AS DESCRIBED AT THE TIME BY JOHN HAY

THROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Hay we are enabled to give the following delightful glimpse of President Lincoln in the mid course of his Presidency. This description of the President at the helm is from the pen of his younger private secretary, John Hay, afterward the great Secretary of State of the United States, and it occurs in a familiar letter to the devoted Nicolay, the senior private secretary. This letter not only indicates the maturity of mind and the personal charm which induced Lincoln to take so young a man into his executive family, but hints, also, at the humor and other literary traits which afterward gave Hay his fame as a writer.

A more sympathetic summary and historically correct description and estimate of the great, good President than this off-hand letter of the young Hay was never penned. It is Lincoln in action, and close at hand, but it is also Lincoln as he is seen by all the world in the perspective of nearly half a century.—THE EDITOR.

JOHN HAY'S LETTER

EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON, August 7, 1863.

My dear Nico

This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody has gone. The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew with what tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet, till now. The most important things he decides and there is no cavil. I am growing more and more firmly convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle and so firm. I believe the hand of God placed him where he is.

They are working against him like beavers, though, H— and that crowd, but don't seem to make anything by it. I believe the people know what they want and unless politics have gained in power and lost in principle they will have it.

J. H.

DRAWN FROM THE CAST
BY J. ALDEN WEIR 1886
CAST FROM THE RIGHT HAND OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN MADE BY
LEONARD W VOLK 1860
A.C. COLLINS Sc.

A LINCOLN CORRESPONDENCE

TWENTY-TWO LETTERS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

Major Lambert is the owner of the original letters.

THESE letters of Abraham Lincoln are of interest not alone for their authorship, but also because they evidence the foresight, sagacity, honesty, and subordination of self to the cause of party or of country, characteristics which were dominant throughout his career and were eminently conspicuous during his Presidency.

Lyman Trumbull, to whom these letters were written, was, during the period covered by them, United States Senator from Illinois, his colleague in the Senate being Stephen A. Douglas. Trumbull was a native of Connecticut, born October 12, 1813. He had first gone to Georgia, where he taught school and studied law, subsequently removing to Illinois. While still a young man he became identified with public affairs in that State. He was successively a member of the legislature, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1854 was elected representative in Congress.

Though a Democrat in politics, like many others of his party throughout the North he was strongly opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which was involved in the bill for the Territorial organization of Kansas and Nebraska, proposed and advocated by Senator Douglas, through whose efforts and influence it was enacted. So great was the defection in the Democratic party in the North because of the passage of the bill that in 1854, the year of its enactment, the opposition, comprising the "Free Soilers," the Whigs in greater part, and the "Anti-Nebraska" Democrats, triumphed over the regular Democracy in the fall elections. In Illinois for the first time since the organization of the Democratic party it lost control of the legislature, and opportunity was given for the defeat of General James Shields, who sought reëlection to the United States Senate at the expiration of his term in 1855.

The "Anti-Nebraska" majority in the joint session of the legislature was very small, and none of the constituent parties alone held control, but the Whigs were greatly preponderant, and they hoped and sought the election of their candidate, Abraham Lincoln. Lyman Trumbull was the candidate favored by the Anti-Nebraska Democrats, who numbered only five. On the first ballot Lincoln received 45 votes, Shields 41, Trumbull 5, and there were 8 scattering votes; in succeeding ballots Lincoln's vote fell to 15, Trumbull's rose to 35, and Shields having been withdrawn, Governor Matteson, who was substituted, received 47. The original supporters of Trumbull persistently declined to vote for Lincoln or for any Whig; the fifteen Whigs "would never desert Lincoln except by his direction." Perceiving the probability that protraction of the struggle would result in the election of Matteson, Lincoln decided upon action which is best described in his own language, quoted from his letter written February 9, 1855, to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois. "So I determined to strike at once, and accordingly advised my remaining friends to go for him [Trumbull], which they did, and elected him on the tenth bal-

lot. Such is the way the thing was done. I think you would have done the same under the circumstances, though Judge Davis [subsequently Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and still later Senator from Illinois], who came down this morning, declares he never would have consented to the forty-seven men being controlled by the five. I regret my defeat moderately, but I am not nervous about it . . . and his [Matteson's] defeat now gives me more pleasure than my own gives me pain. On the whole, it is perhaps as well for our general cause that Trumbull is elected. The Nebraska men confess that they hate it worse than anything that could have happened. It is a great consolation to see them worse whipped than I am."

After events fully justified Lincoln's surmise, and even more. It was better that Trumbull was elected, for if Lincoln had been, it is not probable that he would have been chosen for the Presidency in 1860. His friends, however, were sorely disappointed by his defeat, and long cherished resentment and distrust of Trumbull, and of Judd, Cook, Palmer, Baker, and Allen, the five men whose adherence to Trumbull compelled his election. Lincoln was not animated by such feelings, and these men became his stanch friends and supporters, and were active in the formation of the Republican party, in which the several Anti-Nebraska factions were united. Norman B. Judd as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Illinois was most effective in his advocacy of Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency. John M. Palmer achieved high distinction during the war of 1861-65, in which he attained the rank of major-general and the command of the 14th Army Corps. Later he was elected Governor of his State and United States Senator; and by his acceptance of the nomination as a candidate for the Presidency in 1896, he showed the same devotion to principle that led him to quit his party in 1854, when its action was repugnant to his sense of right.

On the 16th of June, 1858, the Republican State Convention unanimously named Lincoln as "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas," who was seeking reëlection; and in the fall of that year occurred the memorable debates between the opposing candidates. Though Lincoln had the majority of the popular vote in the ensuing election, Douglas controlled the legislature and was reëlected, a result due mainly to the system of apportionment of the legislative districts against which Lincoln frequently protested, and the rectification of which he considered of the utmost importance.

This second defeat of Lincoln's aspiration for the senatorship led his friends to doubt the loyalty of Trumbull and his supporters, who had been Democrats, and to look forward to the expiration of his senatorial term with intent to elect Lincoln in his stead. With this doubt and this purpose Lincoln had no sympathy, and he gave Trumbull assurance of his belief that the senator and his friends had heartily supported Lincoln in the recent contest, and further that he desired Trumbull's reëlection, warning him, however, of the danger of affording Lincoln's friends any additional ground for suspicion of Trumbull's devotion to their leader.

The complications and controversies that resulted from the legislation for Kansas and the conduct of affairs there, led to antagonism between Senator Douglas and President Buchanan; Northern sympathy was largely with Douglas, and many Republicans outside of Illinois were disposed to favor his reëlection to the Senate as an effectual rebuke to the administration. Among these was Horace Greeley, editor of the "New York Tribune," whose approval of Douglas aroused Lincoln's indignation. The plausible doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" advocated by Douglas won the favor of many who had hitherto opposed him; but Lincoln saw the fallacy of the scheme and during the memorable debates denounced it vigorously, and in the Republican platform of 1860 the doctrine was declared "a deception and a fraud." In theory "Popular Sovereignty" claimed for the people of the Territories the same rights regarding slavery that were possessed by the States, while virtually, under the principles enunciated in the Dred Scott decision, the people could not exclude slavery.

Beyond a few notes the following letters (including two from Trumbull to Lincoln) require no further explanation.

"Springfield, June 7, 1856
"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: The news of Buchanan's nomination came yesterday; and a good many Whigs, of conservative feelings, and slight pro-slavery proclivities, withal, are inclining to go for him, and will do it, unless the Anti-Nebraska nomination shall be such as to divert them—The man to effect that object is Judge McLean; and his nomination would save every Whig, except such as have already gone over hook and line, as Singleton, Morrison, Constable, & others—J. T. Stuart, Anthony Thornton, James M. Davis (the old settler) and others like them, will heartily go for McLean,[1] but will every one go for Buchanan, as against Chase, Banks, Seward, Blair or Frémont—I think they would stand Blair or Frémont for Vice-President—but not more—

"Now there is a grave question to be considered. Nine tenths of the Anti-Nebraska votes have to come from old Whigs—In setting stakes, is it safe to totally disregard them? Can we possibly win, if we do so? So far they have been disregarded—I need not point out the instances—

"I think I may trust you to believe I do not say this on my own personal account—I am *in,* and shall go for any one nominated unless he be *'platformed'* expressly, or impliedly, on some ground which I may think wrong—Since the nomination of Bissell[2] we are in good trim in Illinois, save at the point I have indicated—If we can save pretty nearly all the Whigs, we shall elect him, I think, by a very large majority—

"I address this to you, because your influence in the Anti-Nebraska nomination will be greater than that of any other Illinoian [sic]—

"Let this be confidential,

"Yours very truly

"A. Lincoln."

"Springfield, Aug: 11. 1856
"HON: L. TRUMBULL:

"My dear Sir: I have just returned from speaking at Paris and Grandview in Edgar County—& Charleston and Shelbyville, in Coles and Shelby counties—Our whole trouble along there has been & is Fillmoreism—It loosened considerably during the week, not under my preaching, but under the election returns from Mo. Ky. Ark. & N. C. I think we shall ultimately get all the Fillmore men, who are really anti-slavery extension—the rest will probably go to Buchanan where they rightfully belong; if they do not, so much the better for us—The great difficulty with anti-slavery extension Fillmore men, is that they suppose Fillmore as good as Frémont on that question; and it is a delicate point to argue them out of it, they are so ready to think you are *abusing* Mr. Fillmore—

"Mr. Conkling showed me a letter of yours, from which I infer you will not be in Ills. till 11th Sept—

"But for that I was going to write you to make appointments at Paris, Charleston, Shelbyville, Hillsboro, &c—immediately after the adjournment—They were tolerably well satisfied with my work along there; but they believe with me, that you can touch some points that I can not; and they are very anxious to have you do it—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

"Chicago, Nov. 30. 1857.
"HON: LYMAN TRUMBULL.

"Dear Sir: Herewith you find duplicates of a notice which I wish to be served upon the Miss. French, or now Mrs. Gray, who married the late Franklin C. Gray—You understand what person I mean—Please hand her one copy, and note on the other that you have done so, the date of service, and your signature & return it to me at Springfield—

"What think you of the probable *'rumpus'* among the Democracy over the Kansas Constitution? I think the Republicans should stand clear of it—In their view both the President and Douglas are wrong; and they should not espouse the cause of either, because they may consider the other a little the farther wrong of the two—From what I am told here, Douglas tried, before leaving, to draw off some Republicans on this dodge,

[1] Judge John McLean, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. With Justice Curtis he dissented from the majority of the court in the Dred Scott decision.

[2] William H. Bissell, Colonel 2d Illinois Regiment in the War with Mexico, member of Congress, Governor 1857–60.

and even succeeded in making some impression on one or two—

"Yours very truly,

"A. Lincoln—"

"Springfield, Dec. 18. 1857

"Hon: L. Trumbull:

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 7th telling me that Mrs. Gray *is* in Washington, reached [me] last night—

"Herewith I return the notices which I will thank you to serve and return as before requested—

"This notice is not required by *law;* and I am giving it merely because I think *fairness* requires it—

"Nearly all the Democrats here stick to Douglas; but they are hobbling along with the idea that there is no split between him and Buchanan—Accordingly they indulge the most extravagant eulogies on B., & his message; and insist that he has not indorsed the Lecompton Constitution—

"I wish not to tax your time; but when you return the notice, I shall be glad to have your general view of the then present aspect of affairs—

"Yours very truly

"A. Lincoln"

"Bloomington, Dec. 28. 1857—

"Hon. Lyman Trumbull.

"Dear Sir: What does the 'New York Tribune' mean by its constant eulogising, and admiring, and magnifying Douglas? Does it, in this, speak the sentiments of the Republicans at Washington? Have they concluded that the Republican cause, generally, can be best promoted by sacrificing us here in Illinois? If so we would like to know it soon; it will save us a great deal of labor to surrender at once—

"As yet I have heard of no Republican here going over to Douglas; but if the 'Tribune' continues to din his praises into the ears of its five or ten thousand Republican readers in Illinois, it is more than can be hoped that all will stand firm—

"I am not complaining—I only wish a fair understanding— Please write me at Springfield—

"Your Obt Servt.

"A. Lincoln—"

"Springfield, June 23, 1858

"Hon. Lyman Trumbull

"My dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th reached me only yesterday— We had already seen, by telegraph, a report of Douglas' general onslaught upon every body but himself— I have this morning seen the 'Washington Union,' in which I think the Judge is rather worsted in regard to that onslaught—

"In relation to the charge of an alliance between the Republicans and Buchanan men in this State, it being rather pleased to see a division in the ranks of the Democracy, and not doing anything to prevent it, be such alliance, then there is such alliance—at least that is true of me —But if it be intended to charge that there is any alliance by which there is to be any concession of principle on either side, or furnishing of the sinews, or partition of offices, or swopping of votes, to any extent; or the doing of anything, great or small, on the one side, for a consideration, express or implied, on the other, no such thing is true so far as I know or believe—

"Before this reaches you, you will have seen the proceedings of our Republican State Convention— It was really a grand affair, and was, in all respects, all that our friends could desire—

"The resolution in effect nominating me for Senator I suppose was passed more for the object of closing down upon this everlasting croaking about Wentworth [1] than anything else—

"The signs look reasonably well— Our State ticket, I think, will be elected without much difficulty— But, with the advantages they have of us, we shall be very hard run to carry the Legislature—

"We shall greet your return home with great pleasure—

"Yours very truly

"A. Lincoln."

"Springfield, Jany 29. 1859

"Hon: L. Trumbull

"Dear Sir: I have just received your late speech, in pamphlet form, sent me by yourself— I had seen, and read it, before, in a newspaper; and I really think it is a capital one—

"When you can find leisure, write me

[1] Wentworth familiarly known as "Long John" because of his height—six feet, seven inches. Journalist, member of Congress 1843–51, 1853–55, 1865–67; Mayor of Chicago in 1857, and again in 1860.

your present impressions of Douglas' movements— Our friends here from different parts of the State, in and out of the Legislature, are united, resolute, and determined; and I think it is almost certain that we shall be far better organized for 1860 than ever before—

"We shall get no just apportionment; and the best we can do, (if we can even do that) is to prevent one being made worse than the present—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln—"

Washington, Jany. 28, 1859.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir, I have been shown the copy of an article said to have been prepared by Col. John Wentworth for publication in the "Chicago Journal," the object of which evidently is to stir up bad feeling between Republicans who were formerly Whigs & those who were Democrats, & more especially to create prejudice against myself & the Democratic portion of the party— The article is an insiduous one & well calculated to do mischief with those who do not understand facts as well as you & I do— It contains a number of statements utterly false but mixed up with others which are true & so colored as to give an entirely wrong impression to the uninformed reader— The article professes to be a justification by Charles Wilson. Esq. for having nominated you as a candidate for Senator in the Republican Convention, but this is a mere pretense to get at something else— It seems that Wilson refused to publish the article, but the substance of it will probably be published in some way by its author—

I hope you have seen it, if not I will furnish you a copy. It is a despicably mean thing and just such an act as it would take a man of Wentworth [sic] reputed character to be guilty of— I never had much to do with Wentworth & really know personally but little about him, but it is right that friends like you & I should not permit any person whatever his motive to stir up unfounded suspicions & bad feelings between our friends, & to prevent it effectually it is only necessary that we see they are not imposed upon by designing mischief making persons. It needs no assurance from me, to satisfy you of the entire good faith with which Messrs. Judd, Cook, & others as well as myself who are assailed in this article worked for your success in the late canvass— I am so constituted as to be incapable of practicing disguise & deceit if I would & now write you with that frankness & candor which is so characteristic of your course towards everybody.

The Democracy here are very much demoralized & broken down. They are attempting to get up a new issue on the Cuba question. What think you of that matter? Of course we Republicans can never consent to putting thirty millions in the hands of Buchanan in the present state of things, but can our opponents gain anything by the attempt which they will make to put themselves for & us against the acquisition of Cuba— I am inclined not to place myself against Cuba under any & all contingencies, but against this foolish, & unjust attempt to acquire her at this time— Douglas looks badly & is not the big man in the Senate he was two years ago— The Fitch[1] matter I think has damaged him with the shoulder hitters & [rowdies ?][2] his chief supporters—

Truly yours

L. Trumbull.

"Springfield, Feb. 3. 1859

"HON. L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 29th is received— The article mentioned by you, prepared for the 'Chicago Journal,' I have not seen; nor do I wish to see it, though I heard of it a month, or more, ago— Any effort to put enmity between you and me, is as idle as the wind— I do not for a moment doubt that you, Judd, Cook, Palmer, and the Republicans generally, coming from the old Democratic ranks, were as sincerely anxious for my success in the late contest, as I myself, and the old Whig Republicans were— And I beg to assure you, beyond all possible cavil, that you can scarcely be more anxious to be sustained two years hence than I am that you shall be so sustained— I can not conceive it possible for me to be a rival of yours, or to take sides against you in favor of any rival— Nor do I think there is much danger of the old Democratic and Whig elements of our party breaking into opposing factions— They certainly shall not, if I can prevent it.

"I do not perceive that there is any feeling here about Cuba; and so I think, you can safely venture to act upon your

[1] Graham N. Fitch, Senator from Indiana, a Democrat opposed to Douglas. [2] Uncertain as to this word.

own judgment upon any phase of it which may be presented—

"The H. R.[1] passed an apportionment bill yesterday—slightly better for [us] than the present in the Senate districts; but perfectly outrageous in the H. R. districts— It can be defeated without any revolutionary movement, unless the session be prolonged.

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Nov. 28, 1859
"Hon. L. Trumbull.

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 23rd is received— I agree with you entirely about the contemplated election of Forney[2]— Nothing could be more short-sighted than to place so strong a man as Forney in position to keep Douglas on foot— I know nothing of Forney personally; but I would put no man in position to help our enemies in the point of our hardest strain—

"There is nothing new here— I have written merely to give my view about this Forney business.

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Dec. 25, 1859
"Hon. Lyman Trumbull

"Dear Sir: About the 15th by direction of Mr. Judd, I sent a letter and inclosures to him, addressed to your care; and I have not yet learned whether he received it—

"I have carefully read your speech; and I judge that, by the interruptions, it came out a much better speech than you expected to make when you began— It really is an excellent one, many of the points being most admirably made—

"I was in the inside of the Post-Office last evening when a mail came bringing a considerable number of your documents; and the Post-Master said to me 'These will be put in the boxes, and half will never be called for; If Trumbull would send them to me I would distribute a hundred to where he will get ten distributed this way'—

"I said, 'shall I write this to Trumbull?'— He replied 'If you choose you may'— I believe he was sincere; but you will judge of that for yourself—

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Mar. 16, 1860
"Hon: L. Trumbull

"My dear Sir: When I first saw by the despatches that Douglas had run from the Senate while you were speaking I did not quite understand it; but seeing by the report that you were cramming down his throat that infernal stereotyped lie of his about 'negro equality' the thing became plain—

"Another matter— Our friend Delahay[3] wants to be one of the Senators from Kansas— Certainly it is not for outsiders to obtrude their interference— Delahay has suffered a great deal in our cause, and been very faithful to it, as I understand— He writes me that some of the members of the Kansas Legislature have written you in a way that your simple answer might help him— I wish you would consider whether you can not assist him that far, without impropriety— I know it is a delicate matter; and I do not wish to press you beyond your own judgment—

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln—"

"Chicago, March 26, 1860
"Hon: L. Trumbull

"My dear Sir: They are having a desperate struggle in Connecticut[4]; and it would both please, and help our friends there, if you could be with them in the last days of the fight— Having been there, I know they are proud of you as a son of their own soil, and would be moved to greater exertion by your presence among them—

"Can you not go? Telegraph them, and go right along— The fiendish attempt now being made upon Connecticut, must not be allowed to succeed,

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

[1] House of Representatives of the Illinois legislature.

[2] John W. Forney strenuously supported Douglas in his opposition to the Kansas policy of President Buchanan, was clerk of the National House of Representatives in 1851–55, and again in 1859. He became an ardent Republican and was Secretary of the Senate in 1861–68.

[3] Mark W. Delahay, later United States District Judge.

[4] After his speech at the Cooper Institute, February 27, 1860, Lincoln spent several days in Connecticut.

"Springfield, Ills. April 7, 1860
"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Reaching home from Chicago, where I have been engaged two weeks in the trial of a lawsuit, I found your letter of March 26th.

"Of course you can do no better for Delahay than you promise— I am trying to keep out of the contest among our friends for the Gubernatorial nomination; but from what I hear, the result is in considerable doubt—

"We have just had a clear party victory in our City election; and our friends are more encouraged, and our enemies more cowed by it, than by anything since the organization of the Republican party —Last year we carried the city; but we did it, not by our own strength, but by an open feud among our enemies— This year their feud was healed; and we beat them fairly by main strength—

"I can scarcely give an opinion as to what effect a nomination of Judge McLean, by the Union Convention,[1] would have— I do not believe he would accept it; and if he did, that fact alone, I think, would shut him out of the Chicago Convention— If he were ten years younger he would be our best candidate—

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

Washington April 24, 1860.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir, I am going to write you candidly & frankly my impressions in regard to the Presidency, for such I know is the way you would desire me to speak, & I shall hope in return to be put fully in possession of your views— First in regard to yourself—

My impression is as between you & Gov. Seward, if the contest should assume that shape, that he would most likely succeed— I will not go into calculation to show this, but I have talked it over with friends here & that seems to be the impression even of those who do not want Seward nominated— When urging your claims, I am almost always met with the saying— "if you are going to nominate a man of that stamp why not take Seward?" There seems to be a disposition in the public-mind to associate you together, from the fact, I suppose, that you have both given expression to a similar sentiment in regard to the ultimate extinction of slavery—

It matters not whether there is any foundation for this or not, I am not arguing the matter, but simply stating what others say—

Second— Can Seward be elected if nominated? The impression here is among all except his warm friends that he can not— The delegations from Conn. & R. I. say he would lose both States, & so far as I know those from N. J., Pa., except Cameron, & Indiana express the same opinion in regard to their States, & I must confess the letters I am daily receiving from Central & South Ill. lead me to doubt if he could carry our State—

We shall certainly run a great risk if he is the nominee— Under such circumstances it seems to me clear that he should not be nominated—

3— The next question is can his nomination be prevented & if so how— The impression here is that Judge McLean is probably the only man who could succeed as against Seward. After Cameron he seems to be the choice of Pa. & I suppose Ohio would support him after Chase— Would our State go for him in the convention after you, & if nominated could he carry Ill.? There seems to be a good deal of feeling for Bates in Central & South Illinois; would the same men go for McLean if nominated? Of course you know McLean's age, infirmities & the objections which would be raised to him—

Bates, I do not think could get the nomination as against Seward— The Germans are opposed to him— Neither Pa., N. J. or Ohio could be carried for him entire as against Seward, nor do I suppose Ill. could, nor do I mean to say that these States would certainly go for McLean in such a contingency, but am giving impressions here—

Now I wish you to understand that I am for you first & foremost, want our State to send not only delegates instructed in your favor, but your friends who will stand by & nominate you if possible, never faltering unless you yourself shall so advise; but we are engaged in a great contest which ought not to be put to hazard from personal considerations in any quarter—

Of course Mr. McLean can only be taken up as a compromise Candidate— He would

[1] Held on May 9 and 10, 1860, nominated John Bell for the Presidency on the second ballot. Judge McLean received 21 votes on the first ballot.

have no votes to start with— From what I have written you will readily see, that I am inclined to favor this McLean movement, which is daily gaining strength & even now looks formidable; but I want to know your views— I have talked with my Republican colleagues, & they all agree that we may ultimately have to take McLean & that it would be very hazardous to take Seward.

My impression is that [if] McLean were nominated [he] would be elected— Pa. some of the members here say, would be sure for him by Fifty thousand, & carrying that State would doubtless elect him— I think there are half a dozen men whom we could elect, if they were nominated, but I do not see how their nomination is to be brought about.

[Not signed, but in Lyman Trumbull's autograph.]

"Springfield, April 29, 1860

"Hon: L. Trumbull:

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 24th was duly received; and I have postponed answering it, hoping by the result at Charleston, to know who is to lead our adversaries, before writing—But Charleston hangs fire, and I wait no longer [1]—

"As you request, I will be entirely frank — The taste *is* in my mouth a little; and this, no doubt, disqualifies me, to some extent, to form correct opinions. You may confidently rely, however, that by no advice or consent of mine, shall my pretentions be pressed to the point of endangering our common cause—

"Now, as to my opinions about the chances of others in Illinois—I think neither Seward [2] nor Bates [3] can carry Illinois if Douglas shall be on the track; and that either of them can, if he shall not be— I rather think McLean could carry it with D. on or off—in other words, I think McLean is stronger in Illinois, taking all sections of it, than either S. or B; and I think S. the weakest of the three. I hear no objection to Mr. McLean, except his age [4]; but that objection seems to occur to every one; and it is possible it might leave him no stronger than the others— By the way, if we should nominate him, how would we save to ourselves the chance of filling his vacancy in the Court? Have him hold on up to the moment of his inauguration? Would that course be no draw-back upon us in the canvass?

"Recurring to Illinois, we want something here quite as much as, and which is harder to get than, the electoral vote—the Legislature— And it is exactly in this point that Seward's nomination would be hard upon us. Suppose he should gain us a thousand votes in Winnebago, it would not compensate for the loss of fifty in Edgar—

"A word now for your own special benefit— You better write no letters which can possibly be distorted into opposition, or quasi opposition to me— There are men on the constant watch for such things out of which to prejudice my peculiar friends against you—

"While I have no more suspicion of you than I have of my best friend living, I am kept in a constant struggle against suggestions of this sort— I have hesitated some to write this paragraph, lest you should suspect I do it for my own benefit, and not for yours; but on reflection I conclude you will not suspect me—

"Let no eye but your own see this—not that there is anything wrong, or even ungenerous, in it; but it would be misconstrued—

"Your friend as ever

"A. Lincoln"

PRIVATE

"Springfield, May 1, 1860

"Hon: L. Trumbull

"Dear Sir: In my last letter to you I believe I said I thought Mr. Seward would be weaker in Illinois than Mr. Bates— I write this to qualify the opinion so far as to say I think S. weaker than B. in our close Legislative districts; but probably not weaker taking the whole State over—

"We now understand that Douglas

[1] The National Democratic Convention met at Charleston, April 23, 1860, and adjourned May 3 to meet at Baltimore, June 18, having made no nominations. A large number of the delegates from the Southern States, having previously withdrawn, organized a convention that adjourned to meet at Richmond on June 11.

[2] William Henry Seward, Senator from New York, Lincoln's strongest opponent for the Presidential nomination, and later his Secretary of State.

[3] Edward Bates of Missouri, appointed Attorney-General by Lincoln.

[4] Judge McLean was then in his seventy-sixth year.

will be nominated to-day by what is left of the Charleston Convention—

"All parties here dislike it— Republicans and Danites,[1] that he should be nominated at all; and Doug. Dem's that he should not be nominated by an undivided Convention—

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, May 26, 1860
"Hon: L. Trumbull:

"My dear Sir: I have received three letters from you since the nomination,[2] for all which I sincerely thank you— As you say, if we can not get our State up now, I do not see when we can—

"The nominations start well here, and everywhere else, so far as I have heard— We may have a back-set yet— Give my respects to the Republican Senators; and especially to Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Seward, Gen. Cameron, and Mr. Wade— Also to your good wife—

"Write again; and do not write so short letters as I do—

"Your friend, as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Ills. May 31, 1860
"Hon. L. Trumbull

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 28th, inclosing that which I have carefully read, and now return, is received— Please say to Mr. Hamlin that my letter of acceptance is already written and forwarded to Mr. Ashmun,[3] at Springfield, Mass; that I would send him, Mr. Hamlin, a copy, only that Mr. Ashmun, when here, sought and obtained a promise from me that I would furnish a copy to no one; that the letter is very short, and, I think, conflicts with none of Mr. Morey's suggestions, except that it may be published by Mr. Ashmun before the Baltimore Convention. Perhaps it would be best for Mr. Hamlin and yourself not to communicate the fact that the letter of acceptance is already written— I am glad to learn the Philadelphia meeting had force enough to not be spoiled by the storm— I look with great interest for your letters now.

"Your friend as ever,
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Ills. June 5, 1860
"Hon. L. Trumbull

"My dear Sir: Yours of May 31, inclosing Judge Read's letter,[4] is received—

"I see by the papers this morning, that Mr. Fillmore[5] refuses to go with us. What do the New-Yorkers at Washington think of this? Gov. Reeder was here last evening direct from Pennsylvania— He is entirely confident of that State, and of the general result— I do not remember to have heard Gen. Cameron's opinion of Penn— Weed[6] was here, and saw me; but he showed no signs whatever of the intriguer— He asked for nothing; and said N. Y. is safe, without condition.

"Remembering that Peter denied his Lord with an oath, after most solemnly protesting that he never would, I will not swear I will make no committals; but I do think I will not—

"Write me often— I look with great interest for your letters now.

"Yours as ever,
"A. Lincoln"

The following autographic document begins with a memorandum in Lyman Trumbull's handwriting, which we italicize to distinguish it from the remainder, which is in Lincoln's handwriting:

"Furnished by Mr. Lincoln & copied into my remarks to be made at the celebration at Springfield, Ill. Nov. 20, 1860"

"I have labored in, and for, the Republican organization with entire confidence that whenever it shall be in power, each and all of the States will be left in as complete control of their own affairs respectively, and at as perfect liberty to choose, and employ, their own means of protecting property, and preserving peace and

[1] Danites, a secret association of Mormons pledged to obey the dictates of their church; the name was popularly applied in Illinois to the faction of Administration Democrats who opposed Douglas.

[2] Lincoln was nominated for President at Chicago, May 18, 1860, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President.

[3] George Ashmun of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Republican National Convention.

[4] Judge Read of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

[5] Millard Fillmore the former President. Candidate for the Presidency in 1856 against Buchanan and Frémont.

[6] Thurlow Weed, the New York journalist and politician, the stanch friend and supporter of Seward.

order within their respective limits, as they have ever been under any administration— Those who have voted for Mr. Lincoln, have expected, and still expect this; and they would not have voted for him had they expected otherwise— I regard it as extremely fortunate for the peace of the whole country, that this point, upon which the Republicans have been so long, and so persistently misrepresented, is now to be brought to a practical test, and placed beyond the possibility of doubt— Disunionists *per se,* are now in hot haste to get out of the Union, precisely because they perceive they can not, much longer, maintain apprehension among the Southern people that their homes, and firesides, and lives, are to be endangered by the action of the Federal Government— With such *'Now, or never'* is the maxim—

"I am rather glad of this military preparation in the South— It will enable the people the more easily to suppress any uprisings there, which their misrepresentations of purposes may have encouraged—"

PRIVATE, & CONFIDENTIAL

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 10. 1860

"Hon. L. Trumbull.

"My dear Sir. Let there be no compromise on the question of extending slavery— If there be, all our labor is lost, and, ere long, must be done again— The dangerous ground— that into which some of our friends have a hankering to run—is Pop. Sov— Have none of it— Stand firm. The tug has to come, & better now than any time hereafter [1]—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

CONFIDENTIAL

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 17. 1860

"Hon. Lyman Trumbull

"My dear Sir: Yours inclosing Mr. Wade's [2] letter, which I herewith return, is received—

"If any of our friends do prove false, and fix up a compromise on the territorial question, I am for fighting again—that is all— It is but repetition for me to say I am for an honest inforcement of the Constitution—fugitive slave clause included—

"Mr. Gilmer [3] of N. C. wrote me; and I answered confidentially, inclosing my letter to Gov. Corwin, to be delivered or not, as he might deem prudent— I now inclose you a copy of it—"

[The signature has been cut off—probably for an autograph-seeker]

"Springfield, Ills. Dec, 24, 1860

"Hon. Lyman Trumbull

"My dear Sir I expect to be able to offer Mr. Blair [4] a place in the cabinet; but I can not, as yet, be committed on the matter, to any extent whatever—

"Despatches have come here two days in succession, that the Forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by the order, or consent at least, of the President [5]—

"I can scarcely believe this; but if it prove true, I will, if our friends at Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration— This will give the Union Men a rallying cry, and preparation will proceed somewhat on their side, as well as on the other—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

[1] Lincoln was elected November 6, 1860. Threats of secession of Southern States were rife, the people throughout the Northern and in many of the Southern States were anxiously striving to check the secession movement, offers of compromise were urged, many public meetings were held which favored liberal concessions. Reaction seemed to be setting in, and many who had helped to elect Lincoln seemed to repent; but whoever else was shaken, he was not.

[2] Benjamin F. Wade, Senator from Ohio, later presiding officer of the Senate after Johnson's accession to the Presidency.

[3] John A. Gilmer, member of Congress from North Carolina, had been Whig candidate for Governor, but was defeated. He was suggested for Lincoln's cabinet.

[4] Montgomery Blair, subsequently Postmaster-General.

[5] South Carolina passed its ordinance of secession, December 20, 1860.

THE MENACE OF AËRIAL WARFARE

ALL GREAT NATIONS ARE PREPARING FOR IT—GREAT BRITAIN AS EXPOSED AS ANY OTHER COUNTRY TO SUCH ATTACK—THE UNITED STATES MUST PREPARE FOR AËRIAL DEFENSE—PROBABLE INCIDENTS OF AËRIAL ATTACK, AND CONFLICTS IN THE SKY

BY HENRY B. HERSEY[1]

Inspector, United States Weather Bureau

WHEN, a few weeks ago, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a lecture which he delivered before the Society of Arts in London, arraigned the British nation for its lack of interest in the possibilities of aërial warfare, he made the cold shivers run up and down the British spine, and it is safe to say that our transatlantic cousins have been doing a lot of thinking about it since. At first some of the military and naval authorities were inclined to make light of Sir Hiram's warnings, but in view of his eminence as an inventor and scientist, one not given to wild imaginings, but a practical, hard-headed, logical thinker and analyst, they must admit the threatening attitude, if not the gravity, of the situation. Isolated by seas from all foes, their shipping protected in all quarters of the globe by the frowning *Dreadnaughts* of a navy whose strength, according to plan, must exceed that of the combined navies of any two possible enemies, they have felt a sense of security. But now a new danger in war arises against which they are not prepared. These silent cruisers of the air, hovering like vultures over cities, harbors, and fortifications, dealing, with hawk-like swiftness, death and destruction, and then disappearing as suddenly, only to strike some other unexpected point, are most certainly a menace which must be taken into account.

England alone of all the great European powers has done but little experimentation with aërial war-craft. Yet she is of all nations the most threatened by the recent inventions and improvements in aërial work, because she has depended largely for security on her splendid isolation, protected by her powerful navy. Now she realizes that this isolation cannot be maintained against aërial attack by any present means of defense, and that such defense must be prepared in the form of a fleet of air-cruisers.

Great Britain's situation gives point to the question of the possibilities of aërial attack on this country in case of war, and of what should be done that we may be properly prepared to meet such attack. Our needs are not so pressing as those of England because we have no such powerful neighbors near enough for aërial expeditions to be started out from their own countries as a base of operations.

Still, in any future war two general plans of attack will be open to our antagonists. Bases of operations could be established in Canada or Mexico, either by agreement or force, from which aërial fleets could be operated; also aërial sorties could be made from ships fitted up specially for the purpose. With a suitable base established in the vicinity of Montreal, attacks by dirigible balloons of the Zeppelin type could be made on Boston, or New York, or the inland cities of the

[1] Major Hersey's voyages by balloon across the English Channel and in the St. Louis balloon contest are described in his illustrated paper "Experiences in the Sky," printed in THE CENTURY for March, 1908. See also Edmund Clarence Stedman's paper on aërial navigation as a menace to British supremacy, "The Prince of the Power of the Air," in THE CENTURY for May, 1908.—THE EDITOR.

nearby States. From bases in Canada located along the Great Lakes, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth could be reached, while British Columbia would afford a good point from which Seattle and Portland could be threatened. Such attacks are not visionary, but actually could be made with a reasonable chance of success with dirigible balloons now in the hands of some of the European nations.

And if not used for independent attack, war-balloons would become formidable additions to an army invading this country from Canada or Mexico. They would not only act as scouts, securing complete information of the location and movements of the defending armies, but could join in an attack, especially on fortifications, by dropping aërial torpedoes inside lines of defense, exploding magazines, and dealing death in all directions among the defenders. The moral effect of such an attack during a battle would be tremendous and hard to overcome.

To much the same effect, attacks might be made from aëronautic ships accompanying battle fleets. These ships are now being added to all the principal European navies except the British. Germany has two converted aëronautic transports, and another large one is being built specially for this work. This one is so planned that the masts, smokestacks, and other upper works, will not interfere with the inflation of large dirigible balloons or the launching into the air of aëroplanes. It will be fitted with the finest apparatus for producing hydrogen gas rapidly, also with a special arrangement for the storage of an enormous quantity of hydrogen compressed in steel cylinders. These will be connected with pipes running to the deck, so that by turning stop-cocks the gas may flow into the balloon for inflation as rapidly as wished, without disturbing the storage-cylinders. There will be special facilities for storing aëroplanes, and arrangements for assembling them quickly on deck for flight; also complete workshops for repairs and alterations; and, still more important, there will be magazines for storing special aërial torpedoes. This ship will have great speed and will be protected like an armored cruiser.

The Germans have been doing a great amount of experimental work in connection with aërial torpedoes recently. Trials have been made of many different patterns with various kinds of high explosives, dropping them from balloons at different heights at prearranged targets below. They are of course not giving the world the benefit of the experience they have acquired, but the accuracy with which they were able to place the torpedoes on these targets, and the effect of the explosions were such that they have taken up aërial work with renewed energy. The French navy has two converted aëronautic transports and the Italians one. These three nations are the only ones in Europe who are prepared at present to make aërial work an important feature of their navies, but as the indirect result of their enterprise it will be only a comparatively short time before all important navies of other countries are equipped for this work.

Japan has recently placed orders for two ships, one in an English shipyard and the other with a German firm. With genuine Oriental wisdom she has placed the veil of secrecy around these orders, and what they are to be used for can only be guessed, but it has been known for some time in the aëronautic world that Japan, true to her custom in recent years to learn everything new and hold all she finds good, has been anxious to take up aërial work in a thorough and serious manner.

Now, let us consider for a moment the possibilities of an attack on New York city by a war-fleet superior in strength to any which we would have available for defense at the time. It would then be necessary to rely largely on land defenses. If the attacking fleet were accompanied by thoroughly equipped aëronautic transports, dirigibles might be inflated and sent in over our fortifications, dropping torpedoes into them from the sky at the same time that the fleet would be making the attack from the water. Due notice having been given of bombardment, these same dirigibles might sail over the skyscrapers of New York, dropping bombs or torpedoes into the very light-shafts of the proud structures, and wrecking them completely. If the dirigibles should be disabled by shots from the land and destroyed or captured, we should thereby inflict on the enemy a loss of perhaps five men, and possibly a hundred thousand dollars—a loss trivial

as compared with the damage done by one explosive dropped from the sky. What is true of New York applies with greater force to San Francisco or Seattle.

All these possibilities are based partly on the supposition that this country would not be prepared for serious aërial warfare. If, however, we were as well prepared as we ought to be within the next few years, the probabilities would be different. At the approach of a hostile fleet, our air-cruisers would be on the alert. Every move of the enemy would be reported, and, as night drew on, our air-craft would hover near, and under cover of darkness make a sudden attack, dropping torpedoes on their ships, perhaps down the smokestacks into the very vitals of the ship, destroying it instantly. Or, if both sides were equipped for aërial battle, the ships of the air might meet in the sky for the death-struggle—and a battle royal it would be. Each would be armed with light guns carrying a bullet or shell which would explode on striking even the silk of the gas-bag and throw fire in all directions. This would ignite the gas in the balloon, causing a terrific explosion and sending the wreckage and crew hurtling through space back to mother-earth, which always receives calmly the wrecks we give her.

So far I have spoken only of the work of dirigible balloons, generally referred to as air-ships, but the simple spherical balloon is of great value for use on naval vessels. It can be inflated and sent to a height of five hundred or a thousand feet as a captive balloon from a ship, with one or two officers in the basket. From this altitude a splendid lookout can be maintained, and being equipped with telephones, any information secured can be promptly communicated to the commander of the fleet. If our fleet at Santiago had been provided with such a balloon and the necessary equipment, it could easily have determined whether the Spanish fleet was in the harbor during that trying period of uncertainty preceding the land operations of the Santiago campaign.

Within the last year another great invention has entered the field of aërial achievement. I refer to the aëroplane, which has attracted the attention of the world by its mechanical flight. Henry Farman, an English resident of Paris, was the first to demonstrate publicly its success; but since then our own Wright brothers of Ohio, who had been able to preserve a degree of secrecy in regard to a long series of experiments, have so far eclipsed the work of all others in this line that they are in a class by themselves. The European governments have promptly taken up this invention. Russia and France through their agents have secured the rights to the patents of the Wright brothers for their respective war departments. How extensive the field is for aëroplanes in military work cannot be determined now, for it must be remembered that their operators are at present only fledglings, mostly standing on the edge of the nest, while a few of the venturesome ones are essaying short flights to strengthen their young pinions, others recovering from the sore bruises of falls, and others lying still in death. But, undaunted, the little band will continue to win success, flight by flight, until the conquest of the air is complete.

Judging from the present outlook, it seems that the field of the aëroplane in military work will be distinct from that of the dirigible balloon. It will not be able to carry great weight, like the dirigible, but it will be much swifter. Being smaller and more compact and requiring no gas-making apparatus, it will be more easily transported. A single supply-ship could carry a whole fleet of them, and they could be quickly put in action. They will probably become the cavalry of the aërial army, while the heavier and more formidable dirigibles will constitute a combination of infantry and artillery.

This country has been backward in aërial work simply because the people have not realized how important a part it will play in the warfare of the future. The European nations appreciate this and are putting forth their greatest efforts to get the best equipment possible and thoroughly to train a large corps of men in the work. Already France and Germany have very respectable fleets of aërial cruisers and are actively training men in the work of handling them. England, Russia, and Italy are all working on the problem. They all realize that in the wars of the future an army or navy not equipped for aërial work will be badly handicapped, if not at the mercy of an enemy having a strong corps of trained men well equipped

with modern air-ships. It is not a work that can be taken up when the occasion arises, for it is of a technical nature and can be acquired only by experience.

The Signal Corps, under General James Allen, has charge of this work for our army, and the progress made has been remarkable, considering the small amount of funds available. It is, however, only the beginning. Ample funds should be provided for the construction of at least two large air-cruisers suitable for training-ships. On these, men could be trained thoroughly in the practical work of dropping torpedoes and manœuvering the ship. Some experimental work should be done in the construction of special torpedoes or bombs for use in this work. Different types of large rifles or small cannon with special sights should be devised and thoroughly tried out, with a view to becoming expert in hitting balloons or air-ships in the sky.

The organization of aëronautic corps or detachments in the National Guard should be encouraged, and when such an organization from any State is shown to be ready for active work, regular officers should be detailed temporarily to give them the necessary instructions. At the annual manœuvers where the regulars and the National Guard are brought together for instruction, demonstrations of the working of dirigible and spherical balloons should be provided for, and members of the National Guard should be instructed in handling them. Portable gas-making outfits should be supplied and the men trained in their use. Balloon clubs in different cities should be invited to coöperate, and the names of members becoming expert in the work should be enrolled on a list of those available for duty as officers in case of war.

For the present the work could be managed to good advantage by the Signal Corps, as it is now being done; but after a few years it would probably be better to have a separate corps devoted entirely to aërial work. We have the best material in the world for the organization of an aërial force, and at present lack only the necessary funds and authority from Congress. To be unprepared is to invite aggression, which may force us into a war costing blood and money beyond estimate. Our navy to-day is proving itself to be one of the greatest peacemakers in the world.

Through the long ages past and gone, man has climbed up slowly step by step from out the dark caverns which formed his home and lair, from which he prowled forth to prey on his weaker neighbors of the animal kingdom. Slowly step by step under patriarch, feudal baron, dukes, and kings, he has advanced in national organization until now he owes allegiance not to his ruler, but to his country. Just so surely will he continue to climb, but always slowly, until he owes allegiance to all his brothers over the earth, and not until then will there be an end of war. But that desired amity is in the distant future. We must be patient and wait for the development that will come to us slowly as it has in the past. As a nation we have only feelings of good-will and friendship toward all our neighbors. We wish for peace; but, as nations exist to-day, to ensure that peace we must be prepared to wage a victorious war, if it be forced upon us.

DANGERS OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

REASONS WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE GENERALLY ADOPTED

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

Editor of "The Christian Advocate"

IN 1874, Houghton, Mifflin and Co. published a small work of mine entitled "Supposed Miracles." Long before that date I had been studying "animal magnetism," one of several names for the same thing, and anti-medicine faith-cure societies, under various religious titles, as well as cures attributed to Spiritist, "healing mediums." Later I investigated the Simpson anti-medicine faith-healing cult, followed the rise, decline, and fall of the spectacular Dowie, and have critically watched Christian Science from its birth to a vigorous womanhood. The results of these investigations have been published at intervals in THE CENTURY.

From force of habit and because of the intrinsic interest of the subject, I have carefully followed the Emmanuel Movement. The Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D., Rector of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church of Boston, Mass., is an accomplished man and a devout clergyman, a student of psychology and sometime teacher of this science in Lehigh University. He differs from all Christian healers who dispense with the use of medicines, yet believes that functional neuroses and psychoses in a large majority of cases are amenable to psychic or spiritual influences. With him are associated physicians who determine whether applicants need medical or mental care. The treatment of hysteria, neurasthenia, etc., is by what is called psychotherapeutics, which ponderous term signifies the treatment of disease by the influence of the mind over the body.

It is claimed that Emmanuel Church is maintaining a clinic similar to any medical clinic in a free hospital, but one in which work is limited to certain types of functional nervous disorders. Isidor A. Coriat, M.D., emphatically states that only certain functional diseases are amenable to psychotherapy, and that such maladies as epilepsy or paralysis-agitans cannot be benefited by it. "No patient is taken who needs exclusive treatment by physical means, or in whom physical treatment would predominate over the psychical." "Neither are organic diseases taken for treatment by suggestion." "A patient once rejected by the examining physician is never afterward under any circumstances accepted; nor is any patient who applies at the clinic for examination, who is at the same time under treatment by an outside physician, unless that physician gives his absolute consent and approval. From time to time after the treatment begins the patient is sent back to the neurologist for reëxamination."

A few months since a volume was published by Dr. Worcester, in collaboration with his clerical assistant, Samuel McComb, D.D., and Isidor H. Coriat, M.D., "Religion and Medicine," the sub-title of which is "The Moral Control of Nervous Diseases." Each contributor is responsible for his own production, and an index specifies the writers of the different chapters.

The keynote of the following examination and discussion is the joint and separate relations of the movement to the Christian churches and the medical profession.

The Emmanuel Movement originated

in a truly philanthropic attempt to treat indigent consumptives without removing them from their own homes. Joseph H. Pratt, M.D., superintended the medical work, and the clergyman added "discipline, friendship, encouragement, and hope." This effort proving successful, late in 1906 Dr. Worcester resolved to begin a similar mission among the nervously and morally diseased. A preliminary meeting was held at which the distinguished physician James J. Putnam presided and delivered the first address. Dr. Putnam has since withdrawn his approbation, and, in a communication to the "Boston Herald," says: "When Dr. Worcester originally consulted me, just two years ago, I was much interested in the plan. I did not then realize what the outcome was to be. I have never undertaken to contradict his statement of the good accomplished, nor do I now. I assert simply that I have long since become convinced of the validity of the general arguments against the plan, which even at the outset appeared so strongly to many of my friends."

In the introduction to "Religion and Medicine," Dr. Worcester speaks of Christian Science as "this despicable superstition." He declares that his "Movement" has no relation to Christian Science either by way of protest or imitation. "We have taken our stand fairly and squarely on the religion of Christ, as that religion is revealed in the New Testament, and is interpreted by modern scholarship, and we have combined with this the power of genuine science."

The discussion of the "Subconscious Mind" is interesting, but a large part of it is but distantly related to psychotherapy. Not until the eighth and last section is the physiological operation of the sub-conscious mind brought under consideration. By that action many changes, physical and mental, are wrought; some, in the regular automatic processes of the body and others in their normal action, affecting the brain. So much speculation is indulged in in the discussion of this subject that the following sentence is to be commended: "Further speculation as to its nature [the subconscious mind] and its relation to consciousness would lead us too far from our purpose."

"Suggestion" naturally follows, and its acknowledged power is emphasized to the full capacity of a remarkable vocabulary. The medical profession may learn of Dr. Worcester that "The plain truth is, moral maladies require moral treatment; physicians apprehend this, and usually abstain from administering medicines in cases where they are likely to do no good. The difficulty is that on account of their ignorance of psychological methods few physicians feel themselves competent to undertake such treatment."

A long list of physicians, from Benjamin Rush (who credited his predecessors with being his preceptors in the line of moral and mental treatment) to the thoroughly equipped physicians of the present, shows that a minority only feel themselves incompetent to treat the body through the mind, by advice and suggestion, when these would be more valuable than medicine, or would increase the efficacy of medicine or surgery. Emmanuel's rector characterizes the medical profession of this country as follows: "One reason why American physicians are so slow to avail themselves of psychical influence in combating disease, is that they have been educated in a too narrowly materialistic school of science which assumes that only material objects possess reality and which thinks that the mind can safely be ignored." This characterization is best left to both professional and lay intelligence. Strange passages occur in this chapter such as:

> Sometimes the patient can carry his recovery to a certain point, but he cannot advance beyond it. The cure tarries and he becomes discouraged. Then the coöperation of another personality is needed and with this help the recovery is completed. I believe this was what Christ had in mind when he said: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father which is in Heaven." At all events I have seen some startling illustrations of the truth of this word.

Special attention is given to "Hypnotism," which, under a score of names, has been employed for more than a hundred years in treating disease. It is here defined as "an intense form of artificial abstraction (absent-mindedness) brought on by suggestion." Its actual therapeutic value is magnified by nearly all who ex-

ploit it. In the discussion of hypnotism and suggestion, this work throws its influence in favor of the proposition that there is no danger that criminal acts may be compelled. A certain school of scientists has declared that "subjects of the best character have been and ordinarily can be led in speech and act to commit grave offenses." These men have carried this hypothesis much too far; others, reacting, have denied what has occasionally occurred. With apparent acquiescence, Dr. Worcester quotes Bramwell: "When the act demanded is contrary to the moral sense it is usually refused by the normal subject, and invariably by the hypnotized one." This is generally the case, but *not* always, and it is not *invariably* refused in the hypnotized. Only enthusiasts dare affirm a negative, where personality, under domination by an idea injected from without, is concerned. As well might one declare that in somnambulism no act has ever been committed which, had the perpetrator been awake, would have been a crime. There are operators in this city who have recoiled from their own experiments on beholding the subject preparing to commit a crime at their instigation. Yet we find this:

> I do assert with distinctness and confidence that no virtuous man or woman will accept a suggestion which is repugnant to his or her moral nature. On the contrary, what we observe in hypnosis is an elevation of the moral faculties, greater refinement of feeling, a higher sense of truth and honor, often a delicacy of mind which the waking subject does not possess. In my opinion the reason for this is that the subconscious mind, which I believe is the most active in suggestion, is *purer and freer from evil than our waking consciousness.*

The history of dreams does not confirm the opinion twice herein uttered. To use hypnotism "when indicated" is as legitimate as it is to use an anesthetic; both, however, are treacherous. To affirm, as does this work, that, "whether sleeping or waking, the subject would *absolutely reject* any suggestion of the operator *contrary to his normal moral sense,*" is unscientific and most dangerous. In this discussion there is a mixture of science and pseudo-science perplexing to one who has digested the divergent theories and tested them in practice.

Turning at this point from Dr. Worcester to Dr. McComb, we find that he defines "auto-suggestion" as "a roundabout way of getting the will to work" and that "the blessed path which auto-suggestion takes is that of the removal of inhibition or checks on the authority of the will. Here is to be found the secret of that new sense of power which has come into so many lives to-day through the medium of Christian Science, Faith Healing, Metaphysical Healing, the Raja Yoga of Indian Theosophy, and other forms of mental gymnastics." It was not so much *auto*-suggestion, but plain suggestion, and very authoritative, which introduced the "new sense of power." Dr. McComb, in illustrating the power of auto-suggestion, says:

> The fanatic, whether in politics or in theology is the bond-slave of his self-suggestion: the whole universe is for him concentrated into a single red-hot spot . . . his consciousness is narrowed to this point and for him everything else is not. The heresy hunter, the dietetic "crank" who would reconstruct the order of human life on the basis of "predigested" cereals, the temperance or teetotal faddist who believes that the utter abolition of alcohol would mean the dawn of millennial glory—these familiar figures in English and American life are all intelligible in the light of the psychological principle which we are now discussing.

Yet nearly all were started in the way in which they go by suggestion *from without.*

But it appears to be easy to attribute results either to suggestion or auto-suggestion, for Dr. McComb declares that *"at bottom suggestion and auto-suggestion are the same."*

Having made this statement, he defines "auto-suggestion" "as a self-imposed narrowing of the field of consciousness to one idea by holding a given thought in the mental focus to the exclusion of all other thoughts."

After careful readings of this interesting volume, I suggest that there is abundant evidence that the projectors of the Emmanuel Movement are in imminent danger, by oft-repeated auto-suggestion, "of

holding a given thought in the mental focus *to the exclusion of all other thoughts.*"

This movement is not a feasible adjunct to the local church, the activities of which are already such as to demand the entire energy and resources of the pastor. In the discussion of the causes of nervousness Dr. Worcester says:

> Clergymen, if they are rectors or ministers of great and highly organized parishes, must be leaders of thought, organizers, financiers, scholars, able preachers. In other words, they must labor in constantly recurring tasks and duties, which are always the same and yet must always be done differently. Addressing the same audience week by week, they must not repeat themselves. Speaking on the oldest theme known to man, they must be able to make it ever fresh and new. Their working week consists of seven days, and their working day, if they are really interested in their work, ends at midnight or when they are too weary to write, to speak, to think, or to act any longer, and then they go to bed with the sad consciousness of having left many tasks undone.

This marshaling of the clergyman's duties would seem to show that few men could add to them the complex and exhausting duties of another profession without, in some measure, diminishing the efficiency of the former. To attempt to carry on a work of physical healing would entail neglect of important interests, or reduce the pastor to a condition requiring treatment at some other clinic. The existence in any neighborhood of such an institution would probably be a means of proselyting, and of disquieting the members of churches of the same denomination. Moreover, few would be competent by experience, study, or natural gift to superintend such a work. Dr. Worcester further writes:

> This is not a task which every shepherd is qualified to perform. It requires careful observation of temperament, capacity and idiosyncrasy which will tax the resources of the most gifted man. This study of conscience, this analysis of life's experience in order to discover the cause of the present disturbance, and to trace its history, requires time, sympathy, and some psychological acuteness.

Dr. Coriat is more definite in a recent letter to the "Boston Herald":

> The chief criticism of the movement has been launched against the fear of its spread to other churches. This criticism is a valid one, for no greater harm could be done than to place such an important and delicate weapon as that of psychotherapeutics in the hands of untrained and unqualified men.

A danger ever imminent can only be hinted at. To determine the cause of functional neurosis, hysteria, or neurasthenia, the minister must probe the inmost soul of the sufferer, the outer and the inner life. Such intimate conversations and revelations are perilous for the pastor who sustains manifold relations to his congregation; especially as we are told that the recovery of the normal state is generally slow, requiring numerous interviews.

The most fatal wound which can be inflicted upon a minister's reputation is scandal; such a system as I am considering might give rise to it justly or unjustly, especially as many ills such as melancholia, hysteria, and neurasthenia result from domestic infelicities. The healing of moral and mental diseases by mental and emotional means is dangerously absorbing, and in not a few temperaments would inflate the self-consciousness of the pastors who practice as amateurs in psychotherapy to a degree not so liable to affect professional physicians. Another undesirable result is that ministerial control will engender in a large part of the community a feeling that there is something "uncanny" in a man who exerts such power.

The true function of the clergyman is to teach the ethical and spiritual doctrines of Christianity, and as an under shepherd, to visit the flock committed to his care. In the discharge of this duty he should maintain an individual acquaintance with members of the congregation, listen to whatever they communicate, and by counsel assist them. He should be accessible to all, sympathize in sorrow and in joy, and help them bear their burdens. Scrupulous attention should be given the poor and the sick, and the clergyman should be in such relation to reputable physicians and surgeons as to direct those who require advice: he must also have the

entrée to hospitals. His prayers and communings in the sick-room will sink into the depths of the mental and moral nature of the sufferer, cheering, comforting, strengthening, and reinforce every effort to cure or mitigate his malady, inspiring him with hope of recovery or of immortality. All else the pastor should leave to the physician.

The authors of "Religion and Medicine" endeavor to connect their method of suggestion and hypnotism with the works of Christ and the effects of the prayers of the Apostles. The Emmanuel Church Year Book for 1907 contains the following:

> There can be no question that Christ healed, not by drugs, or any material agency, but by powers closely allied to, if not inclusive of, those which we may employ to cure functional disorders—consequent always, and not otherwise, upon a positive exercise of faith. We cannot do all the things that Jesus did; but we may, and should, do some of the things he did; and we should enlarge the field of our work with the increase of our faith and our scientific knowledge, because the command of the Master to heal was no less strenuous than the command to preach. But when to-day, with our own eyes, we see so many of these scenes reënacted, so many of the same diseases cured by means of faith and the authoritative word, . . . the writer ventures to say that within five years contemporary evidence will be offered which will change the attitude of the educated world on the subject of Christ's acts of healing.

The New Testament declares that the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the *lepers* were cleansed, the deaf heard, and the dead were raised up. The "withered hand was instantly" made whole. With reference to the healing of the lepers, Dr. Worcester speaks of the fact that in those times two forms of leprosy were known, the curable and the incurable. Having by various means minimized the miracle working of Christ and the Apostles, the discussion closes as follows:

> Armed with the resources of modern science, and more especially of modern psychological science, inspired with the enthusiasm of humanity which is the grand legacy bequeathed her by the Founder of our Faith, the Church of to-day should be able to outdo the wonders of the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age, and in a new and grander sense to win the world to him who came to take its infirmities and to bear its sicknesses.

Is this amazing utterance the fruit of an intense faith or a fevered imagination?

For the Christian Church to found and foster hospitals is unquestionably commendable, but the diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis should be left to those who have made this their life study and profession: to them belongs psychotherapy as well as medicine and surgery. For the church to provide chaplains for institutions and give them every facility is also rational. To attach hospitals to individual churches under rectoral or pastoral superintendence is of doubtful expediency. To provide physicians or attempt to treat patients personally would invade the sphere of an indispensable profession, and encourage an irregular movement in other departments of medicine.

A large proportion of the best physicians and surgeons of Boston and vicinity sympathize substantially with the view announced by Dr. Putnam. They believe that it places "the medical and clerical professions in a false light," that "it raises false hopes," that it "interferes with the relations between physicians and their patients," and that "it encourages haste and superficiality in the consideration of a serious problem."

For Dr. Worcester, his motives, his ardor, his indefatigable labors, I have nothing but admiration. But the foregoing facts and considerations, and others for which there is not room here, compel me to believe that for parishes or congregations to sustain a clinic as a part of their regular work presided over by the pastor, would be detrimental both to the church and the medical profession.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

FREE ART AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

IT was a fortunate thought of President Roosevelt's to institute a Commission on Country Life, and it is devoutly to be hoped that as a part of its labors it will try to inform the rest of the world how our agricultural population has been able to keep prosperous during the recent financial depression. To the "submerged tenth" this will be a matter of indifference, for that disconsolate fraction is always submerged and is quite as accustomed to drowning as are eels to skinning; but to an additional "submerged half," those who live on fixed wages or salaries,—who find that the advance in income does not keep pace with the increase in the expense of living,—it would be of great service to know how the prosperous farmer "does it."

But it is, perhaps, not the prosperity, so much as the happiness, of the farmer which is under consideration, and which it is hoped by the inquiry to promote; and this being the case, we venture to suggest that there is danger of confining the investigation too closely to his material welfare,—concerning which he may be presumed to be fairly alert,—and of not considering sufficiently the higher, the more ideal influences which make for his happiness, but which are too readily assumed to be beyond his reach.

To plump our idea squarely at the reader, we think it neither ridiculous, far-fetched, nor premature to suggest that however favorable the farmer's happiness may be affected by the abolition of, say, the fatuous tariff on lumber, he is much more likely, ultimately, and as a class, to be made happy by the abolition of the more fatuous tariff on art. "It is to laugh," says the pessimist and he sees visions of Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt at the Cross Roads grocery, and the fitness of things strikes him as lamentably awry. But why should not the farmer—or, let us say, the farmer's daughter—have a chance at the fine things as well as the fat things of the world? The gospel is for the unconverted. Art is, among others, for the strangers to art. If those who once knew nothing of art had always been excluded from our museums, how many a great name would have been lacking in the list of artists and connoisseurs. We venture to say that nine out of ten of the American collectors of assured taste became such by accident rather than heredity, by the simple process of seeing good pictures,—seeing many and seeing them frequently,—and then by trusting to their own judgment. There is no other road to taste, in spite of Whistler's amusing pronouncement that, "If seeing pictures makes taste, then the policeman in the National Gallery must be the best judge of art," a saying which ought to go into the text-books of logic as an example of false reasoning. Whistler's own taste was formed, like that of all other great artists, by his opportunity to see great art.

Now, it is a question of no little importance to the country as well as to the farmer's daughter how she shall see the best art. Without doubt there are certain fabrics out of which silk purses cannot be made; but also it is of record that great artists have come out of most unpromising conditions. In the small towns of Europe, the art in the churches has been the inspiration of many an unlettered stripling who went to pray and remained to paint. These churches brought art to the people in a way, and on a plane of excellence, of which we have no parallel here. We make the farmer's daughter welcome to our museums of art in St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, and other cities, and now that her father is prosperous, he is quite able to give her the advantage of a bit of travel to see some of this sort of beauty for herself, thus ministering to that ambition the lack of which is the most distressing element in a farming community.

In laying broad and deep the foundations of national greatness, we must think with our imagination. Those who would help the farmer can do much to bring happiness to many an apparently immovable country family by encouraging the multiplication of art-museums nearer the people. Influences should be set going that will benefit the country a hundred years from now as it grows up to their use. The divisions between urban, suburban, and country society are rapidly being obliterated by the trolley and by cheap literature. There is no reason why Alabama or Mississippi or Arkansas or Wyoming should not some day have as much culture in art as Massachusetts has to-day, and, absurd as it now seems, the time may come when the Oklahoma school of landscape will take rank with that of Barbison. For the seeds of art are blowing on every wind, finding here and there apparently fortuitous but hospitable lodging. In one generation art shows itself in a dim, blind, vague longing for beauty; in the next it may develop into taste, and in the third into genius. What is needed is first the seed, and then the sun and the rain, and, always, freedom of opportunity.

And here a more direct word to the members of Congress who represent what are called rural constituencies. That you should vote against free art, on whatever ground, is to delay the day when your State shall take its place in the front rank of opportunity. Think with your imagination, and do not reject the hand of comradeship held out to your people—who, being most removed from art, are most in need of it. Do not cut off your nose to spite some one else's face. Trust those who know the needs of the country in art, as you did the same classes of people in the matter of international copyright in 1891. The legislation of that day helped to make a settled profession out of a casual pursuit. Free art, by creating better opportunities for the popular spread of plastic beauty, will increase the area of taste which is necessary to sustain art as a profession. Freedom of opportunity will give us more beauty and thus will add to our happiness as a people. International copyright was necessary to remove a clog on American letters, and American artists, educators, and connoisseurs beg you not for an artificial advantage over foreigners, but to remove a barrier to the best development of their work. Free art is free air!

OPEN LETTERS

Portraits of Lincoln in "The Century"

A FEW of the twenty-two Lincoln portraits (including the two life-masks and the two Saint-Gaudens statues) printed in this number of THE CENTURY have known associations of historical interest apart from the time and place of origin.

The genesis of the miniature by J. Henry Brown (which is the color frontispiece of the number) is given in a letter from John G. Nicolay to an intimate friend, dated "Springfield, Aug. 26, 1860," about three months after Lincoln's first nomination, as follows:

"Did you ever see a real, pretty miniature? I do not mean an ambrotype, daguerreotype, or photograph, but a regular miniature painted on ivory. Well, a Philadelphia artist (Brown, his name is) has just been painting one of Mr. Lincoln, which is both very pretty and very truthful—decidedly the best picture of him that I have seen. It is about twice as large as a common quarter-size daguerreotype or ambrotype, but so well executed that when magnified to life size one cannot discover any defects or brush marks on it at all. I wish you could see it. It gives something of an idea of what a painter—I mean a real artist—can do. It has been painted for Judge Read of Philadelphia, who has become so disgusted with the horrible caricatures of Mr. Lincoln which he has seen, that he went to the expense of sending this artist all the way out here to paint him this picture, which will probably cost him some $300—the price of the painting alone being $175. I had a long talk with the artist to-day. He says that the impression prevails East, that Mr. Lincoln is very ugly—an im-

pression which the published pictures of him of course all confirm. Read, however, had an idea that it could hardly be so—but was bound to have a good-looking picture, and therefore instructed the artist to make it good-looking whether the original would justify it or not. The artist says he came out with a good deal of foreboding that he would have difficulty in making a picture under these conditions. He says he was very happy when on seeing him he found that he was not at all such a man as had been represented, and that instead of making a *picture* he would only have to make a *portrait* to satisfy Judge Read. He will go back home as agreeably disappointed in Mr. Lincoln's manners, refinement, and general characteristics, as in his personal appearance."

In the following letter, a month later, the artist comments as follows on the engraved copy of the miniature, which obviously was to be circulated for a campaign purpose:

Phil[a] Friday Sept 28, 1860

JOHN G. NICOLAY, ESQ.

My dear Sir: I presume you are wondering why you have not yet seen or heard anything of the steel engraving from my picture of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Sartain promised to have it completed within two weeks after the picture was placed in his hands, which was on last Monday three weeks ago.

Two days ago the first proof was placed in my hands for criticism. I suggested some alterations which have been made. To-day I will again examine it with care, and if necessary will have such further corrections made as my judgment may suggest. In accordance with my promise to you I will not allow any copies to be issued until they meet my approbation.

Judge Read is in a nervous condition at Sartain's delay. He thinks the engraving good, and wanted some copies yesterday, but as I am *judge* in this case, I would not consent.

As soon as the plate is ready for printing from, which I think will be tomorrow or on Monday next, copies will be sent to you without delay.

Please make my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

I am dear sir, your friend & servant,

J. Henry Brown.

P. S. Mr. Lincoln's friends here are in high spirits and full of hope.

Major William H. Lambert, the owner of the ambrotype reproduced on page 491, which was taken as a guide to the artist in painting the miniature, writing under date of Philadelphia, September 9, 1908, says: "The miniature was copied by Sartain in a mezzotint extensively sold during the campaign. After the election and Lincoln's growth of a beard, the whiskers were superimposed on the same plate and prints therefrom sold."

LINCOLN AS LAWYER

THE portrait on page 480 is one of the most agreeable of the early portraits of Lincoln, and is here shown in an admirable woodcut by the late Thomas Johnson. From a letter from the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, dated November 21, 1896, we quote the following reference to the original: "The proofs mentioned in your favor of the 18th inst. have come, and I am very much pleased with the work of your artist. I regret that I cannot give you any positive information as to the date of the original daguerreotype, and there is probably no one living who can do so. I was born in 1843, and can only say that I remember it as being in my father's house as far back as I can remember anything there. My own mere guess is that it was made either in St. Louis or Washington City during my father's term in Congress—which practically began in December, 1847, and ended in March, 1849. I mention St. Louis because I think it was in those days an important stage in the journey to the Capitol."

THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1859

THE history of this remarkable portrait is described as follows by Mr. Francis J. Garrison, brother of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the owner of the copy of the photograph reproduced on page 482:

"The history of the picture is as follows: During the presidential campaign of 1860, Mr. Charles Sprague, the banker-poet of Boston, saw this photograph in a small shop on Washington Street in this city, and was so struck by it that he purchased it. Years later he gave it to a lady (the sister of his son's wife) who in turn gave it to my brother. The latter did not think much of it until one day my brother, the late W. P. Garrison, saw it, and at once became enthusiastic over it, telling my brother William that he possessed a prize. When Carl Schurz's little essay on Lincoln was first published, a small photogravure reproduction of it was made for that book. Then Gustav Kruell engraved it on wood for 'Harper's Magazine,' and when that appeared, it was seen by Hesler, a Chicago photographer, who thereupon remembered that he had in his possession a negative of Lincoln taken by him in 1860 and long stored away and forgotten. He brought this to light, and it is the remarkable portrait of Lincoln which Nicolay & Hay chose as the best of all and used as the frontispiece of their 'Life of Lincoln' [reproduced here on page 486]. Later we were informed by Mr. Herbert W. Fay, of DeKalb, Ill., who has a large collection of Lincoln portraits, that my brother's photograph was made by S. M. Fassett, of Chicago, in October, 1859, and that the negative was lost in the great Chicago fire of 1871. Mr. Fay has a print which is either from the same negative or from one taken at the same sitting. Rajon, the French etcher, based his portrait of Lincoln on this

photograph, but changed the face very materially. Kruell made a strong wood-engraving of it, in line with his portraits of Grant, Sherman, Webster, Darwin, etc. A. W. Elson has published a life-size photogravure head from it, and a photogravure reproduction of it has lately been made for Alonzo Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men." I am bound to say that there is something in the original photograph (which itself shows signs of having been slightly retouched) which none of the reproductions have caught. Mr. Holman's photograph of it is excellent, but even that I found on comparison not so satisfying as the original, which is smaller than this print."

THE HEALY PORTRAIT

IN connection with the Healy portrait owned by Robert T. Lincoln, and reproduced on page 501, it is interesting to know that another Healy portrait is owned by the Hon. William D. Washburne of Minnesota, who in a letter dated July 23, 1908, writes:

"The portrait to which you refer is not a 'replica' of the portrait of Lincoln, in the possession of his son, Robert Lincoln. This portrait of mine was made from sketches made of Lincoln at City Point, just before the close of the War. I cannot recall exactly the time when it was painted, but I should say, earlier than 1871. This portrait was ordered by my brother, E. B. Washburne for him and myself, which we had intended to place in a library at our old home in Maine, but which was never done, and later I purchased of his heirs his interest in the portrait. This is about all I know of the transaction. Mr. Robert Lincoln, when he saw my portrait of his father in 1896, said that the two are almost exactly alike, and imagined they were painted from the same general sketches that were made at City Point."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

INTERMITTENT MEMORY

CUSTOMER: Please, Mister, I can't remember what Ma sent me for, but you can give me two cents' worth o' peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change.

A Song of the Sea-Folk

GO, sail your tanks! Who was it spanned the seas,
Logged them and sounded them, gave you course and chart?
Hudson, Cook, Franklin—have ye men like these?
Lord! Ye can follow. Leading was our part!

Load in your cargoes; take them where ye like;
We've taught the fear of God and law of man
To black, brown, yellow—taught with shell and pike.
Your flag flies safe where our flag led the van.

Get up your anchors, trim your yards and go;
But when the capstan 's manned or sail is furled,
Whose songs d'ye sing? The gray-backed billows know
Our English chanteys right around the world.

Then launch your ships, and take the open seas.
Man! There 's the struggle that no folk avoids
By coddling coastwise laws and subsidies—
Ship to ship, mark ye! how d'ye class at Lloyd's?

Charles Buxton Going.

Quality Hill

QUALITY HILL! It looked down on the town
With a tinge of contempt, a suspicion of frown;
And why should it not, if you 'll please to declare,
With the atmosphere such a superior air,
And the earth to be trod, any hour in the day,
Of a texture more fine than mere common-place clay?

Quality Hill! As you clambered the slope,
With each step of ascent (to make use of a trope)
An attar pervasive, by some subtle stealth,
Began to steal out from the roses of Wealth;
And wherever you fared, you beheld on each side
A presence arrayed in the trappings of Pride.

Quality Hill! There the blood it ran blue;
There was more than one crest; there were quarterings, too.
Yet small quarter they gave to the stranger that came,
Those who bowed before Fashion, that debonair dame,
Unless the new-comer crept into the fold
Through the magical sign of the Goddess of Gold!

Quality Hill! There was satin and silk
For "my lady," and laces as snowy as milk;
There was poise, there was pose; there was plenty of art,
But who dare assert that beneath it was heart?
And envy and malice? But, stay! Could aught ill
(God's grace!) have a place upon Quality Hill?

Quality Hill! Lo, it flourishes still!
And who can deny that forever it will?
A blending of breeding with puff and with plume;
A strange sort of mixture of rock and mushroom.
Some amble, some scramble, (some gamble!) to fill
The motley and medley of Quality Hill.

Clinton Scollard.

The Wireless Age

OUR history, in moving on,
Has turned another page
Upon the top of which we note
The words, A Wireless Age.

The farmer's wildest cattle will
Securely graze inside
The new barbed-wireless fences which
Some genius will provide.

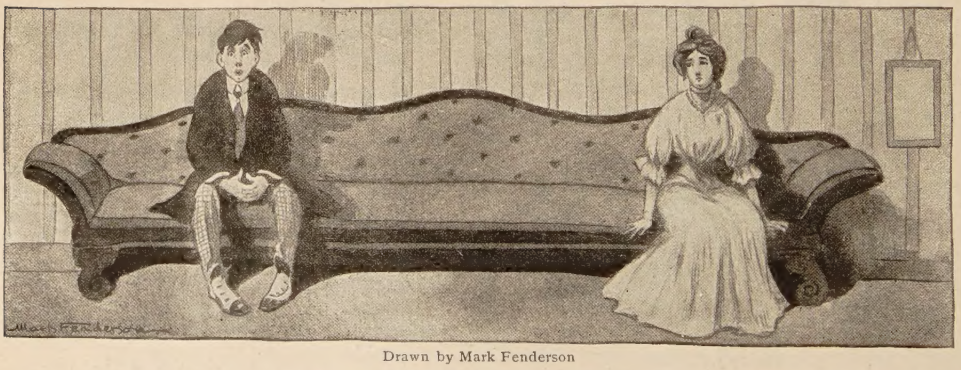
The fowls, unhampered by the sight
Of firm, unyielding guard,
Most happily will strut within
A chicken-wireless yard.

Our pet canary-bird will sing
More sweetly, I 'll engage,
And cheerfully will hop about
Within a wireless cage.

Then, in our windows, to debar
Mosquitos gaunt and lean,
And flies, and other insects, too,
We 'll have a wireless screen.

And, best of all, we ought to find,
Before this page is full,
That when it comes to pulling wires,
There 'll be no wires to pull.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

AN IDYL OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

ART INSTITUTE.
RYERSON LIBRARY.

See "Open Letters"

"THE BROWN VEIL"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT REID

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)